



No.104

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TEN  
CENTS

OCT.

SKYLINE ADVERTISING CO.

**BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN**  
*in the*  
**BATTLE OF THE  
BILLBOARDS!**



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## A NTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,  
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,  
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF  
**ACTION  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY**  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!



# BATMAN

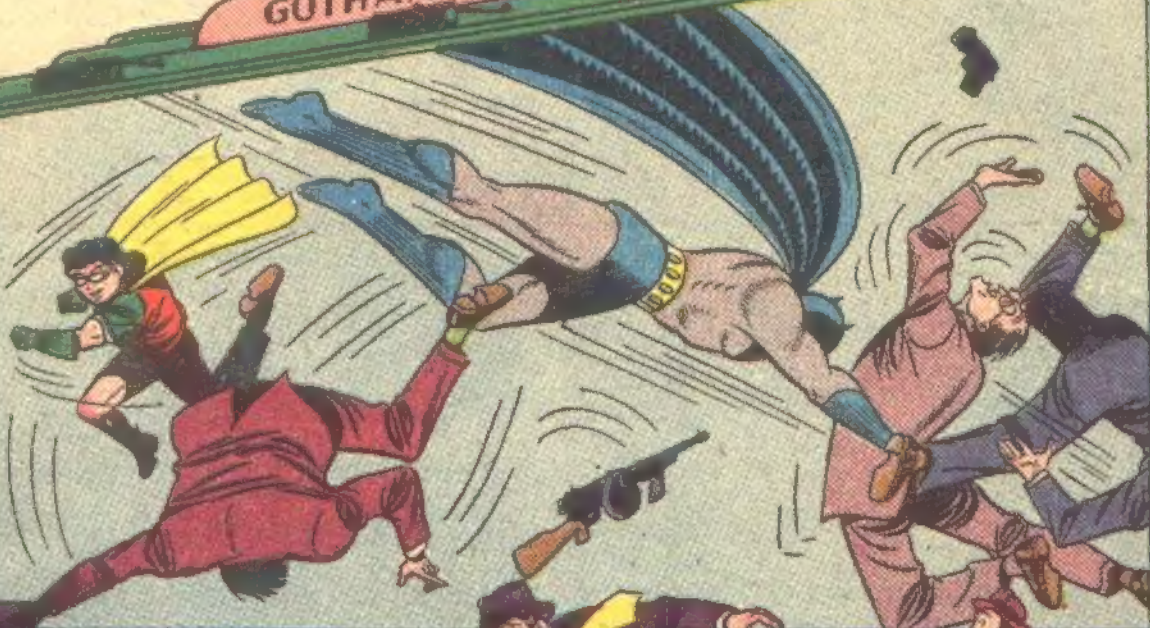
WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -

EYE-ARRESTING -- ATTENTION-GATHERING -- THE GIANT OUTDOOR BILLBOARDS THAT DOT THE COUNTRYSIDE HELP FORM A NATION'S BUYING HABITS AND FIX ITS ATTITUDES. THE POWER OF SUCH PUBLICITY KNOWS FEW LIMITS! AND WHEN CRIME BURGEONS FORTH IN LETTERS TEN FEET HIGH TO CAUSE TREMBLING IN HIGH PLACES AND RENDER EVEN THE LAW POWERLESS, ONLY THE MIDNIGHT SHADOW OF THE **BATMAN** CAN DIM THE DEADLY MESSAGE BLAZONED BY CROOKED MINDS ACROSS A CITY'S SKYLINE! FOLLOW THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** AS THEY FIGHT THEIR WAY WITH CRIME'S OWN WEAPONS TO A FURIOUS FINALE IN --

"The BATTLE of the BILLBOARDS!"

GOTHAM CITY LIMITS





SKULLDUGGERY OFTEN INCITES THE MOST EVEN-TEMPERED OF MEN, AS WITNESS THE CASE OF EDITOR SEAVER OF THE GOTHAM GAZETTE...

AND THIS GOES FOR ANYONE ELSE WHO THINKS HE CAN USE THE GAZETTE'S COLUMNS FOR BLACKMAIL PURPOSES!



NOW GET OUT AND TAKE YOUR SORDID STORY, WITH YOU!

YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME, HOT-HEAD!



LATER—A ROOM IN A LOCAL HOTEL...

THE ANSWER WAS "NO"! AND I GOT A TOOTH LOOSE!

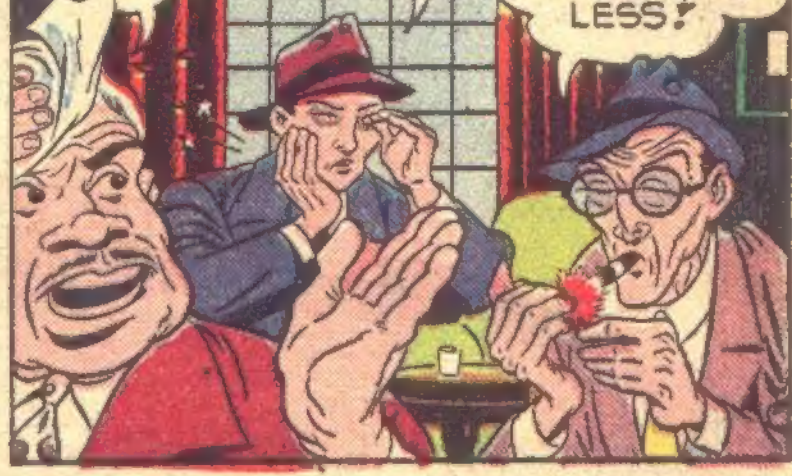
OW! NOT AN EDITOR IN TOWN THAT'LL PLAY BALL. THAT WAS THE LAST PAPER.



AND THAT AIN'T ALL! THE INCHWORM, IS QUITTIN' ON US!

HOW COME? YOU GOT A NEW RACKET, INCHY?

NAW! CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE MADE ME HONEST. I'M A SOLID CITIZEN, NO LESS!



MY UNCLE HOWIE HAS KICKED THE BUCKET AND I AM THE SOLE HEIR TO A TIDY LITTLE BUSINESS!

YOU DON'T SAY? SAY, INCHY, MAYBE YOU CAN SWING A CUSHY JOB MY WAY?



PALS IS PALS—BUT IT'S NOT YOUR KIND OF BUSINESS. ADVERTISING! UNCLE HOWIE LEFT ME FIFTY BIG OUTDOOR BILLBOARDS AROUND GOTHAM CITY!

HUH? DID YOU SAY BILLBOARDS? INCHY—I LOVE YOU!



I CAN SEE THE DOUGH JUS' ROLLIN' IN—WHOLE TRUCKLOADS OF IT! INCHY—HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN TWENTY SUITS?

THE BUSINESS AIN'T THAT GOOD SAY—WHAT'S YOUR ANGLE?



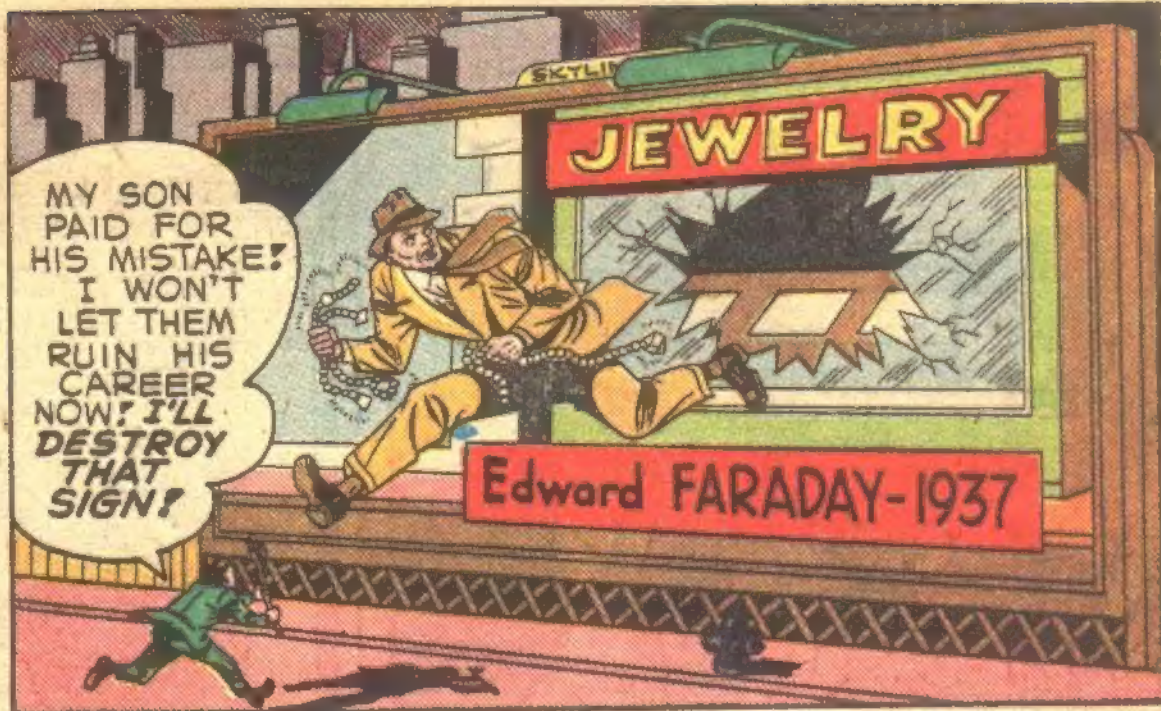


WHATEVER THE FAT MAN'S ANGLE, ITS FIRST EVIL FRUIT IS BORNE IN A SUBURB OF GOTHAM CITY SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...

GREAT SCOTT!



MY SON PAID FOR HIS MISTAKE! I WON'T LET THEM RUIN HIS CAREER NOW! I'LL DESTROY THAT SIGN!



OH-?



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

WHO CAN BE CALLING AT THIS HOUR?

ALFRED'S OUT. STAY WITH YOUR STUDYING, DICK. I'LL ANSWER.

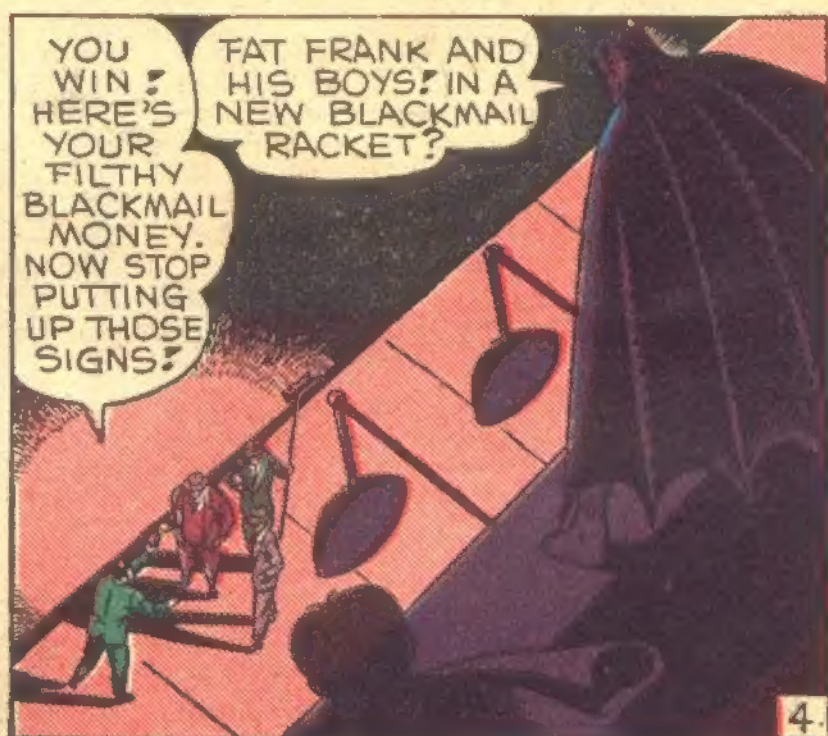
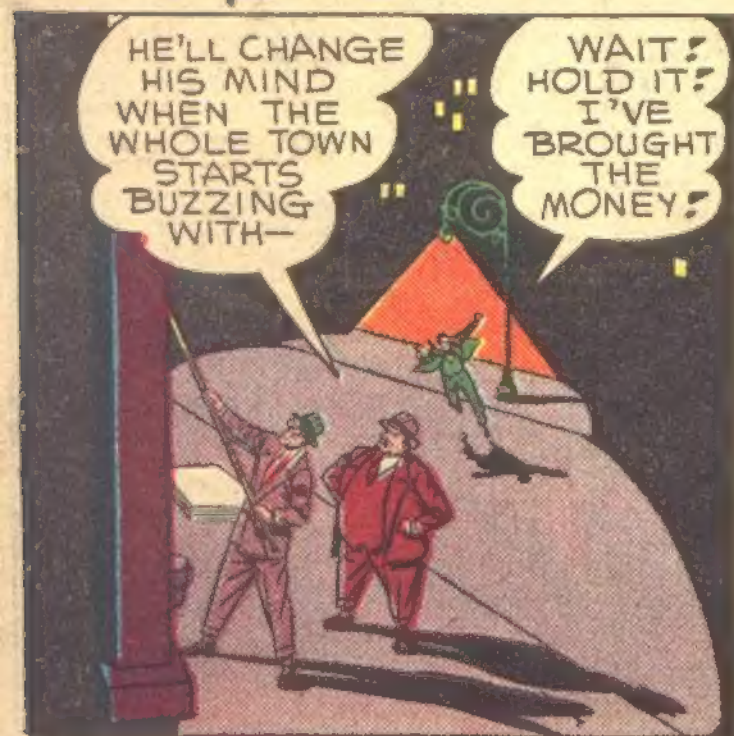
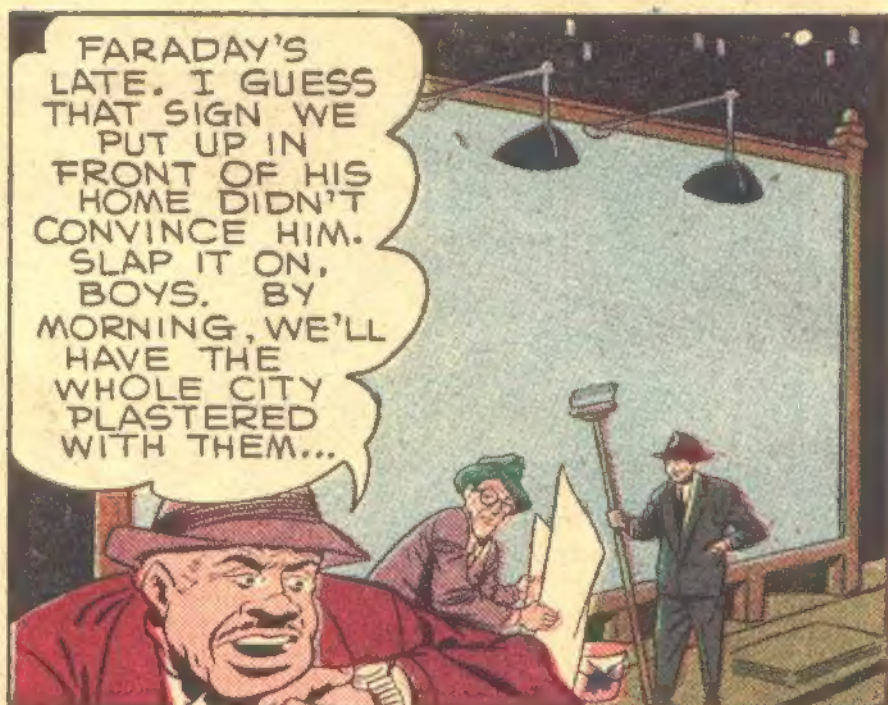
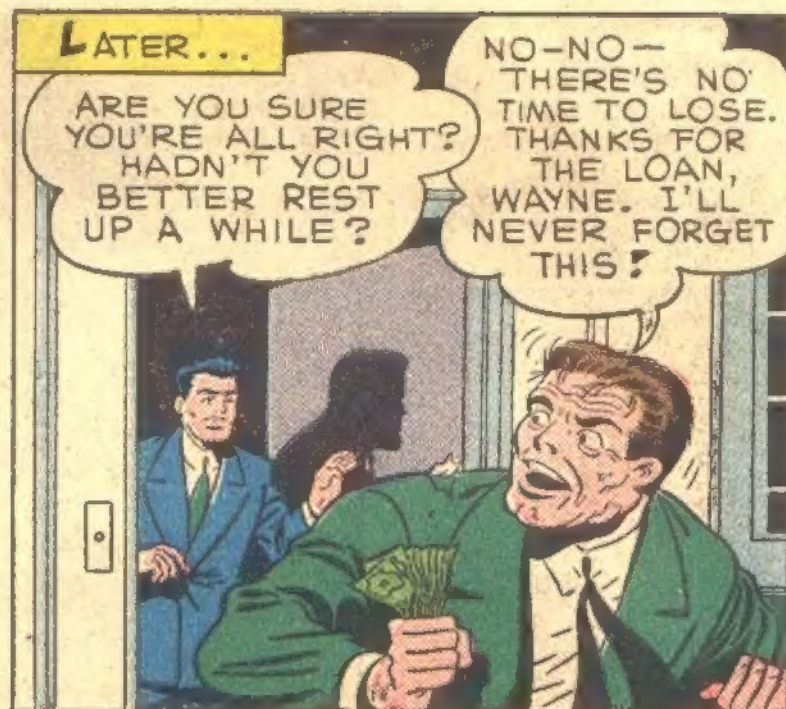


WAYNE! YOU-YOU MUST FORGIVE THIS INTRUSION! BUT I'M IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE! I-I-

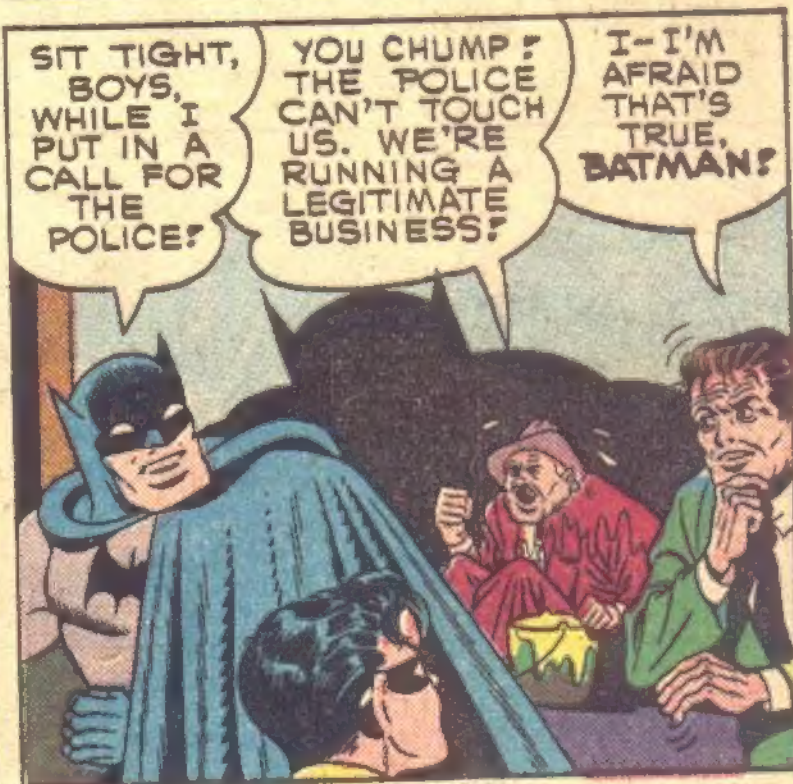
GREAT SCOTT! MR. FARADAY! YOUR ARM- IT'S SWOLLEN!













ACCORDING TO THE LAW, FARADAY WAS PAYING FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

IF I HADN'T, A FOOLISH MISTAKE COMMITTED BY MY SON WOULD HAVE BEEN PUBLICIZED ON THESE BILLBOARDS AND HIS FUTURE RUINED!



EARLY MORNING, AS A PAIR OF PUZZLED CRIME-FIGHTERS RETURN HOME...


WE CAN'T LET THAT BLACKMAIL GANG FLOURISH, BRUCE. MAYBE THE LAW'S HANDS ARE TIED, BUT WHAT ABOUT US?

EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.



UNTIL THE LAW CAN ACT, DICK, WE'RE GOING TO SMASH THOSE BILLBOARDS WHENEVER FAT FRANK PUTS A BLACKMAIL AD UP!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!



AS NIGHTFALL ONCE MORE SHROUDS GOTHAM'S CROWDED CANYONS, TWO AWESOME SILHOUETTES FLIT SILENTLY ACROSS DESERTED ROOFTOPS...

WE'VE COVERED TWELVE OF THE SIGNS OWNED BY FAT FRANK'S BLACKMAIL GANG AND FOUND NOTHING. THE NEXT ONE ON THE LIST SHOULD BE ON TOP OF THE CENTURY BUILDING.

MAYBE THEY'VE DECIDED TO QUIT...



DECIDED TO QUIT, HAVE THEY? TAKE A LOOK THERE!

I'M LOOKING! AND I'M THINKING THAT WHEN WE GET THROUGH, THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY SPACE LEFT TO WATCH FOR THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SENATOR!


FOR THE STARTLING TRUTH ABOUT STATE SENATOR MIRAN SPANNE *Watch this Space!*



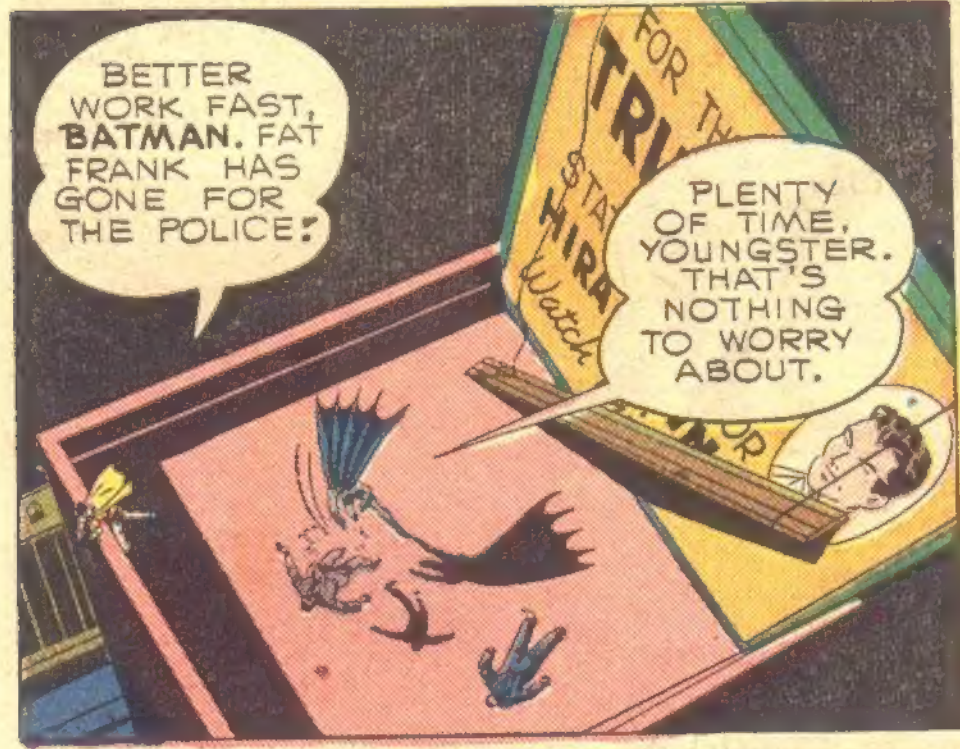
LOOK! IT'S THEM AGAIN!

THE STARTLING TRUTH ABOUT STATE SENATOR MIRAN SPANNE *Watch this Space!*

I'M WARNING YOU, BATMAN! IF I KILL YOU NOW, I'LL BE WITHIN MY RIGHTS! I'M DEFENDING MY PROPERTY!









AT FAT FRANK'S HEADQUARTERS THE NEXT MORNING, THE WORRIED BLACKMAILERS HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR...

LISTEN, YOU GUYS! THE COPS WON'T DO NOTHIN' TO STOP **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**. BUT THEY CAN'T DO NOTHIN' IF WE STOP 'EM EITHER — BECAUSE THEM SIGNS ARE OUR LEGAL PROPERTY!

YEAH— BUT HOW WE GONNA STOP 'EM?



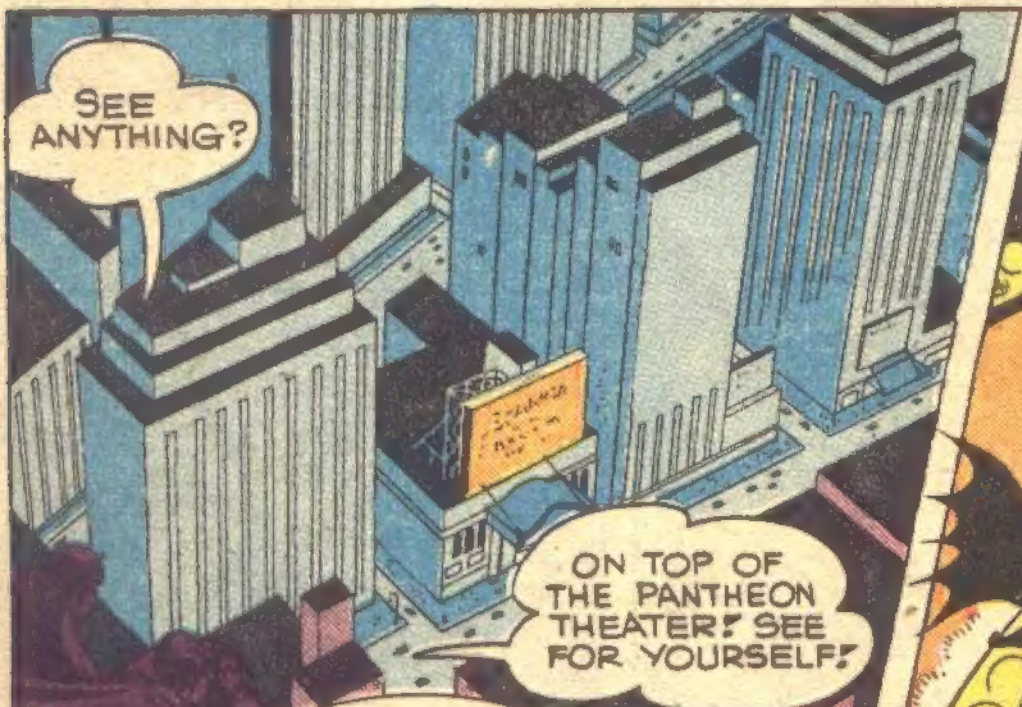
IT'S GONNA COST US ONE MORE BILLBOARD — THE BEST ONE WE GOT, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT. WE'RE GONNA SACRIFICE THAT GIANT ELECTRICAL SIGN ON TOP OF THE PANTHEON THEATER! AND HERE'S HOW...



AS NIGHT AGAIN SHROUDS GOTHAM, WHAT THREAT LURKS WITHIN THE GLOWING HEART OF ITS INCANDESCENT MIDTOWN FOR THE EERIE SILHOUETTES THAT MAKE THEIR WAY THERE OVER DARKENED ROOFTOPS?



SEE ANYTHING?



ON TOP OF THE PANTHEON THEATER! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

LET'S GO!

**SCANDAL**  
IN HIGH  
**BANKING CIRCLES!**  
WATCH THIS SPACE

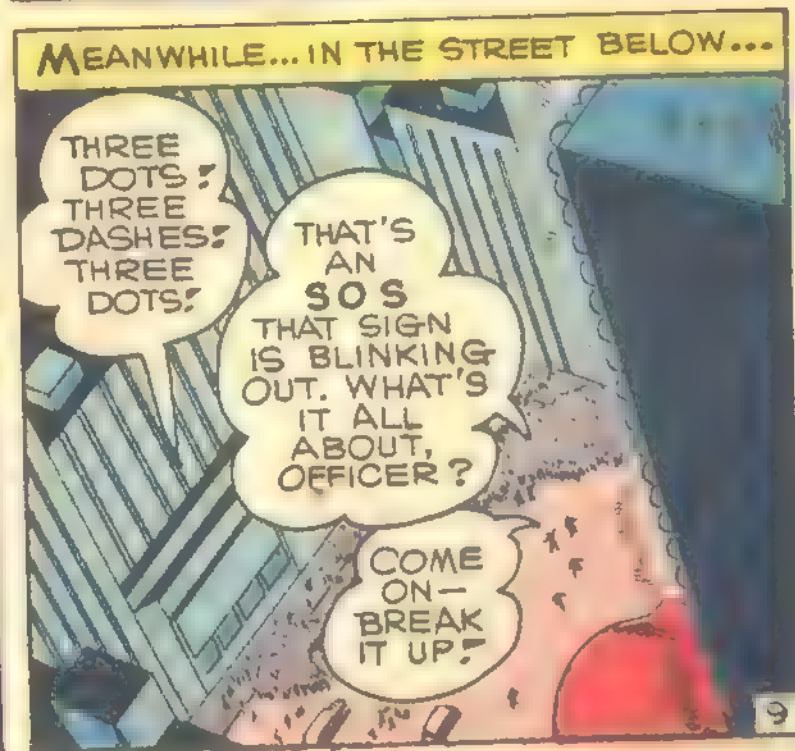
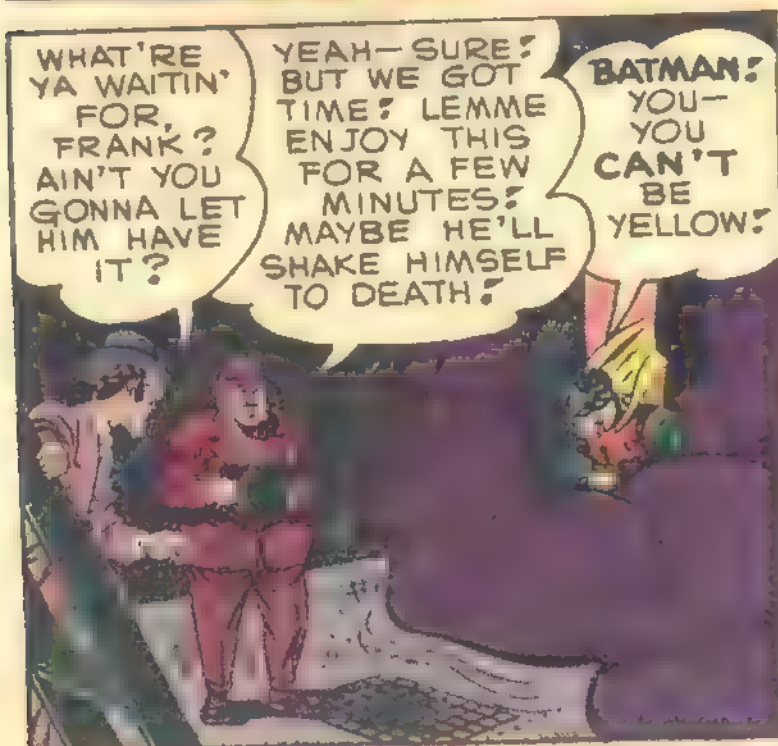
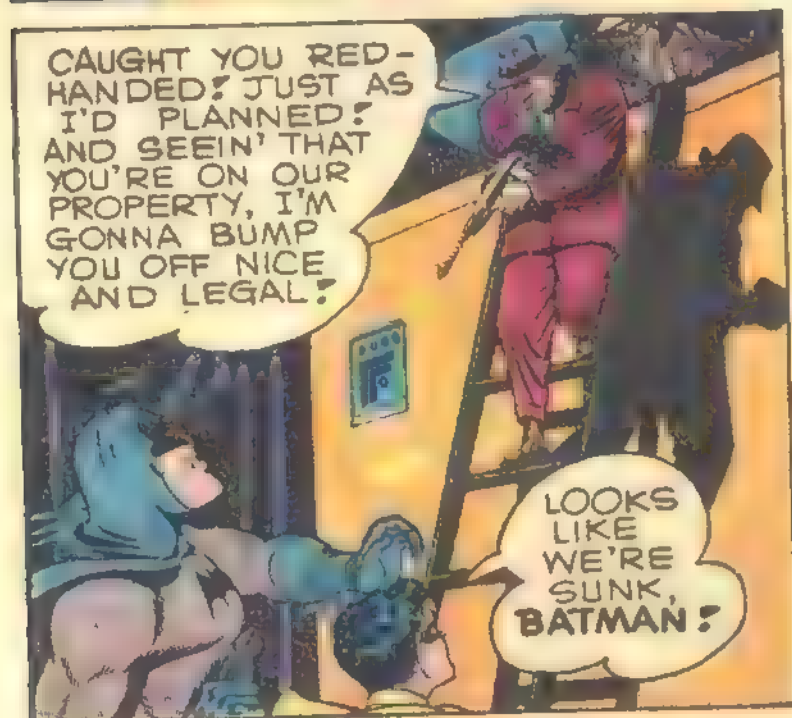
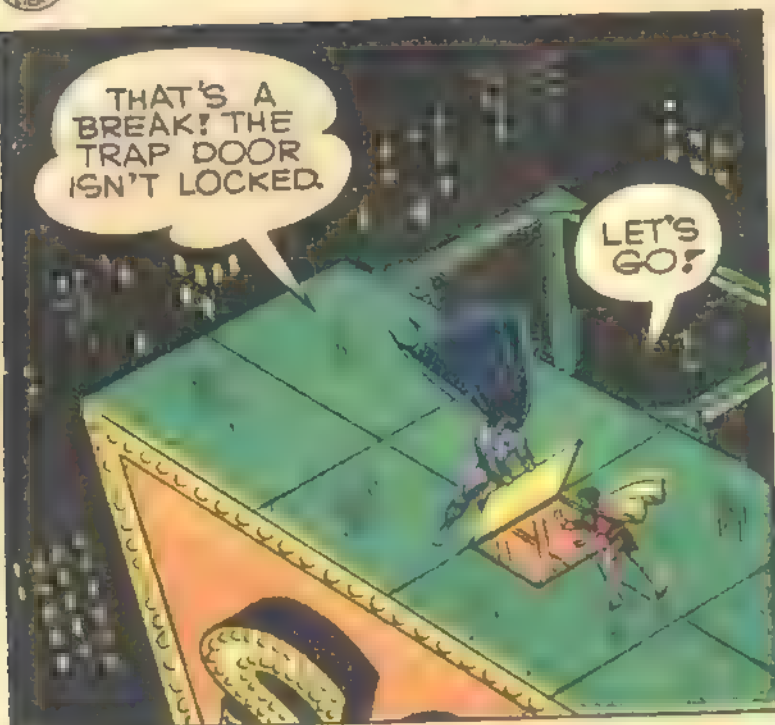
PANTHEON THEATER

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AROUND THIS TIME. THE TRAP DOOR LEADING TO THE INSIDE WHERE THE WIRING RUNS SHOULD BE ON TOP.

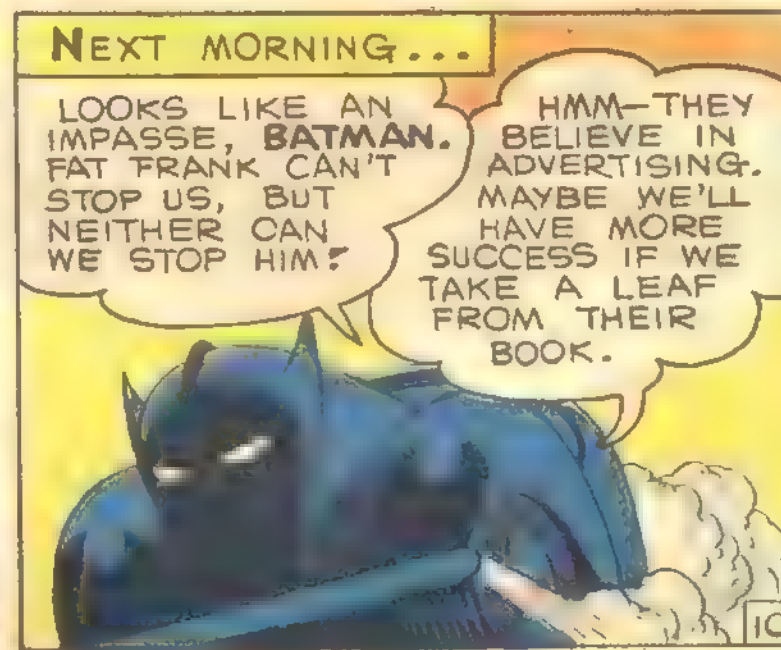
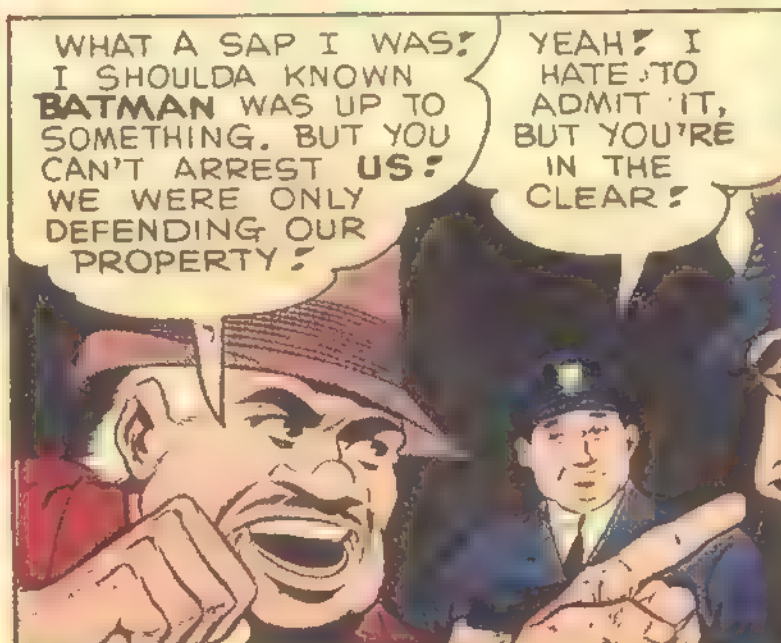
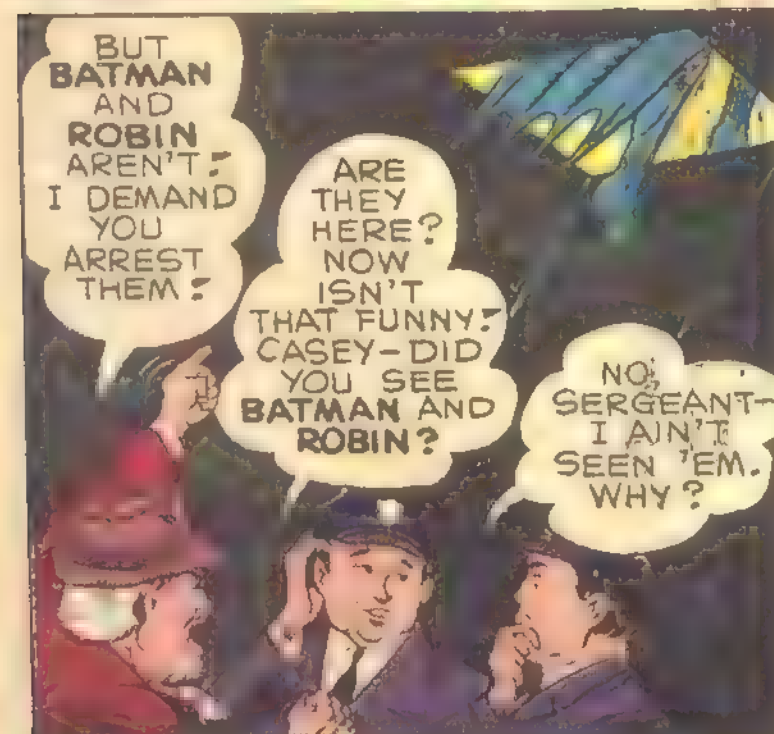
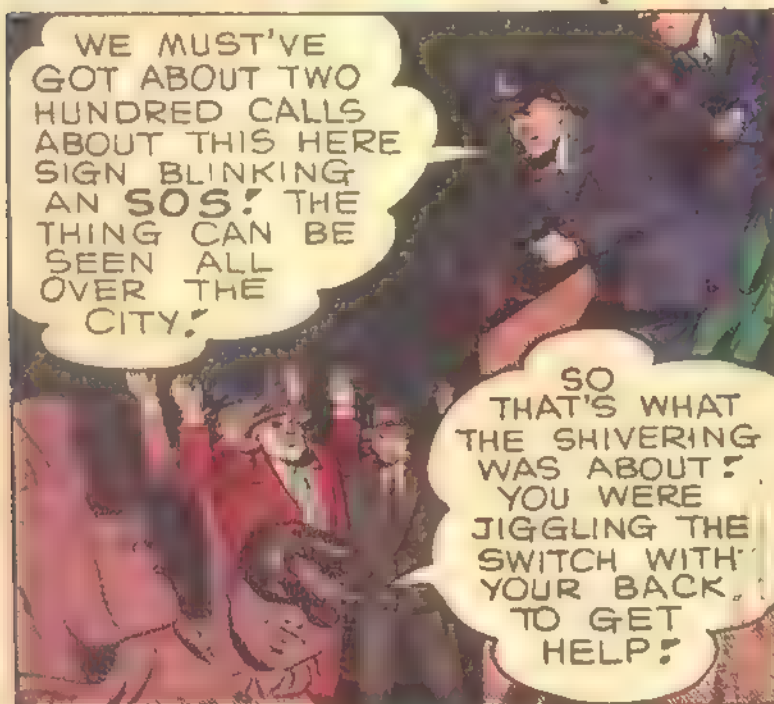
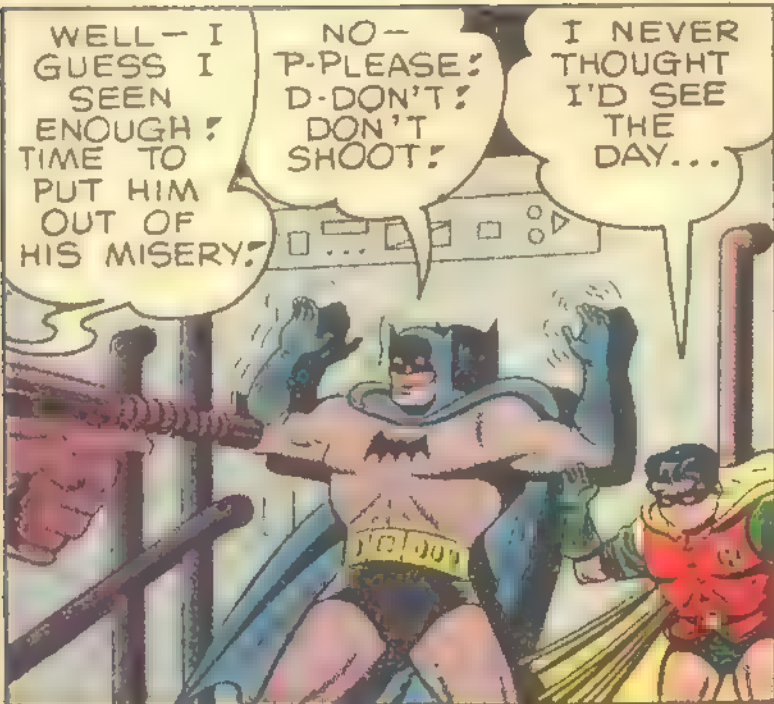


THESE BULBS ARE BLINDING!





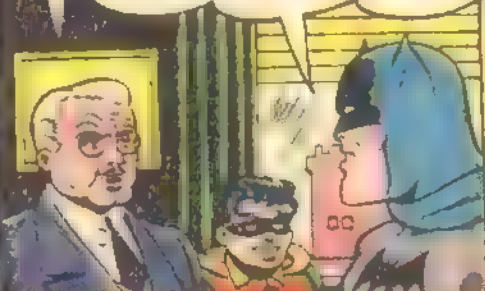






YES, FAT FRANK AND HIS BOYS ALL HAVE LONG POLICE RECORDS, BUT THEY'VE SERVED THEIR TIME AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.


BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO IF YOU'LL LET ME AT THOSE ROGUES' GALLERY FILES, COMMISSIONER.



**HOW DOES THE BATMAN PLAN TO TRAP THE TREACHEROUS TRIUMVIRATE? LET'S LOOK IN ON FAT FRANK'S ROOMS THE FOLLOWING MORNING...**

FRANK—THE WAY THEY OUTSHREWDDED YOU THE OTHER NIGHT, YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.

SHUT UP! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.



I'M VERY SORRY, GENTLEMEN. BUT IN VIEW OF YOUR RECORDS, WE MUST ASK YOU TO VACATE IMMEDIATELY. THE REPUTATION OF THE HOTEL...

RECORDS? SAY—HOW DID YOU KNOW?

PERSECUTION, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!



WHY ARGUE? IT'S SIMPLE TO FIND ANOTHER HOTEL.

WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS HOW THEY LOINED ABOUT US.


HEY—LOOK! AIN'T THEM THE GUYS?




I'LL SAY THAT'S THEM. THEY GOT A LOTTA NERVE SHOWIN' THEIR FACES AROUND TOWN?

THERE AIN'T NO ROOM IN GOTHAM CITY FOR THEIR KIND!

THEY MEAN US? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?




**THESE THREE ARE IN GOTHAM CITY**




21643897

FAT FRANK  
27 ARRESTS FOR FRAUD, ARSON AND GRAND LARCENY.



7218453

TOBY THE INCHWORM  
8 ARRESTS FOR BURGLARY, FRAUD, GRAND LARCENY.

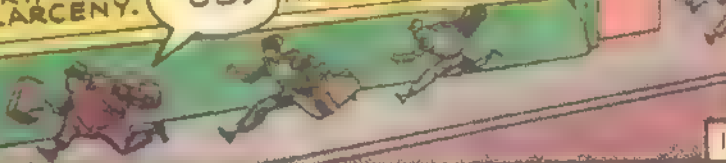


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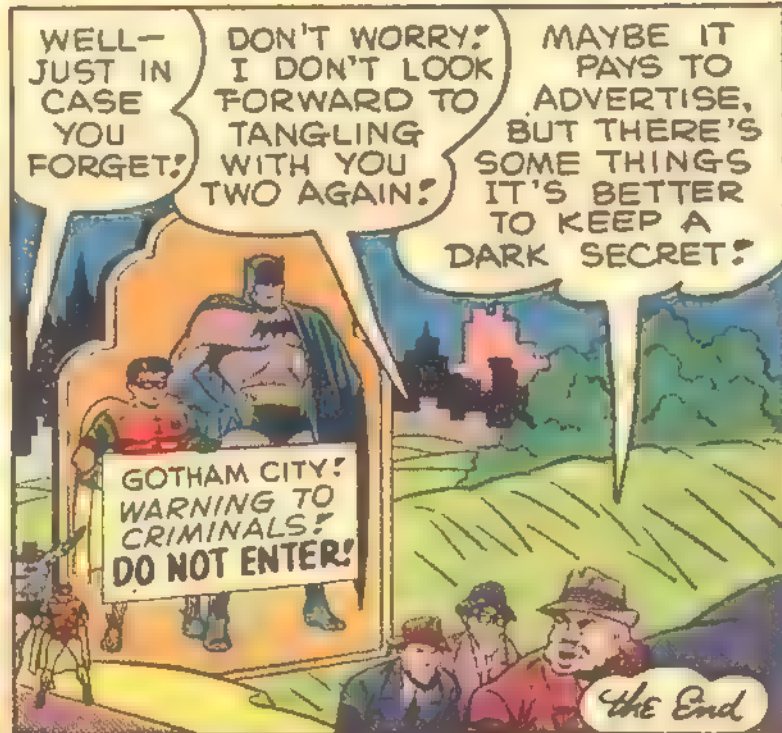
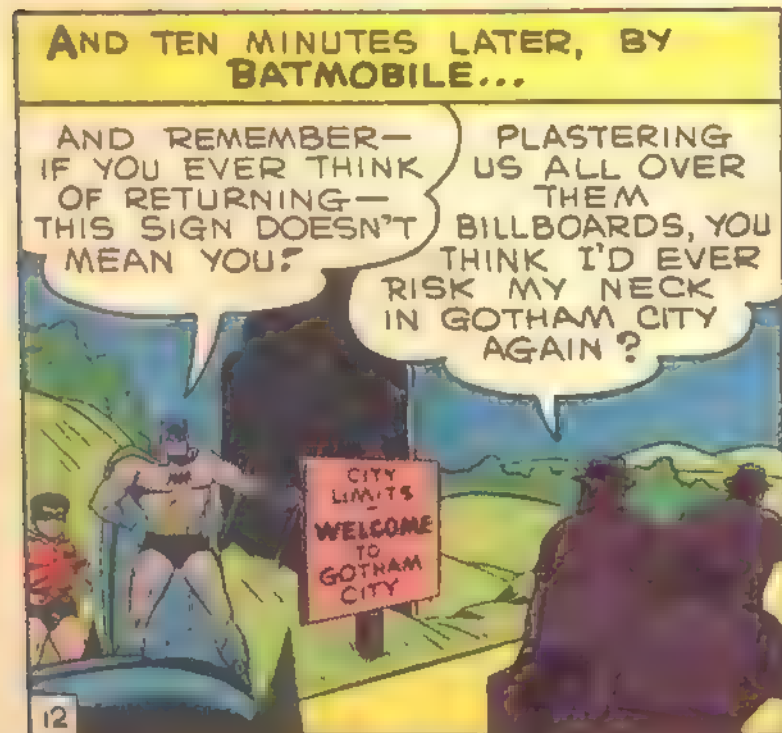
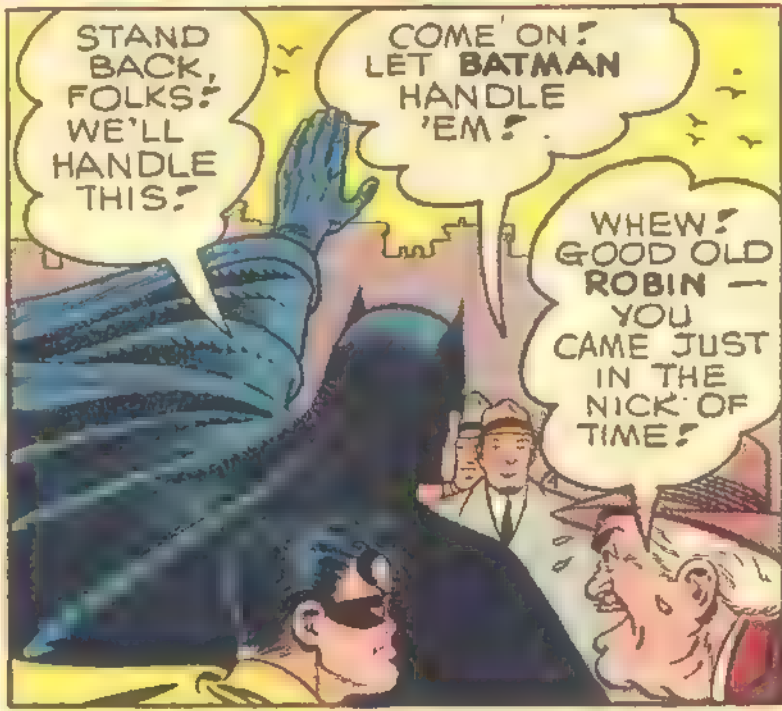
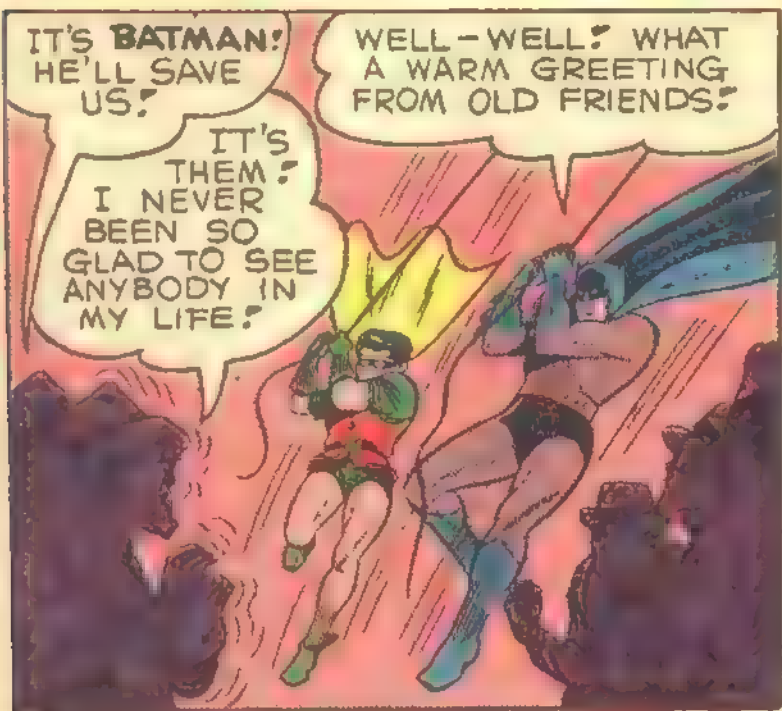
COPY KEEL  
ARRESTS FOR ASSAULT, THEFT, FRAUD, ARSON.

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S US!

RUN 'EM OUT OF TOWN!









# ***LIGHTER MOMENTS*** with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



*"So far it's been plenty walkie—but no talkie."*

*"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the Doughboy Does It!"*

**GOOD NEWS**—"Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are back!

Since Pearl Harbor, they have powered the famous walkies-talkies and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces.

Now, the War Production Board has authorized production of these famous "B" batteries for civilian radios. Chances are, you'll find them at your dealer's now.

Remember—size for size "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are the most powerful "B" batteries ever made.

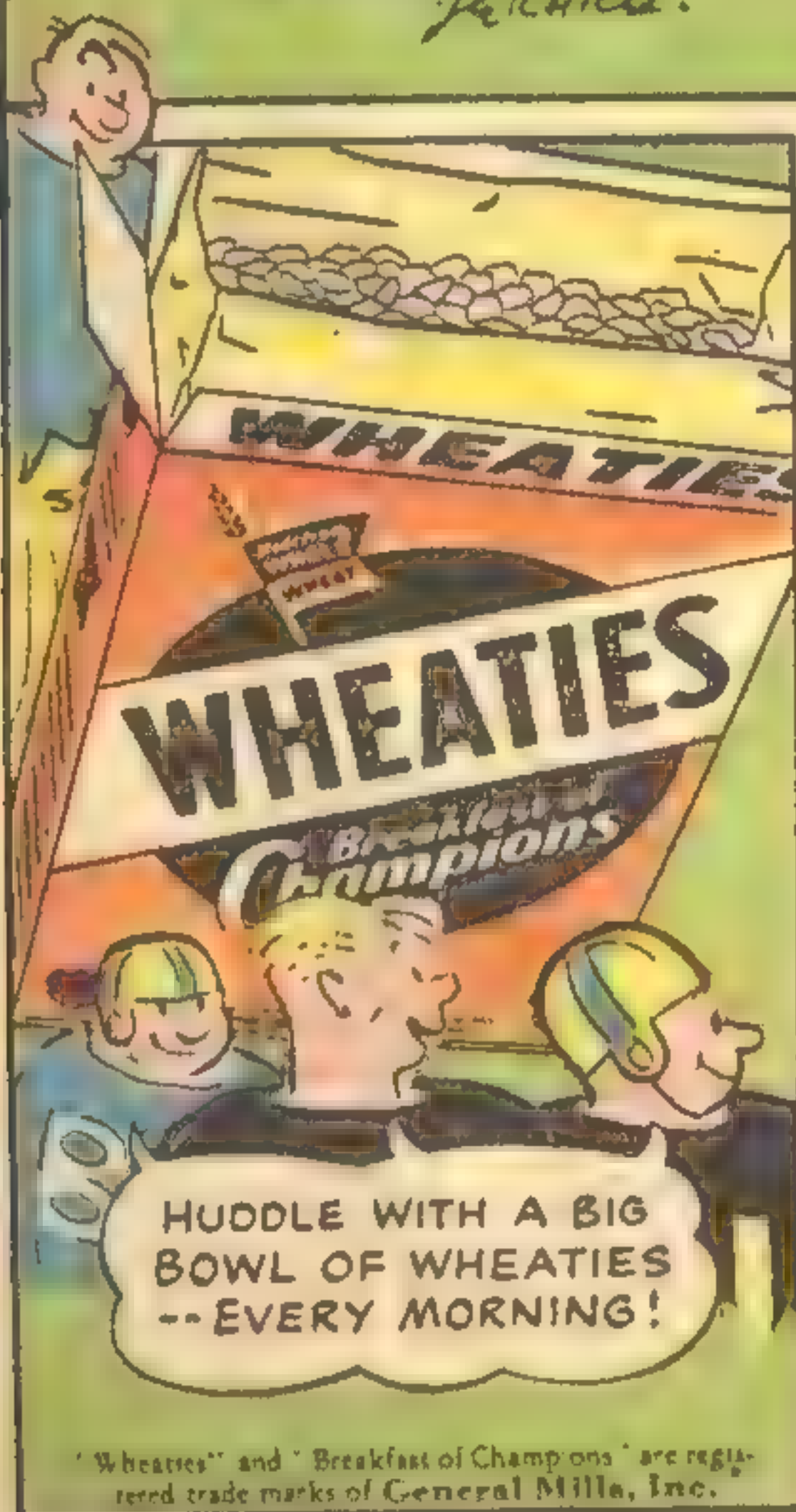
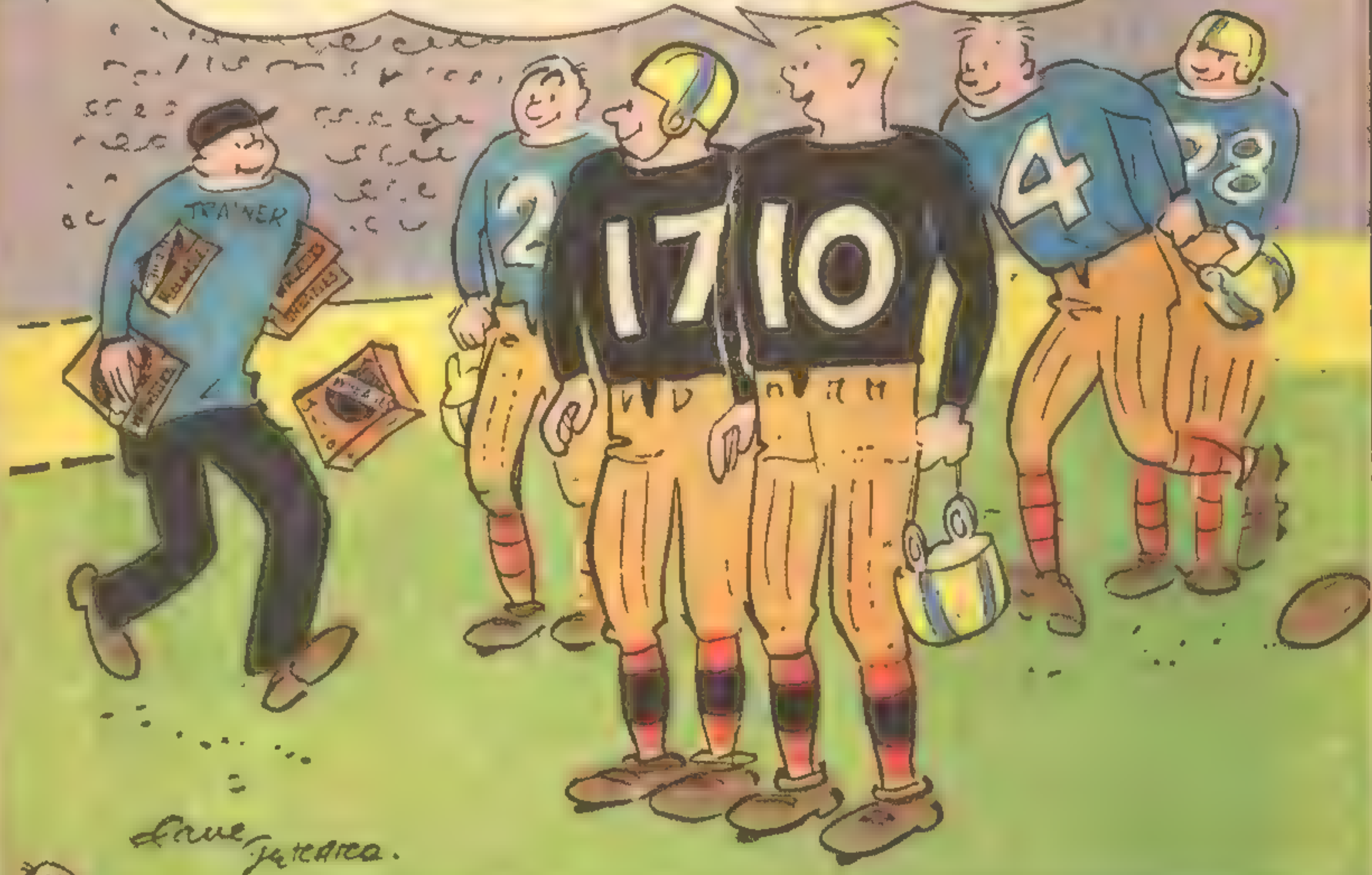


*The registered trade marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.*

# **EVEREADY**



BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT  
OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING  
OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!



TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.

BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN  
ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES... IN  
WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS,  
IMPORTANT MINERALS.

BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES  
IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW,  
MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF  
ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH  
YOUR APPETITE.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER  
THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU  
ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK,  
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. FAMOUS  
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES  
"BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT





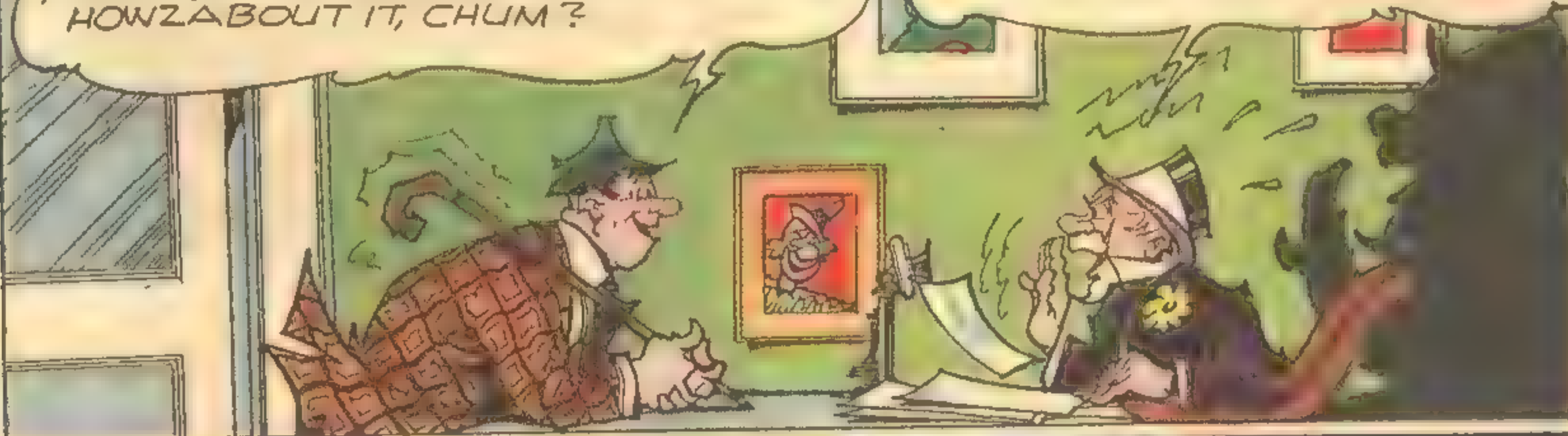
# THREE-DING

# BINKS

ACE BOOKING-AGENT FOR ALL  
AND SUNDRY BIG-TIME CARNIVAL,  
CIRCUS, MOVIE OR NIGHT CLUB  
HEADLINE PERFORMERS.

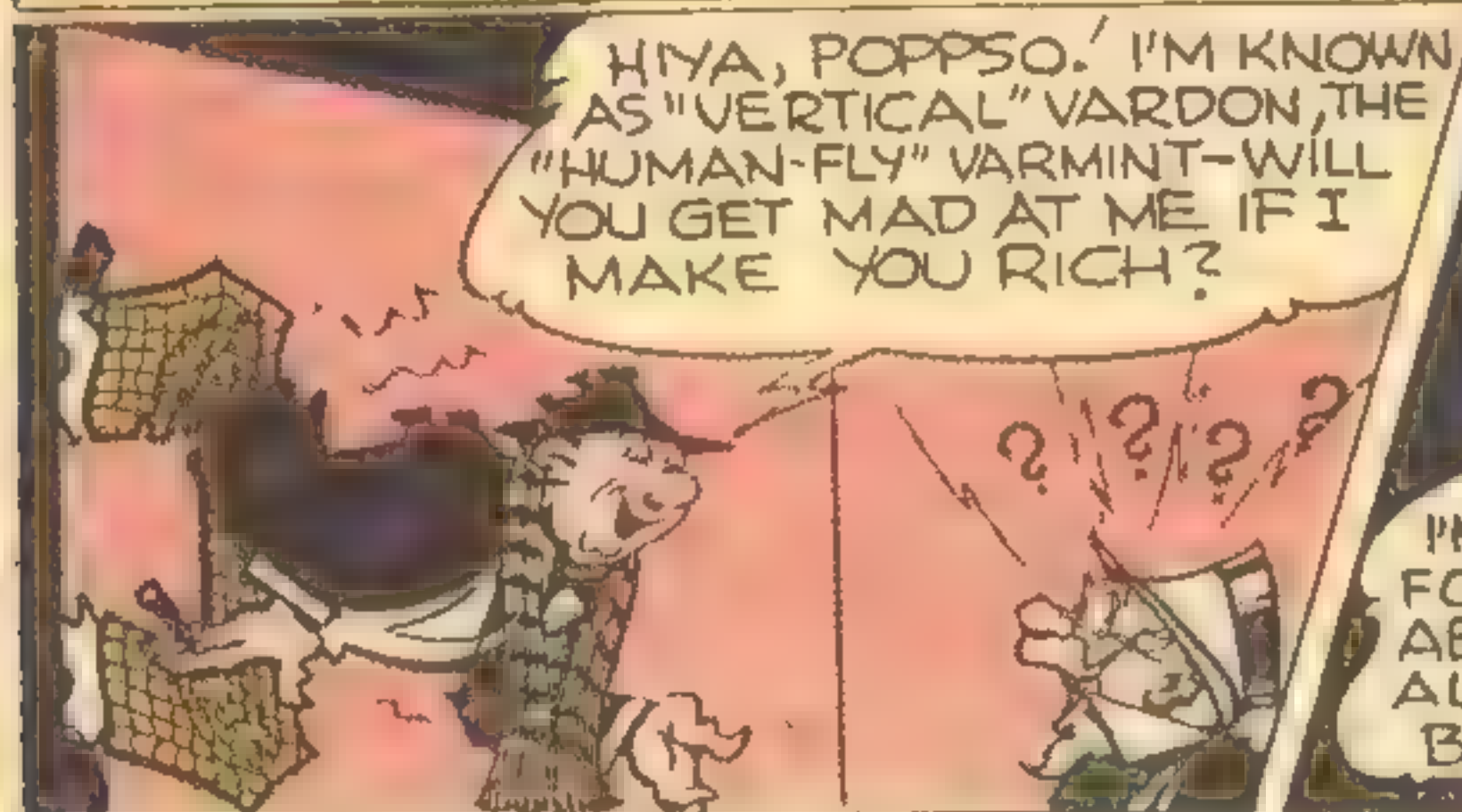
GOOD MORROW, MY FINE PEASANT FRIEND,  
YOU ARE NOW GAZING ON "CRAWLONOVA"  
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS "HUMAN FLY" -  
THASS ME!... I CAN CLIMB UP THE FACE  
OF ANYTHING - WITHOUT A BEARD ON IT -  
FROM A MOLEHILL TO A MOUNTAIN - BARE-  
HANDED! SO HOWZABOUT TAKING OUT AN  
INSURANCE POLICY GUARANTEEING Y'SELF  
A CONSTANT FLOOD OF EXCESS FOLDING  
MONEY, BY MERELY PLASTERING ME WITH  
A RUN-OF-THE-SHOW CONTRACT? - HUH?  
HOWZABOUT IT, CHUM?

STOP YOUR BUZZIN', COUSIN,  
AND LET YOURSELF GO LIMP, WHILE  
I TELL YOU ABOUT "VERTICAL" VARDON -  
THE WALKINGEST "HUMAN FLY" ACT  
THAT EVER WALKED HIMSELF  
INTO AND OUTA SHOW BUSINESS,  
LISTEN...



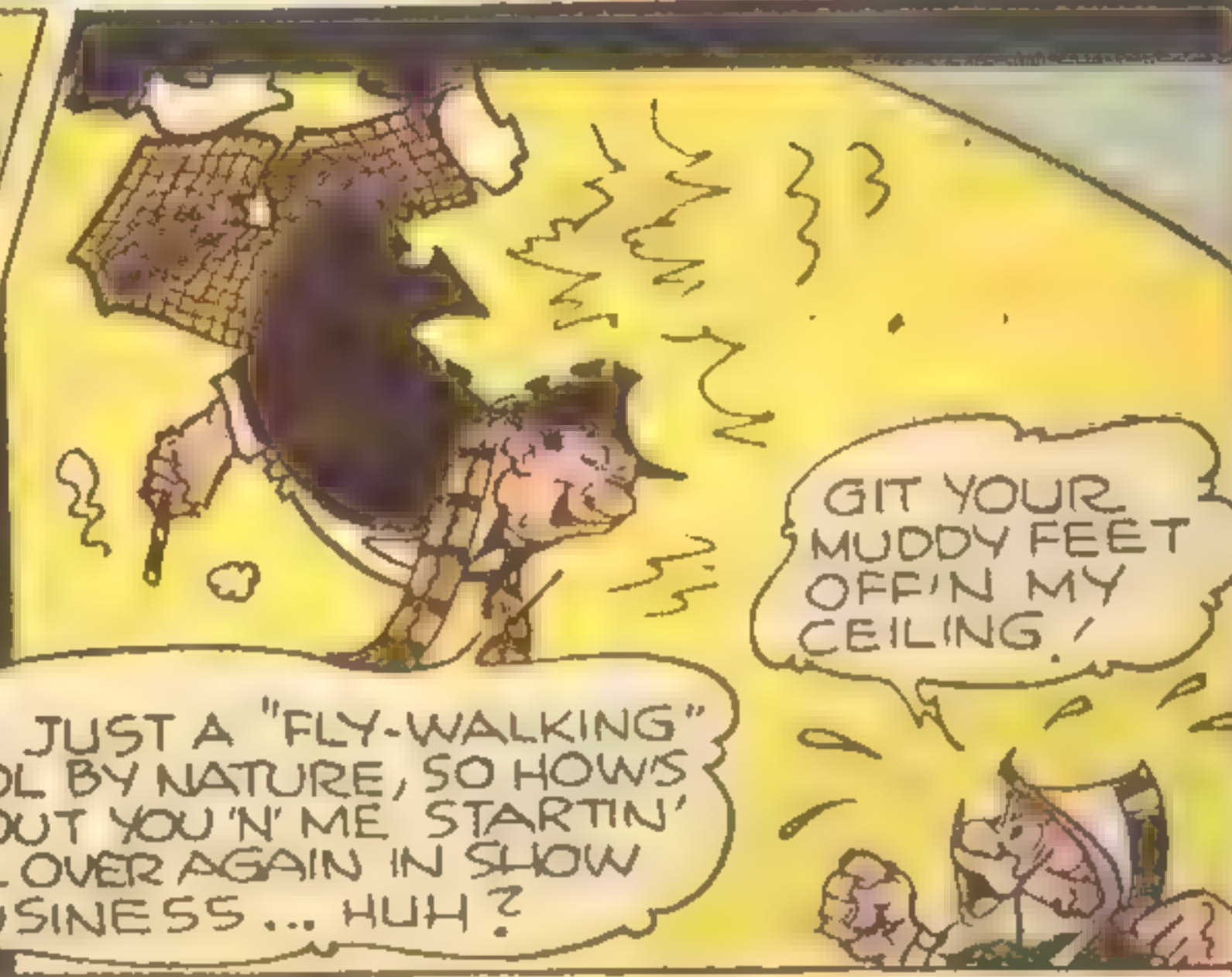
- ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I'M A-SITTIN' AND  
A-BROODIN' IN MY OFFICE OF A ONE-TENT FOLDING  
CARNIVAL (MONEY CRAMPS) THAT I'M MANAGING  
WHEN I HAPPEN TO LOOK UP AND WHO'S GRINNING  
AT ME, PERCHED ON THE SIDE WALL... BUT-

HIYA, POPPSO! I'M KNOWN  
AS "VERTICAL" VARDON, THE  
"HUMAN-FLY" VARMINT-WILL  
YOU GET MAD AT ME IF I  
MAKE YOU RICH?



I'M JUST A "FLY-WALKING"  
FOOL BY NATURE, SO HOW'S  
ABOUT YOU 'N' ME STARTIN'  
ALL OVER AGAIN IN SHOW  
BUSINESS... HUH?

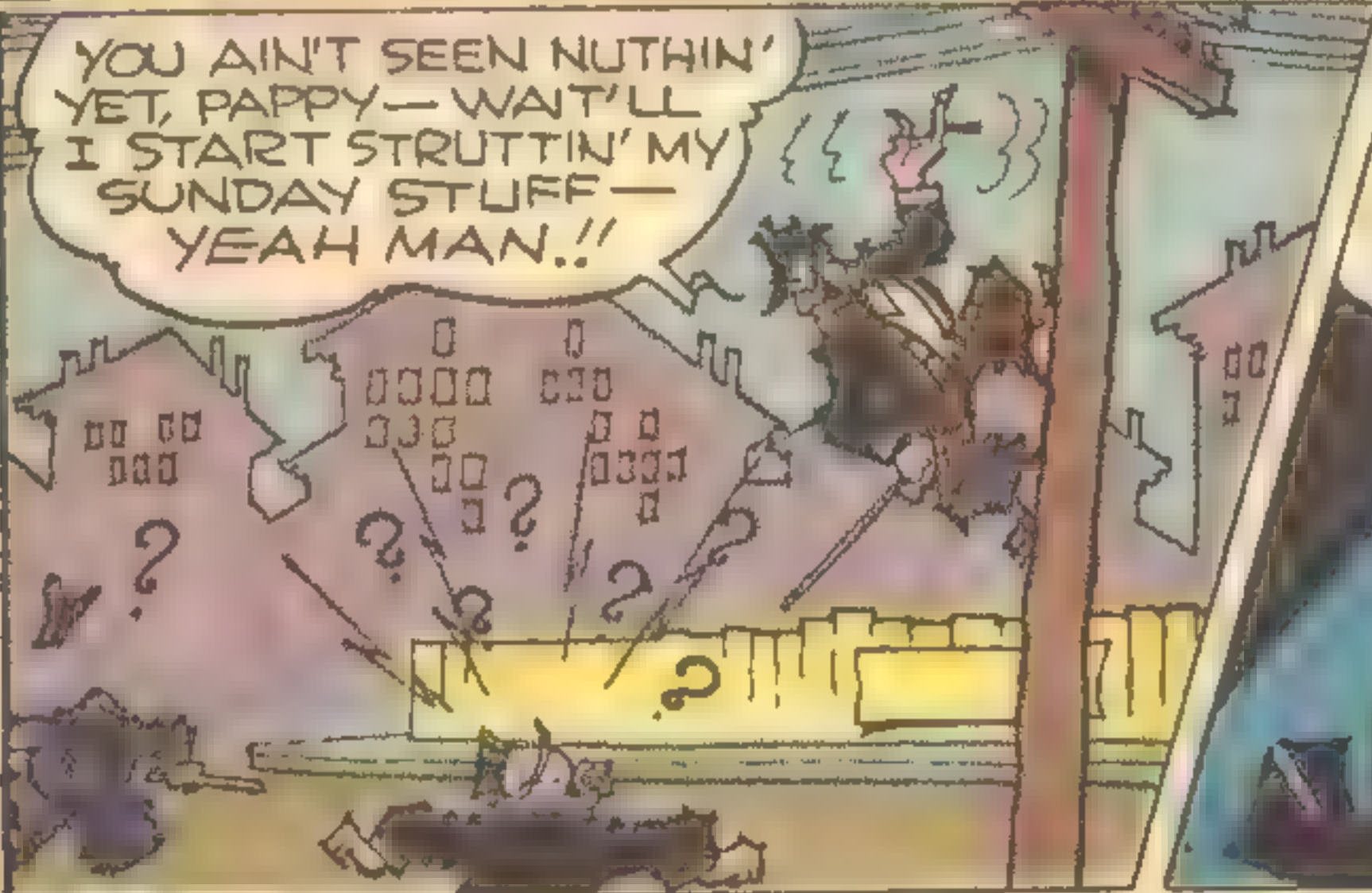
GIT YOUR  
MUDDY FEET  
OFFIN MY  
CEILING!





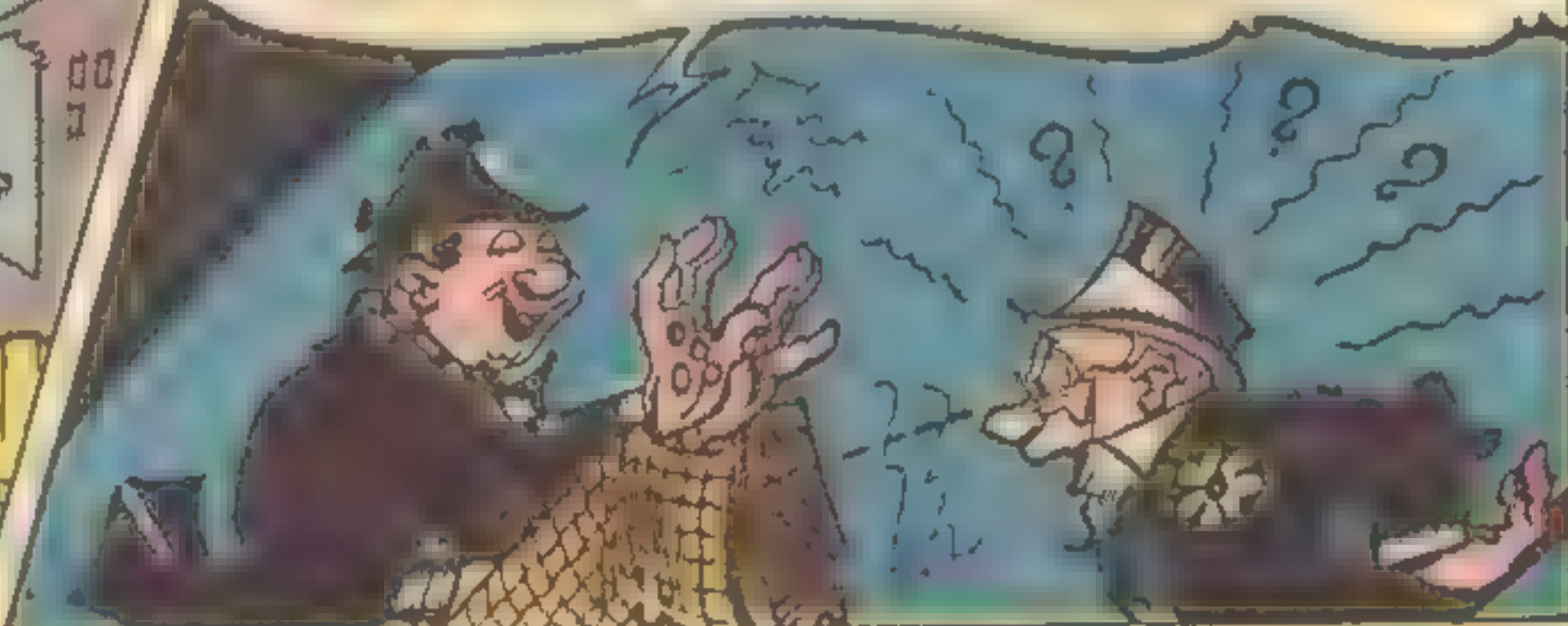
-I WAS SO SUNK WITH THE 'LOW-DOWN BLUES', AT THE TIME, I LET HIM GO AHEAD AND GIVE ME A SAMPLE OF WHAT HE COULD DO - AND ANYTHING HE COULDN'T DO JUST HADN'T BEEN INVENTED YET. 'HE WAS A FOUR-ALARM RIOT.

YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' YET, PAPPY - WAIT'LL I START STRUTTIN' MY SUNDAY STUFF - YEAH MAN!!



-THEN HE EXPLAINED, (SLIGHTLY) JUST HOW HE'DID HIS STUFF' -

Y'SEE, PAPPY, IT'S THISAWAY - TO BEGIN WITH, I'VE GOT A 56-INCH CHEST EXPANSION - NEXT, I'VE GOT ME A FIGURIN' KIND O' MIND - NEXT AFTER THAT I MADE M'SELF A SET O' VACUUM CUP PAIR O' GLOVES, WITH A PAIR O' VACUUM CUP SHOES T'MATCH - GET IT?



SO-O-O- (BY A SECRET PROCESS ALL MY OWN), I JUST PLANT MY FOOT ANYWHERE, THEN TAKE A DEEP 56-INCH BREATH - SWITCH THE INTAKE TO THE VACUUM-CUPPED SHOE - THEN REACH WITH MY HAND, EXHALE SHOE - INHALE HAND! REPEAT - AND PAL, CAN I GO PLACES!!

PHEW! I DIDN'T THINK SO MUCH OF HIS ACT - SO - I CASUALLY PUSHED HIM RIGHT OFF HIS FEET TO SEW HIM UP WITH A CONTRACT!

JUST SIGN THAT GRIMM'S FAIRY TALE ON THE DOTTED LINE, SONNY BOY, AND WE'LL BOTH "GO TO TOWN!!"

OKAY! BUT DO I HAFTA USE MY OWN NAME? - FOR \$18 A WEEK?

WELL - AIN'T THAT SUMP'N!!



- I GAVE HIM 'STAR' BILLING IN THAT NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE AS A TRY-OUT, AND HE MERELY RIPPED THE SHOW WIDE OPEN AT THE SEAMS - WITH ENCORES!!

- INSIDE OF A MONTH HIS ACT ALONE PUT OUR WHEEZING LITTLE CARNIVAL UP IN THE 'BIG TIME' - AND WE HAD TO DO FIVE SHOWS A DAY TO PACIFY OUR PUBLIC!

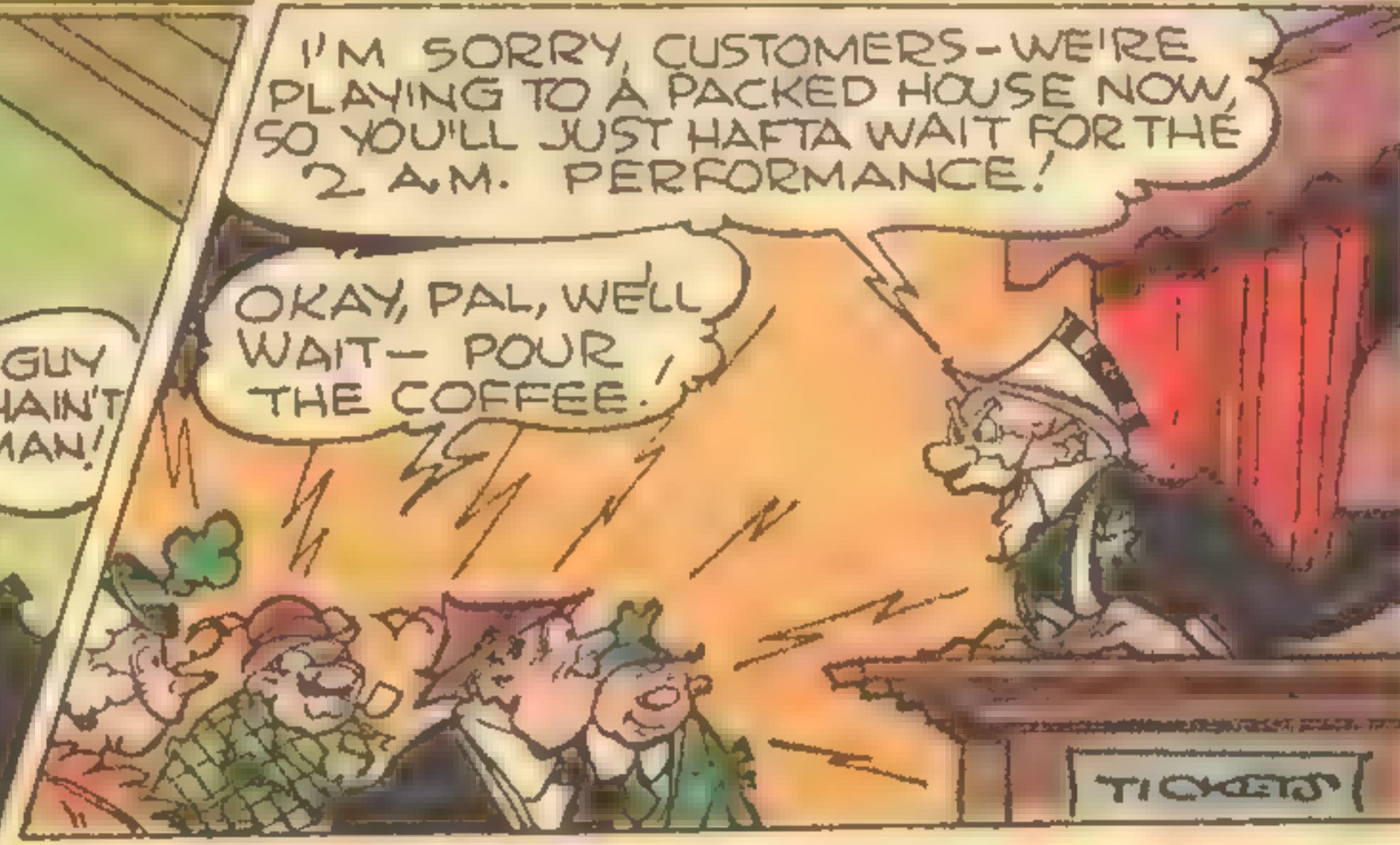
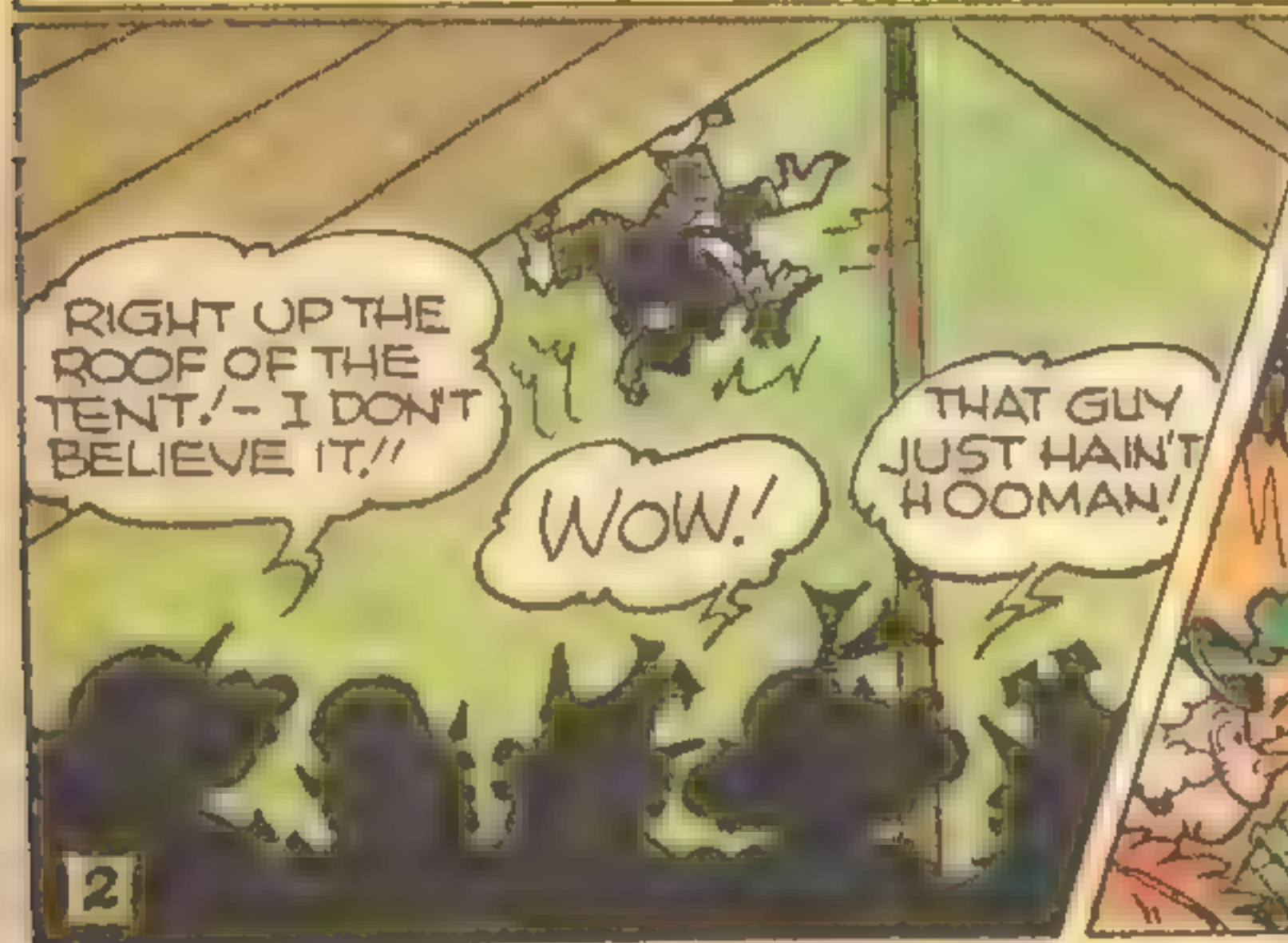
RIGHT UP THE ROOF OF THE TENT! - I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!

WOW!!

THAT GUY JUST HAIN'T HOOMAN!

I'M SORRY, CUSTOMERS - WE'RE PLAYING TO A PACKED HOUSE NOW, SO YOU'LL JUST HAFTA WAIT FOR THE 2 A.M. PERFORMANCE!

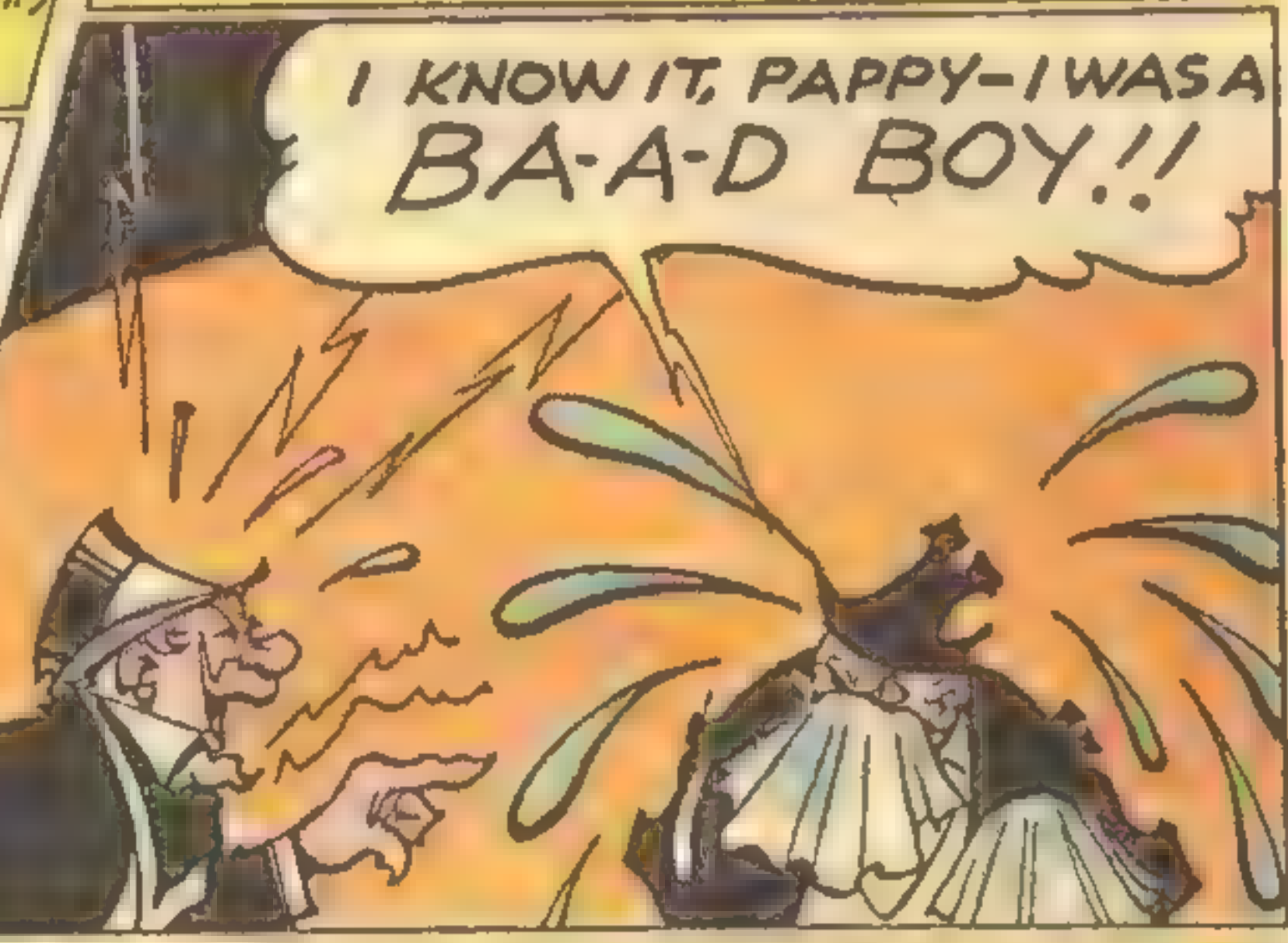
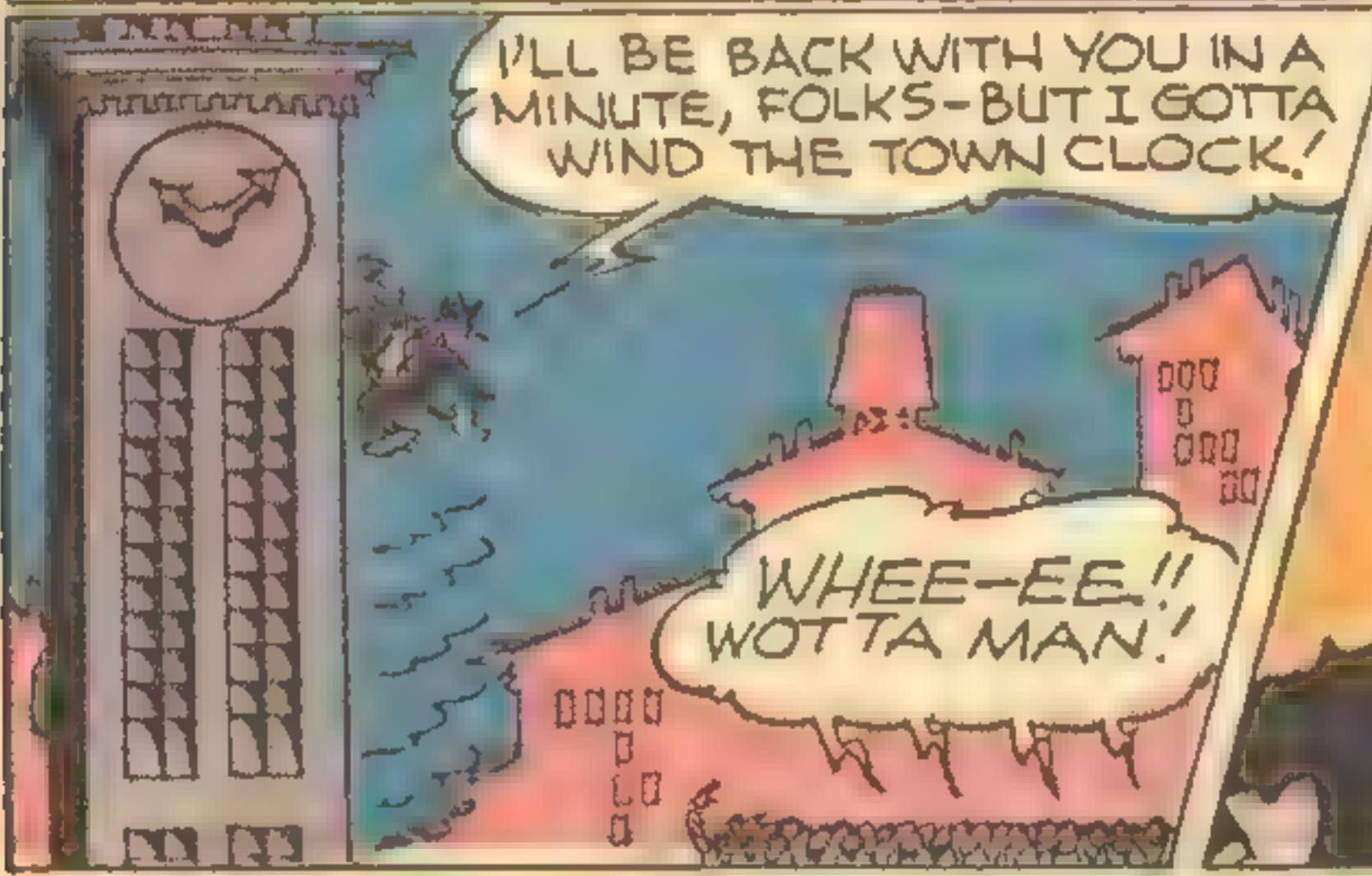
OKAY, PAL, WE'LL WAIT - POUR THE COFFEE.





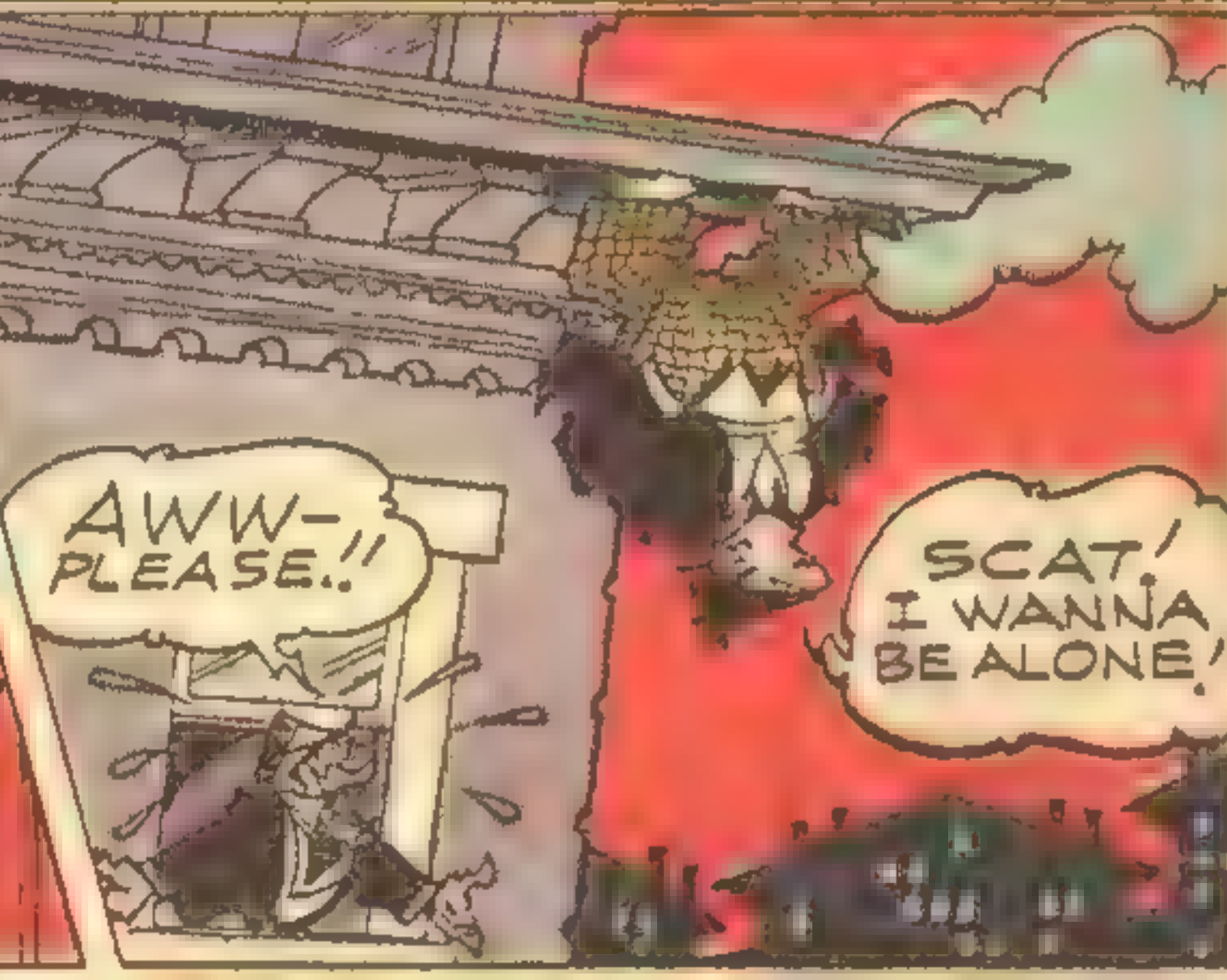
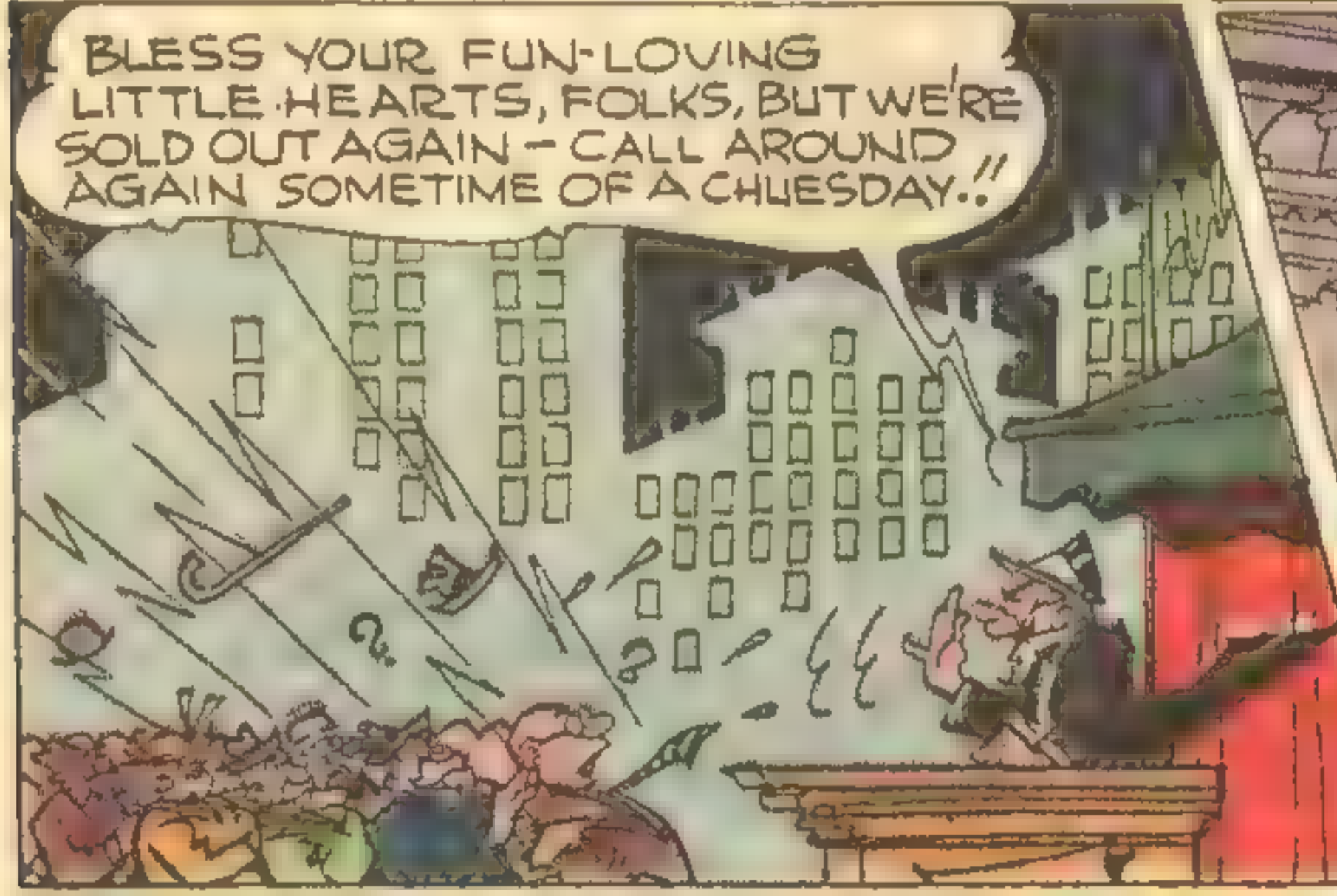
- HE WAS TRIPLE-TERRIFIC IN EVERY TOWN WE PLAYED - BUT HE STARTED GETTIN' OUTA HAND DURING OUR MORNING PUBLIC PARADES - (HE HAD A BIG BROAD STREAK OF SHOW-OFF IN HIS MAKE-UP, POOR GUY, HE COULDN'T CONTROL IT.) AND HE BROKE UP MANY A PARADE -

- THEN I'D BAWL HIM OUT WHEN WE FINALLY GOT BACK TO THE FAIR GROUNDS - AND HE'D REPENT - BY THE GALLON - IT WAS ALMOST HEARTBREAKING! - ALMOST!



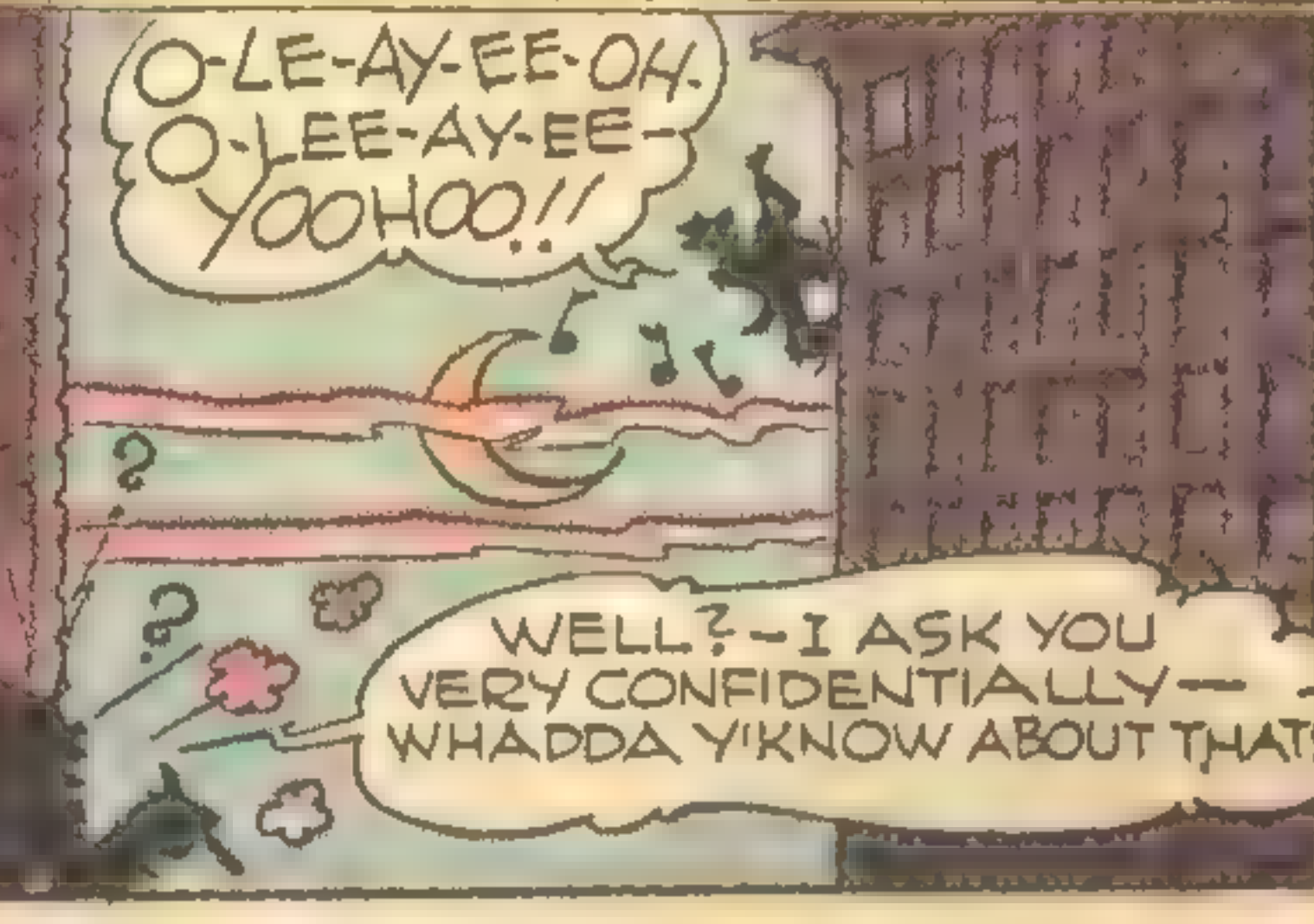
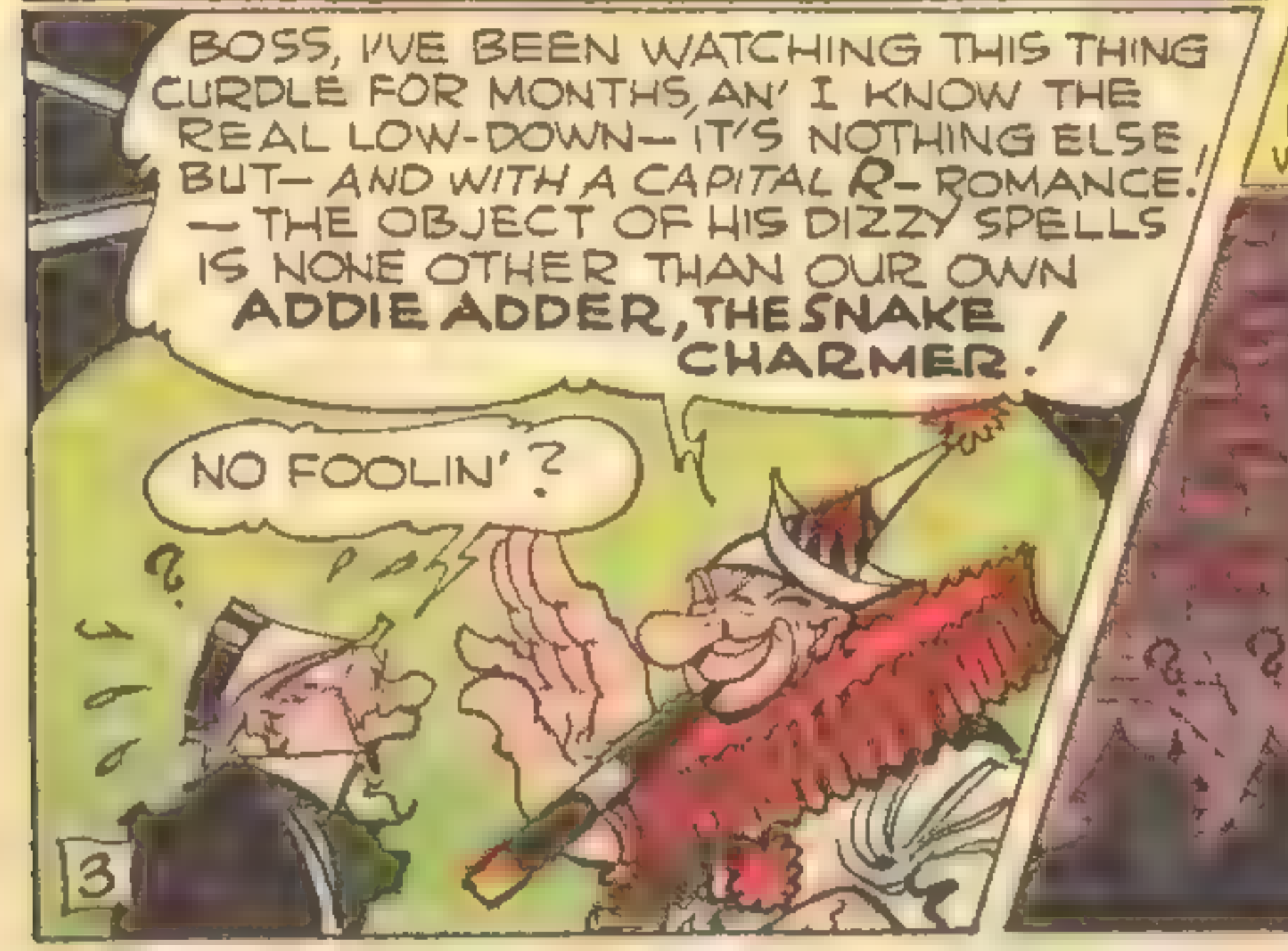
- THEN FOR THE NEXT MONTH OR SO HE'D DO SUCH A BANG-UP JOB, AND DRAW SUCH PACKED HOUSES THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE FORFEITED, FORGIVEN, AND FORGOTTEN.

THAT FLASH OF GOOD BEHAVIOR THOUGH WOULD THEN SUDDENLY RUN SMACK INTO A DEAD-END STREAK OF TEMPERAMENT, AND HE'D HANG IN A SULK UNDER A CORNICE, FOR HOURS 'N' HOURS.



- THEN THE TRUTH FINALLY CAME OUT! THROUGH 'OL' MAN RIBBER - OUR HEAD CLOWN!

- AFTER THE SHOW THAT NIGHT, AT OL' MAN RIBBER'S SUGGESTION, I SLUNK IN THE SHADOWS BELOW OUR SNAKE-CHARMER'S HOTEL WINDOW, AND THERE, SURE 'NUFF WAS 'VERTICAL' A-STRUMMIN' HIS GUITAR OUTSIDE HER TENTH STORY WINDOW - AND MAKING WITH A SWEET YODEL!





-I REALIZED I HAD TO BREAK THAT UP QUICK OR QUIT SHOW BUSINESS FLAT AND GO BACK TO MY OLD PAPER-HANGING, SO I STORMED INTO THE CAUSE OF IT ALL- OUR SNAKE-CHARMER, BUT SHE JUST RAN ME TO THE EDGE OF TOWN WITH TWO OF HER PET BOA CONSTRICTORS.



-TALKING TO 'VERTICAL' DIDN'T MAKE NO SENSE EITHER, WHEN I PUT IT TO HIM, 'COLD TURKEY,' HE JUST HA-HAED RIGHT IN MY FACE, SOMETHING LIKE-

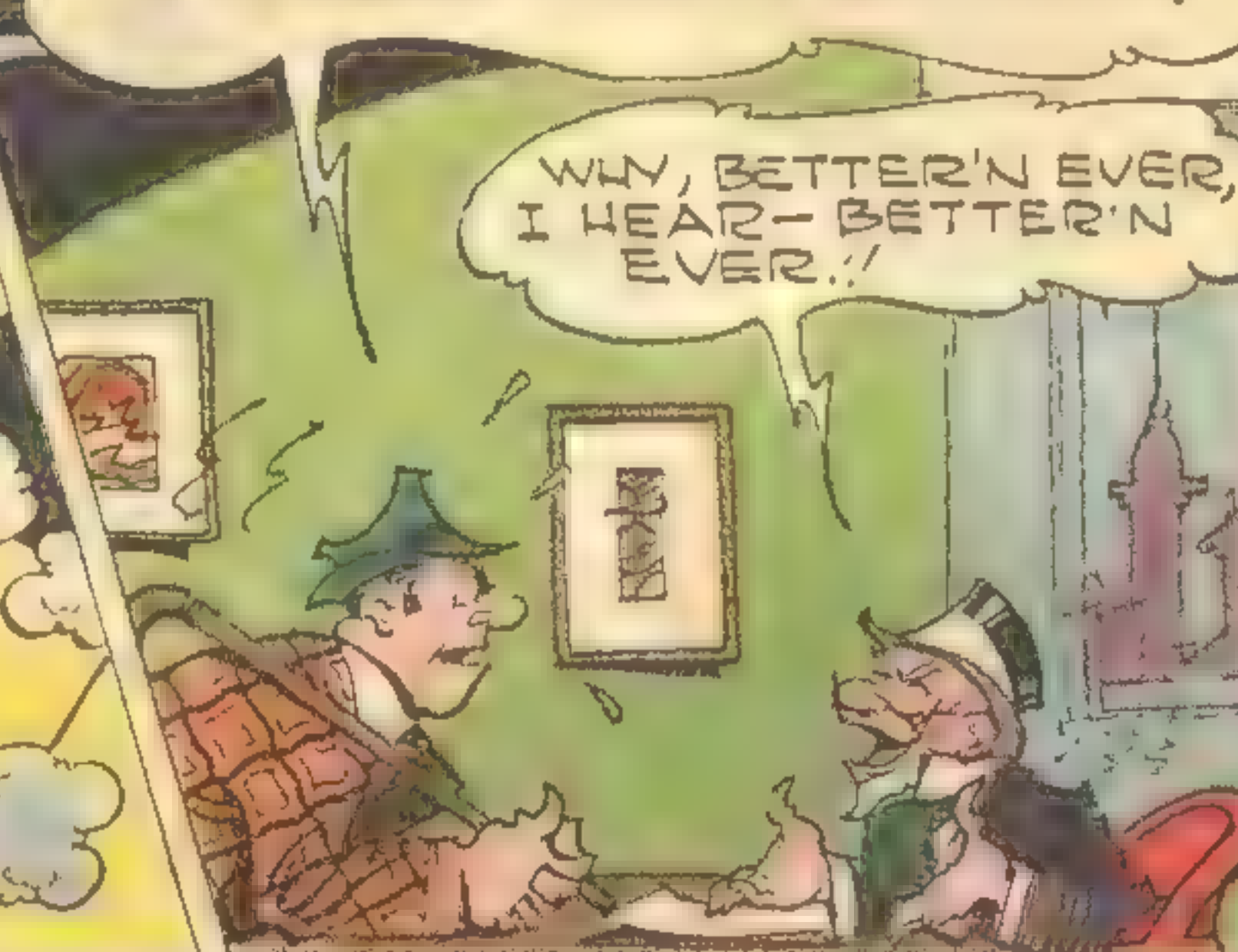


-I STARTED PUTTING ADS IN THE CIRCUS TRADE JOURNALS (WHAT'S LEFT OF A CARNIVAL FOR SALE-GET FOOLISH-MAKE AN OFFER) BECAUSE I HEARD DOOM KNOCKING AT MY DOOR AND SURE ENOUGH- THE VERY NEXT DAY-

DADDYOLA! AFFAIRS OF GREATER IMPORT MAKE IT IMMEDIATELY IMPERATIVE THAT I DISSOLVE OUR PRESENT CONTRACT- IN OTHER WORDS- THANKS FOR THE USE OF YOUR TENT, I'M QUITTIN'!!



WELL, THE UNGRATEFUL THIS 'N' THAT- AND SO 'N' SO AND SO 'N' SO.// WHAT'S THE INVERTED INGRATE DOIN' NOW?



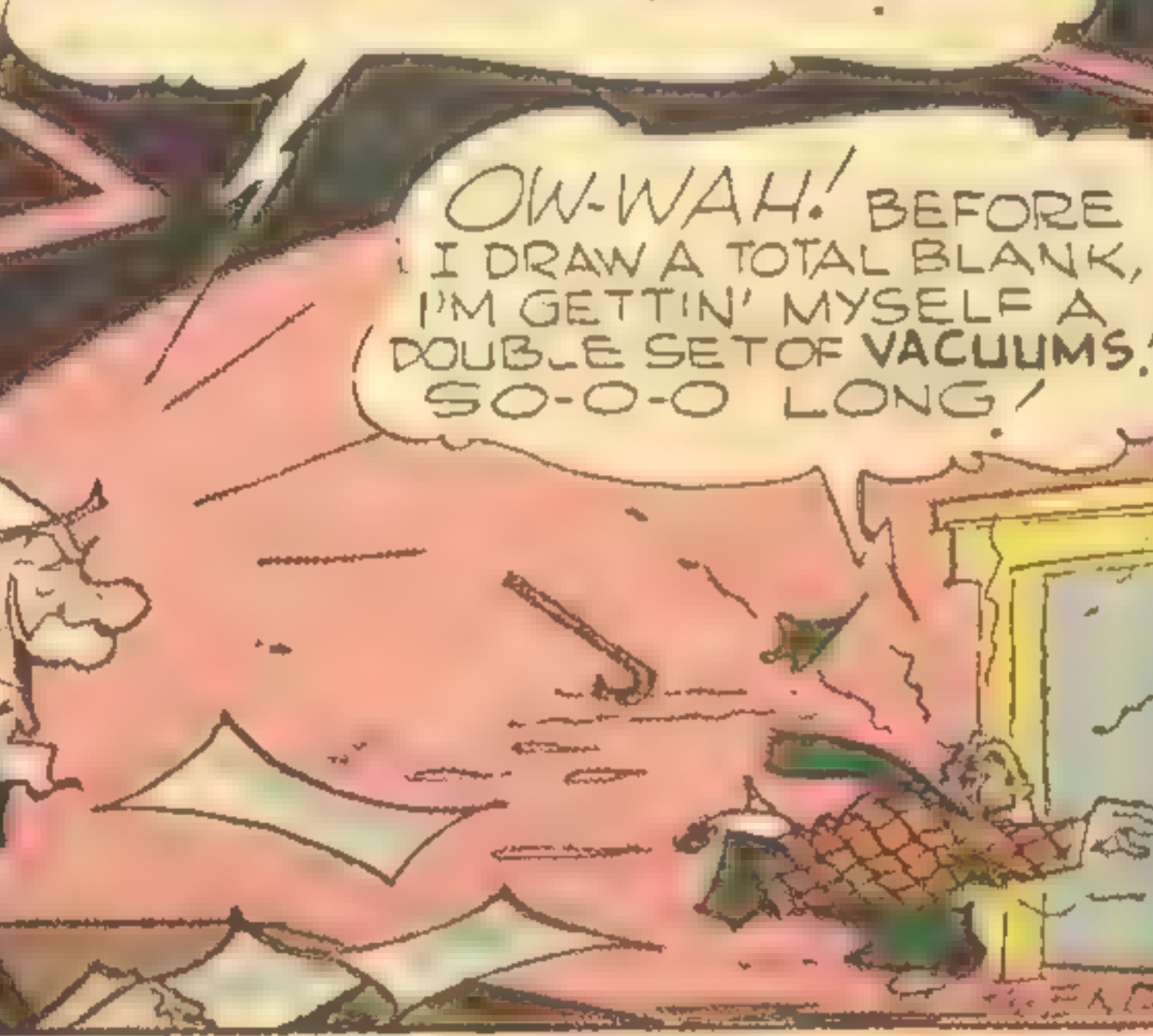
WHY, BETTER 'N EVER, I HEAR- BETTER 'N EVER!!

-WITH HIS BEING ABLE TO GET ANYWHERE ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE, WITH HIS SECRET VACUUM CUP OUTFIT, HE INCORPORATED HIMSELF AS THE ONE MAN VERTICAL VARDON DETECTIVE AGENCY! AND THEY SAY HE'S CLEANED UP A COOL MILLION!!



EVIDENCE? HA-HA-HA! FOR THEM THAT WANTS IT, I GETS IT!!

HEY! HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH!! WHERE Y'HEADIN', SON?

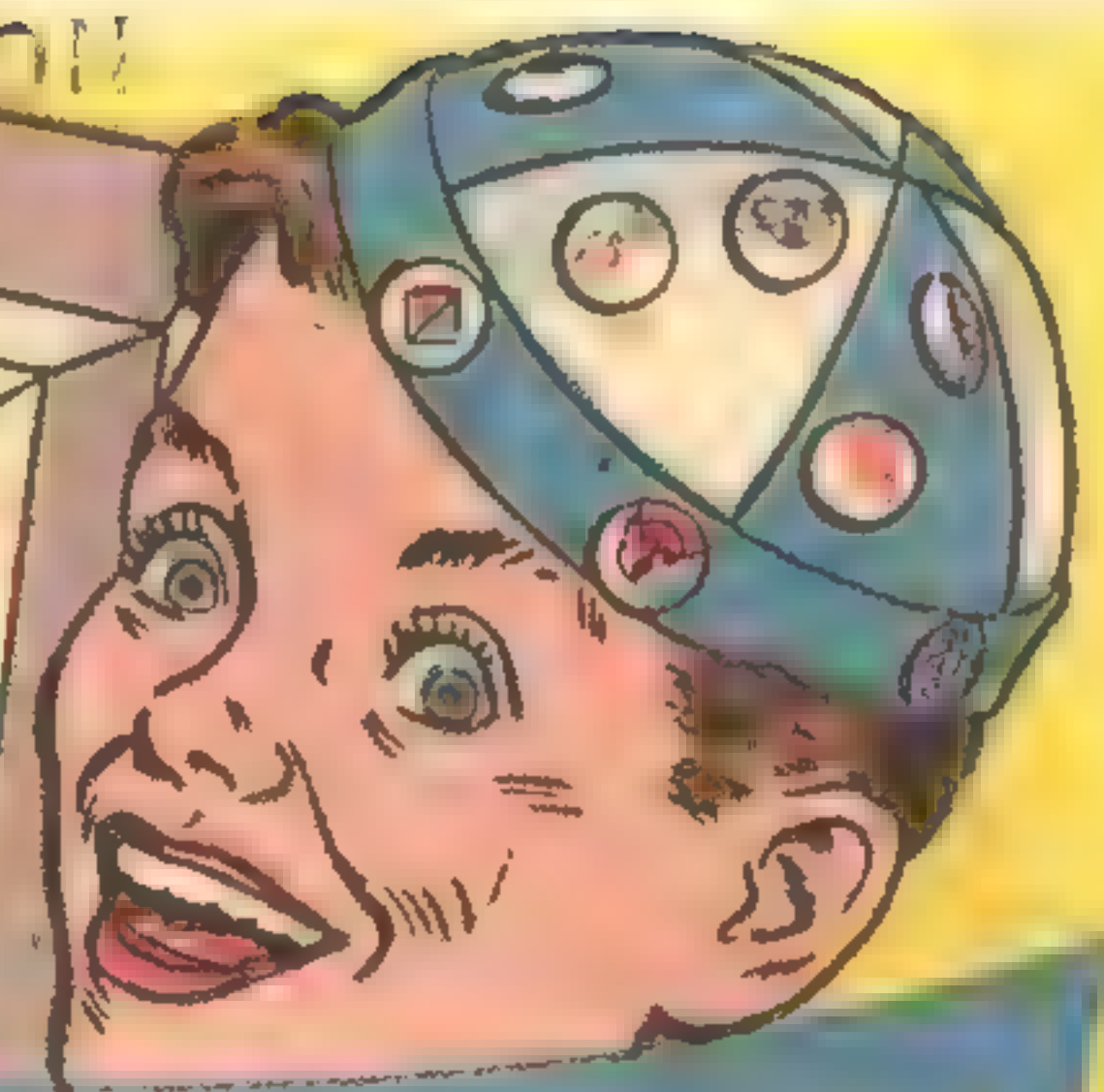


OW-WAH! BEFORE I DRAW A TOTAL BLANK, I'M GETTIN' MYSELF A DOUBLE SET OF VACUUMS! SO-O-O LONG!



ROY JOHNSON

Hey, Gang! Get these  
**GREAT PRIZES!**



# Swell MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

One in Every  
package of PEP

22 DIFFERENT AUTHENTIC  
DESIGNS! Get 'em all!

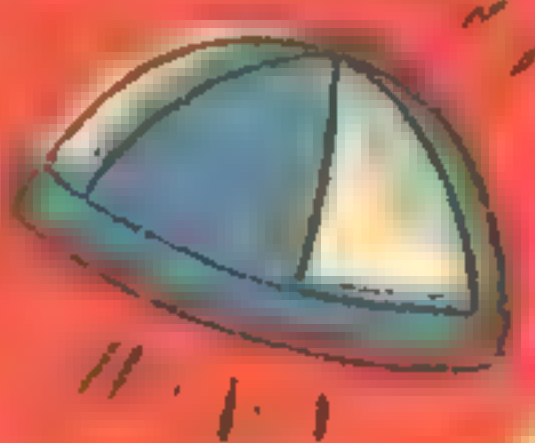
**F**ELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite, crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a full set of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real metal, shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia.

It's a cinch to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package—and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater, jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is for you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock-full of whole-grain nourishment—with added amounts of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow "who's got what it takes!" Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!



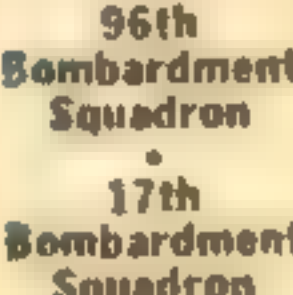
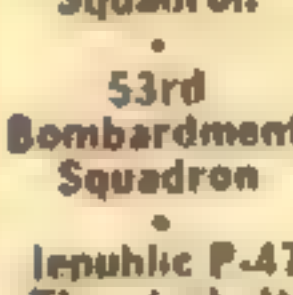
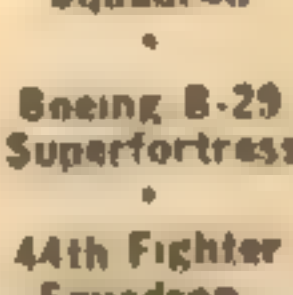

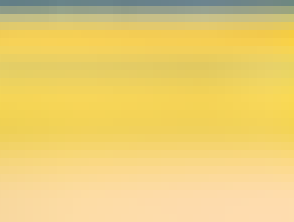
**SPECIAL PEP BEANIE**



LISTEN TO

**SUPERMAN**

on the air—for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.

		
385th Bombardment Squadron (ACTUAL SIZE)	70th Bombardment Squadron	25th Bombardment Squadron
		
41st Bombardment Squadron	94th Pursuit Squadron	2nd Bombardment Squadron
	VR-13	VO-3
96th Bombardment Squadron		
		
17th Bombardment Squadron	34th Bombardment Squadron	56th Bombardment Squadron
		
99th Bombardment Squadron	27th Fighter Squadron	424th Bombardment Squadron
53rd Bombardment Squadron	Consolidated Vultee B-24 Liberator	Boeing B-29 Superfortress
Republic P-47 Thunderbolt	Lockheed Lightning P-38	44th Fighter Squadron



WHEN THE HARDEST-HEARTED HOODLUMS OUT OF CAPTIVITY THREATEN TO SILENCE THE GREAT SCREECH, THAT DASHING DETECTIVE DUO OF SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN RUSHES TO SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM SUCH A CATASTROPHE. AND THOUGH DEATH LEERS AT THEM, THEY LEER RIGHT BACK, AS DAUNTLESSLY THEY PLUNGE IN BETWEEN...

"THE BUZZARD  
and the  
SCREECH!"

IT SENDS  
ME RIGHT  
OUT OF THIS  
WORLD.

HE'S DIVINE.  
I FAINT EVERY  
TIME I HEAR  
HIM SING.

IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS TO  
HANKIE, I'LL  
FAINT.

A HORRIBLE  
HEADLINE  
SCARES THE  
WITS OUT OF  
BOBBY-SOX  
WEARERS...

THUGS THREATEN  
HANK HOTTRA  
DEMAND PROTECTION  
MONEY TO LET HIM  
SING.



BUT THE HARD-HEADED DETECTIVE DUO OF MORGAN AND BRADLEY IS NOT SO EASILY SCARED...

SOUNDS LIKE PRESS-AGENT STUFF TO ME, SLAM. HOT AYRES, HANK'S P.A., WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR PUBLICITY.



BUT THERE'S A CHANCE THE THREAT MAY ACTUALLY HAVE BEEN MADE: COME ON, LITTLEPANTS, LET'S MAKE SURE!



YES, THE THREAT HAS BEEN MADE... BY NONE OTHER THAN THE BUZZARD, ONE OF GANGDOM'S GRIMMEST.

SO THE GREAT SCREECH IS TOO CHEAP TO PAY THE TEN GRAND I ASKED FOR PROTECTING HIM, HUH?

GUESS HE THINKS YOU'RE KIDDIN'.



I'LL SHOW HIM I'M NOT KIDDIN'. COME ON, BOYS, HOTTRA SHALL NOT SING TONIGHT.



HOTTRA SHALL NOT SING? THE BUZZARD HAS TAKEN ON QUITE A JOB. FOR AROUND THE PLATFORM WHERE THE GREAT SCREECH IS TO RECEIVE THE KEYS TO THE CITY...

THE BUZZARD WILL HAVE TO BE PRETTY GOOD TO GET PAST US.



WELCOME TO OUR CITY, HANK. MAYBE YOU CAN SEND OUR MUNICIPAL DEBT OUT OF THIS WORLD

I'LL TRY, MR. MAYOR...



EEEEHHH...

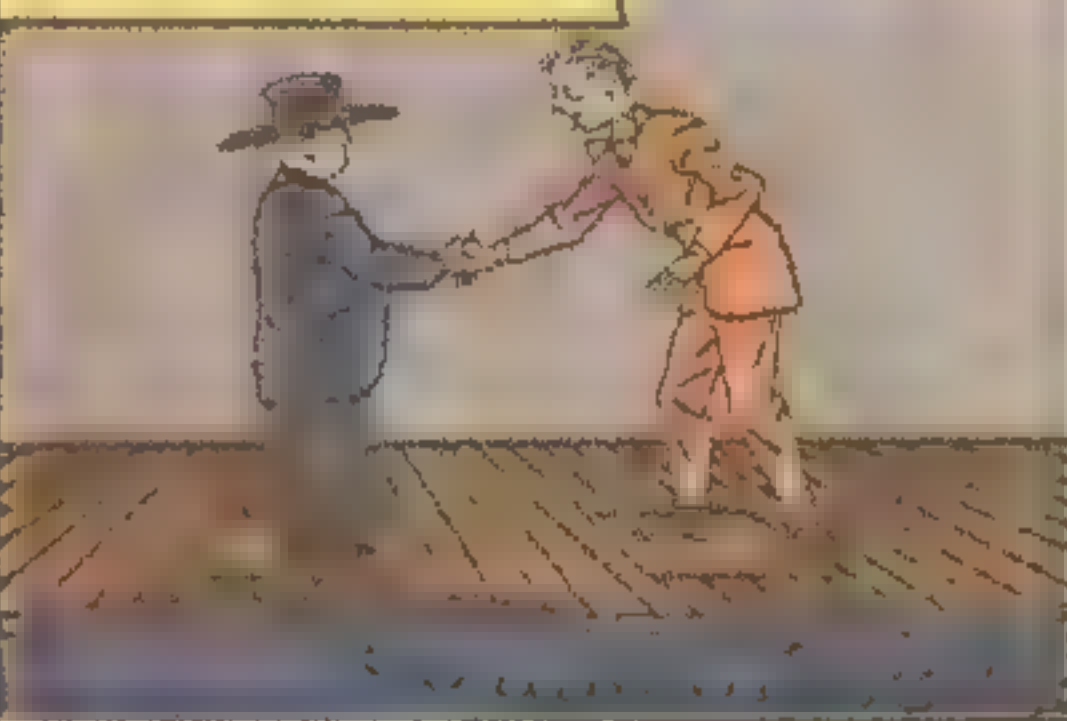
YUUU...



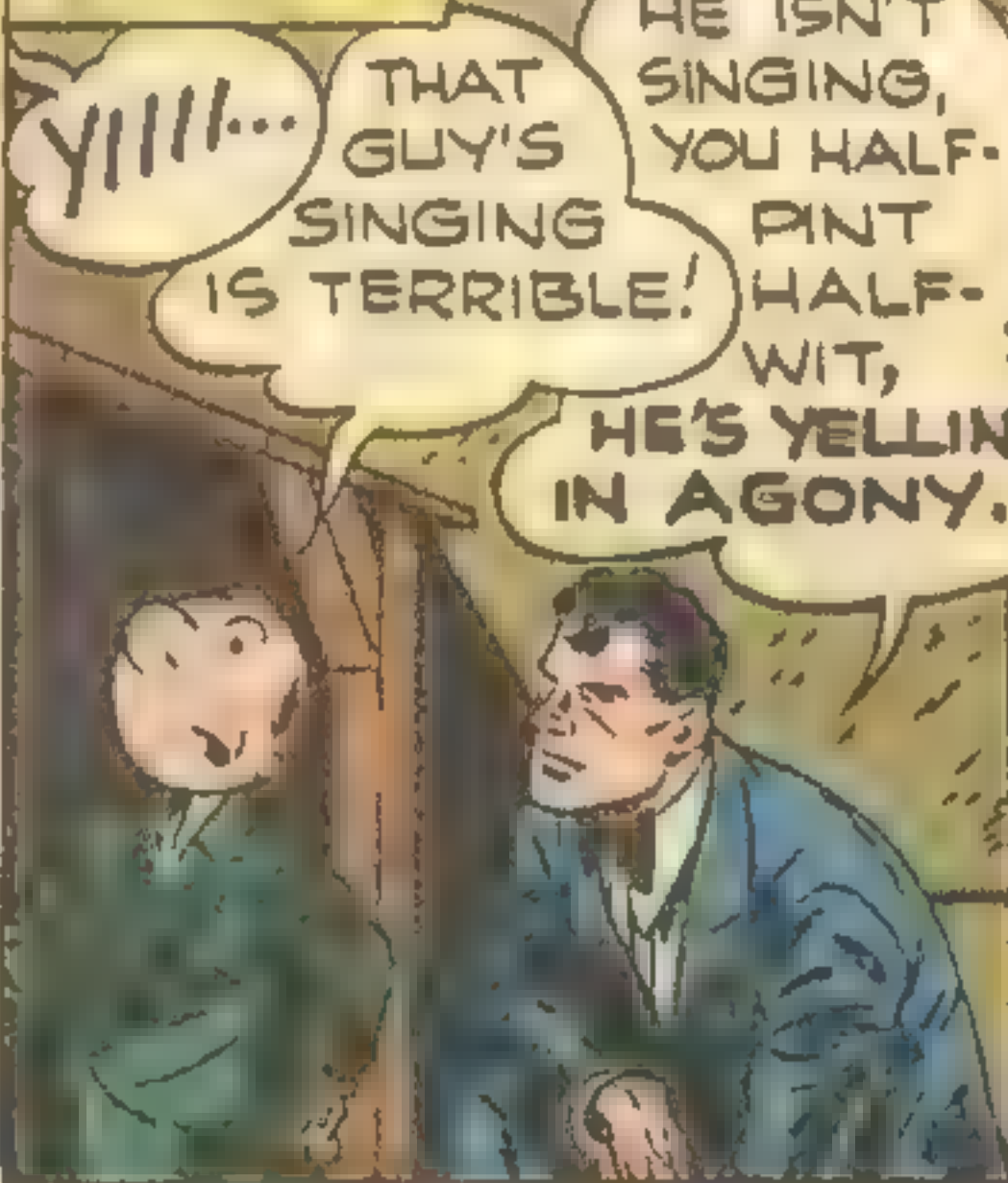
WHY, THE MAYOR SINGS ALMOST AS WELL AS HANKIE!



YES, THE BUZZARD HAS CAUSED QUITE A SHOCK... AND THE MEANS WERE SIMPLE. THE MAYOR AND THE SCREECH HAVE STEPPED ON TWO ELECTRICALLY CONNECTED PLATES, AND BY SHAKING HANDS HAVE COMPLETED A CIRCUIT...



MEANWHILE, PROWLING IN THE REAR OF THE BAND-STAND...



YIIII...

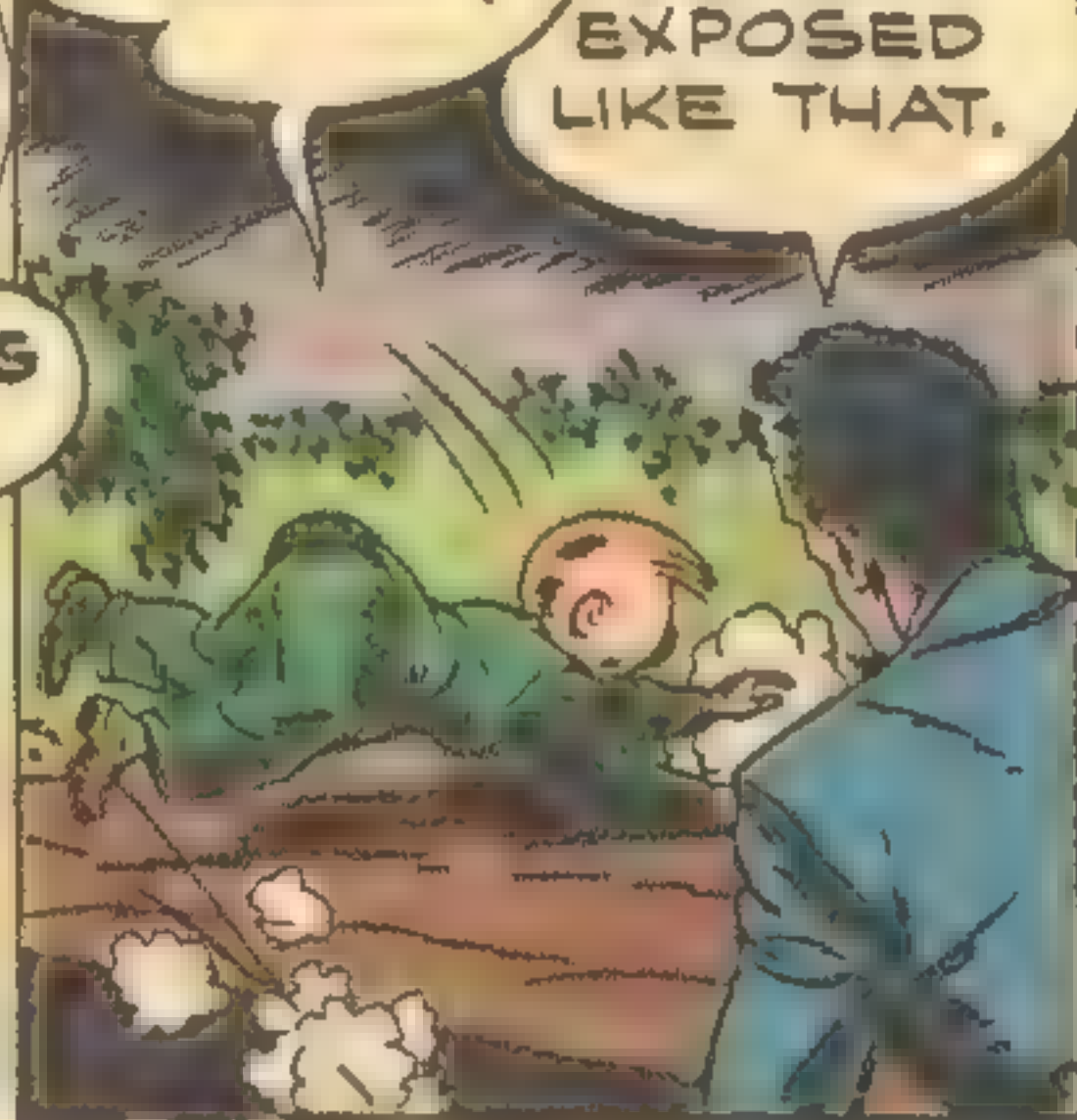
THAT GUY'S SINGING IS TERRIBLE!

HE ISN'T SINGING, YOU HALF-PINT HALF-WIT,

HE'S YELLING IN AGONY.

HEY, WHO LEFT THAT THING LYING AROUND?

WIRES? THEY SHOULDN'T BE LEFT EXPOSED LIKE THAT.

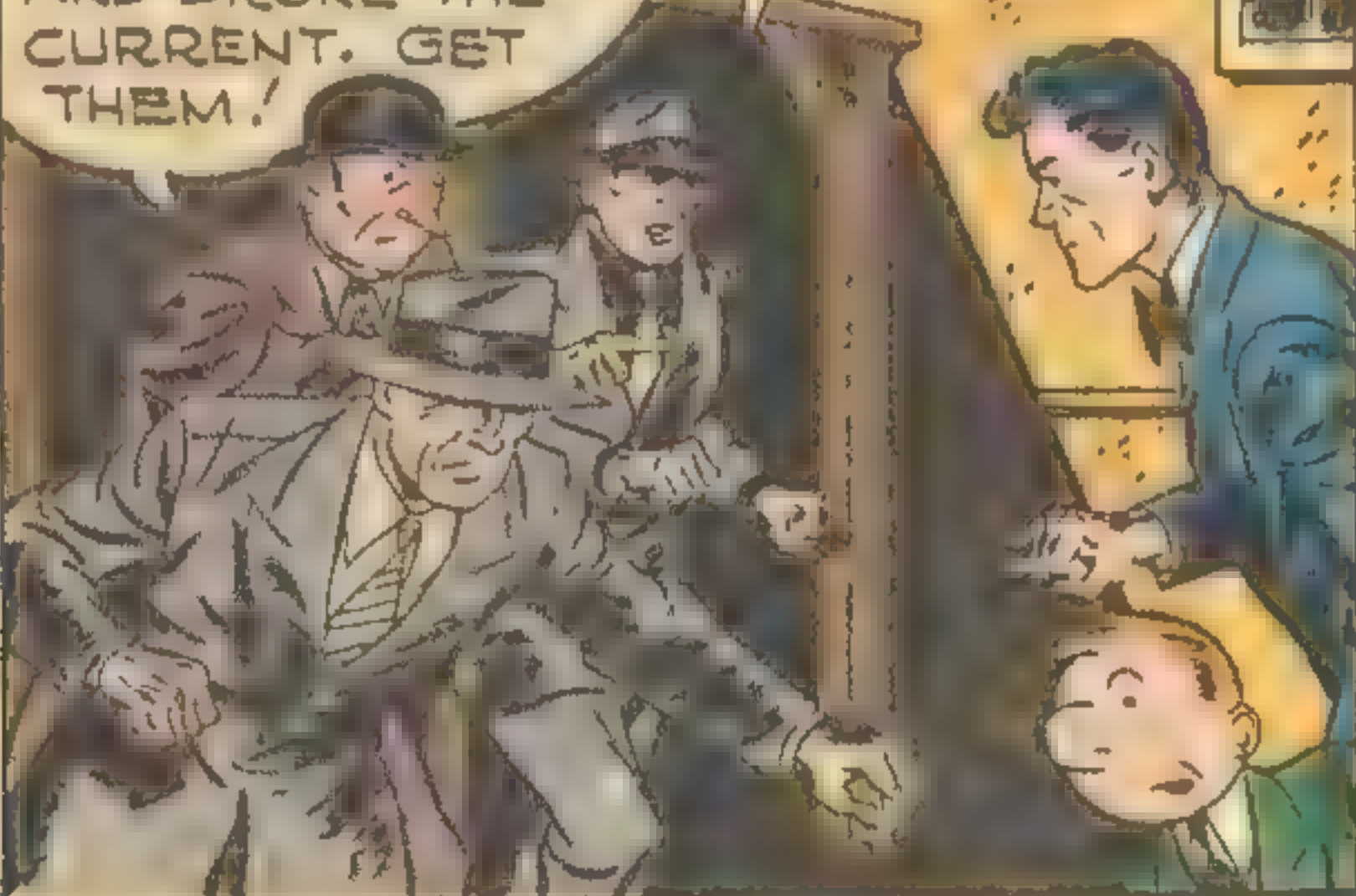


JUST THEN...

THERE ARE THE GUYS THAT PULLED THE WIRES AWAY, AND BROKE THE CURRENT. GET THEM!

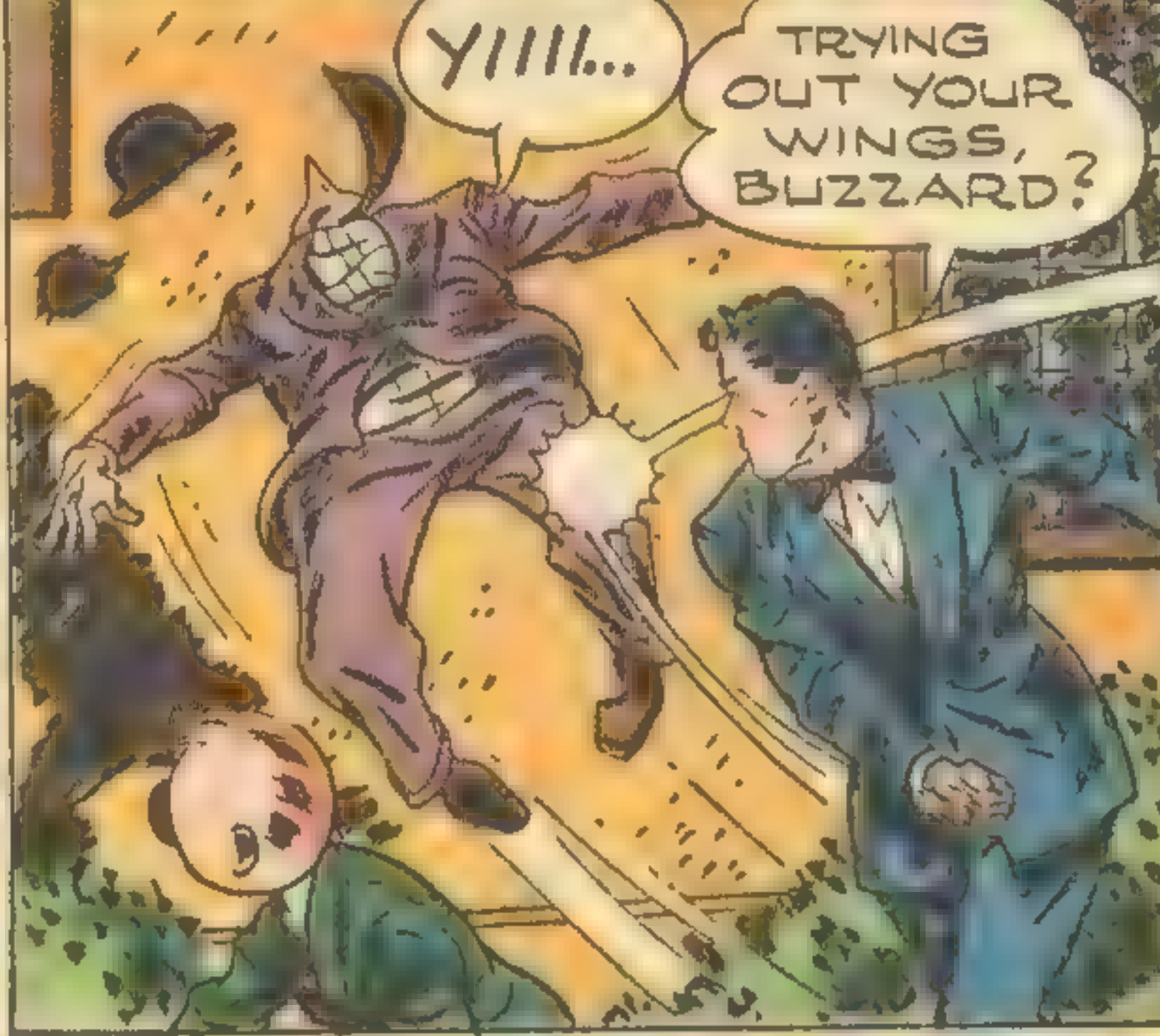
WE'LL GET THEM, BOSS!

THE BUZZARD!



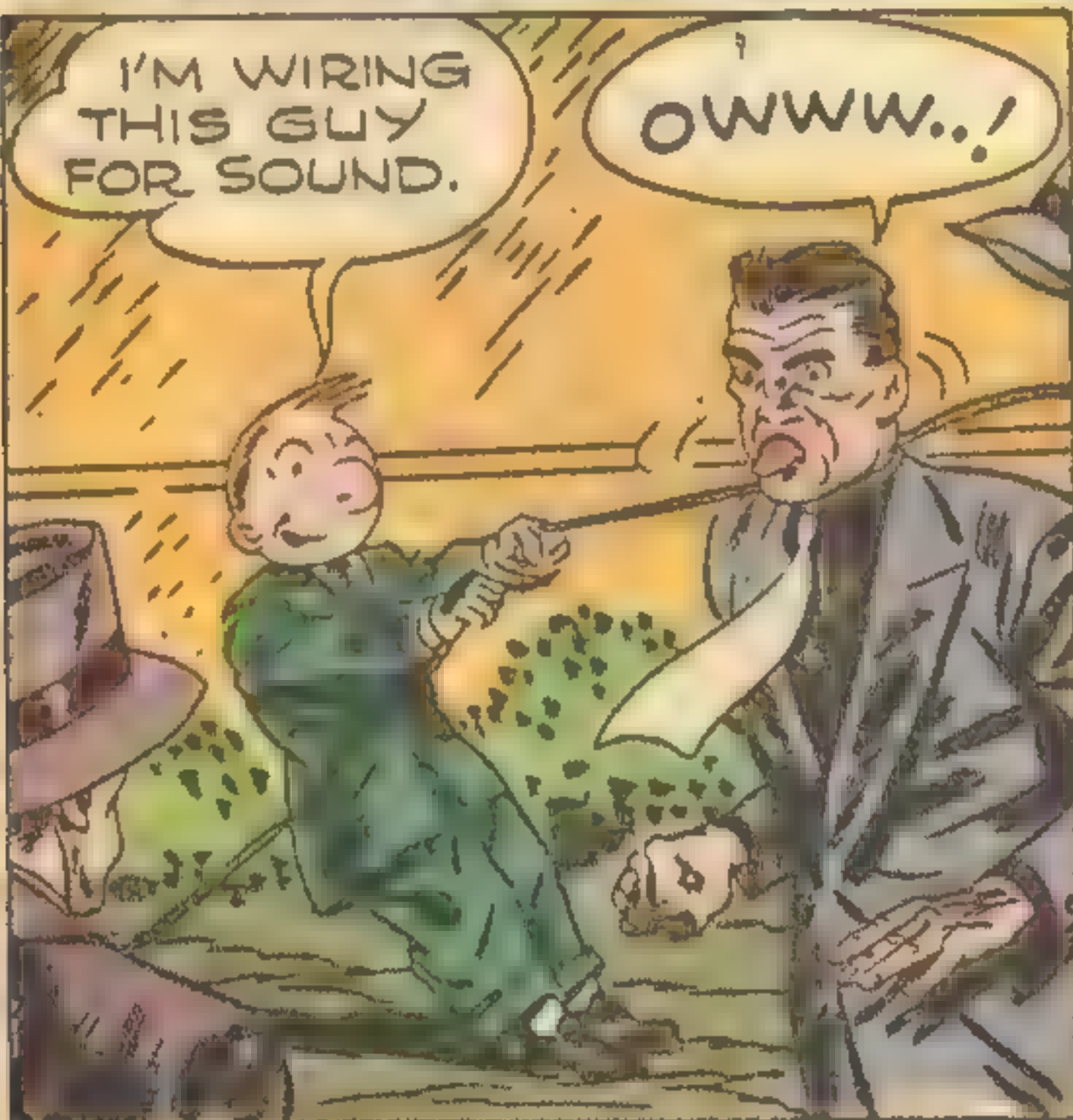
YIIII...

TRYING OUT YOUR WINGS, BUZZARD?



I'M WIRING THIS GUY FOR SOUND.

OWWW..!



AND THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY... IF THEY'VE HURT HANKIE, I'LL DIE.

POOR DARLING HANKIE!



HEY!



# Meet a



©1945 BY  
SCHUTTER  
CANDY CO  
ST. LOUIS MO

To get the full beauty of a sunset, you must see it... no painting can do it justice. And to enjoy the luscious goodness of BIT-O-HONEY you have to taste this temptingly different candy bar... no words can describe its delicious flavor. Try BIT-O-HONEY and you'll know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted". BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces... so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

# Eat a



5¢

A "Honey" of a candy bar

## WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.

LOU GEHRIG'S name adds up to THREE—Does YOURS?

Example:

L O U G E H R I G  
3+6+3+7+5+8+9+9+7=57  
\*5+7=12 1+2=3

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

### The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"
I-R are "9"	

### YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

**3** "Three" individuals possess an engaging, free and easy manner and a fine sense of humor which win them many friends. Ambitious, independent, they have both creative ability and initiative. Conscientious, capable, they often rise to high authority.

"BIT-O-HONEY" Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo. NC3

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you are under 18, check here \_\_\_\_\_  
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31 1945



# VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO UNLEASHES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO HELP JIMMY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CAPTURE A DASTARDLY SPY RING..

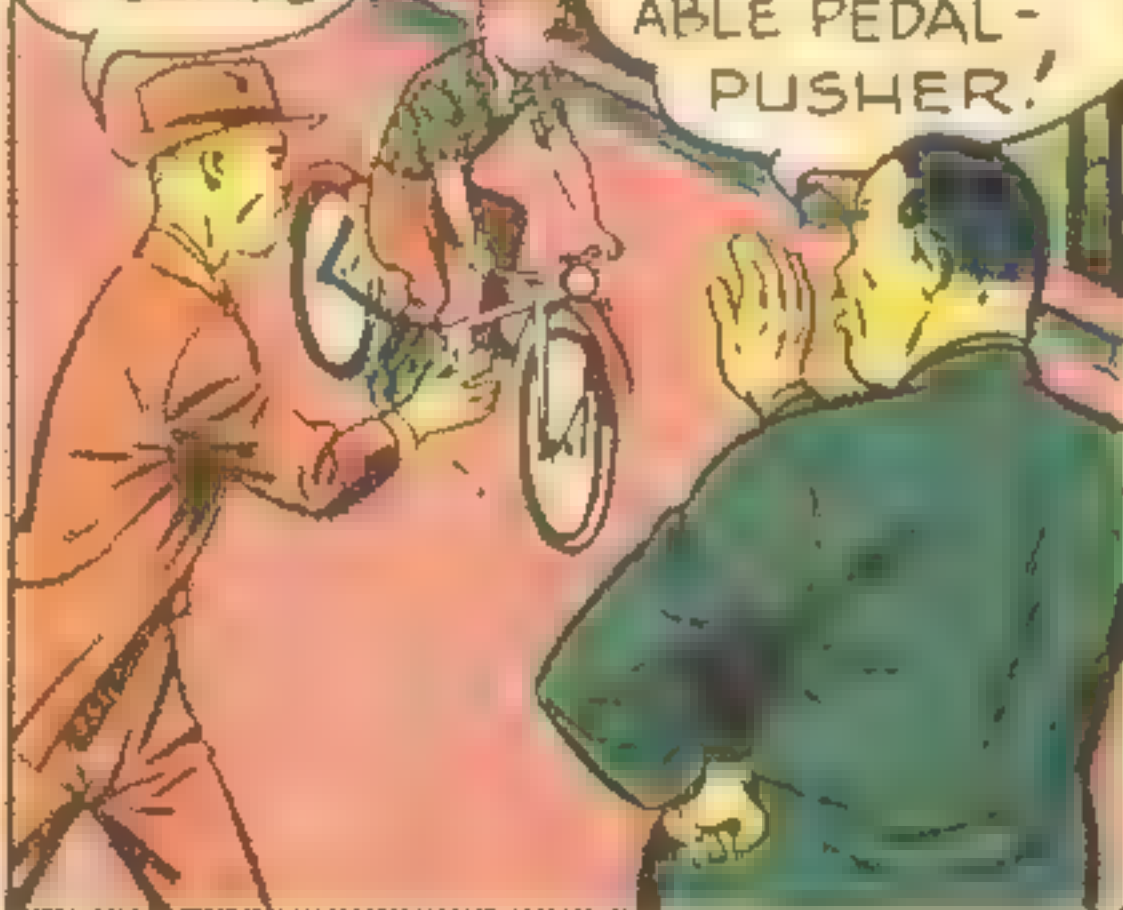


JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..

HO! WHERE IS MESSENGER GOING, PLEASE?

CAN'T STOP NOW!

SO? CANNOT STOP? WELL, WE WILL ARRANGE SLIGHT DELAY FOR HONORABLE PEDAL-PUSHER!



AND SOON, NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

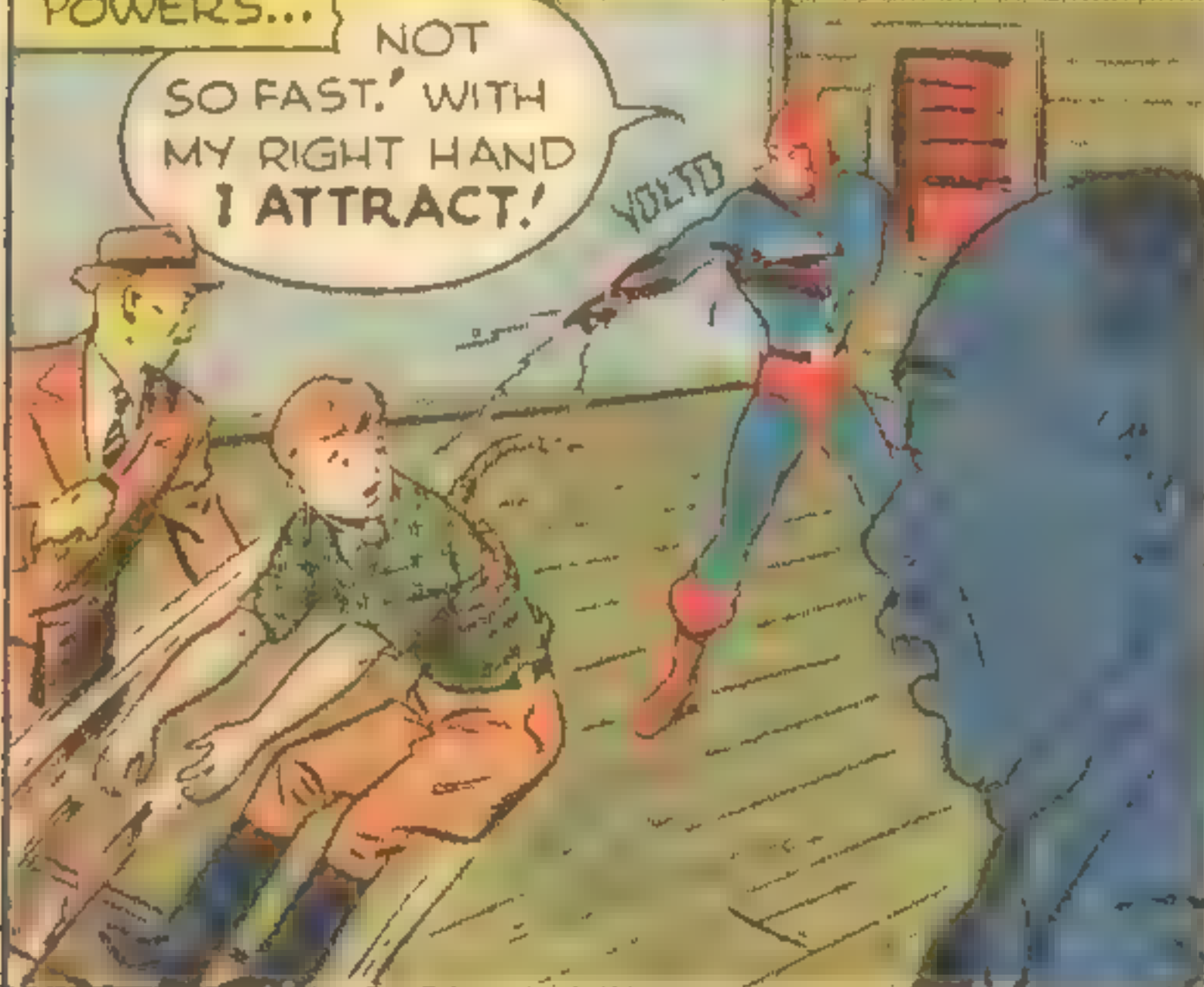
YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!

OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST, LET US CUT ROPE-SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!



SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...

NOT SO FAST! WITH MY RIGHT HAND I ATTRACT!



AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!

WHEW! SCRATCH TWO JAPS!!

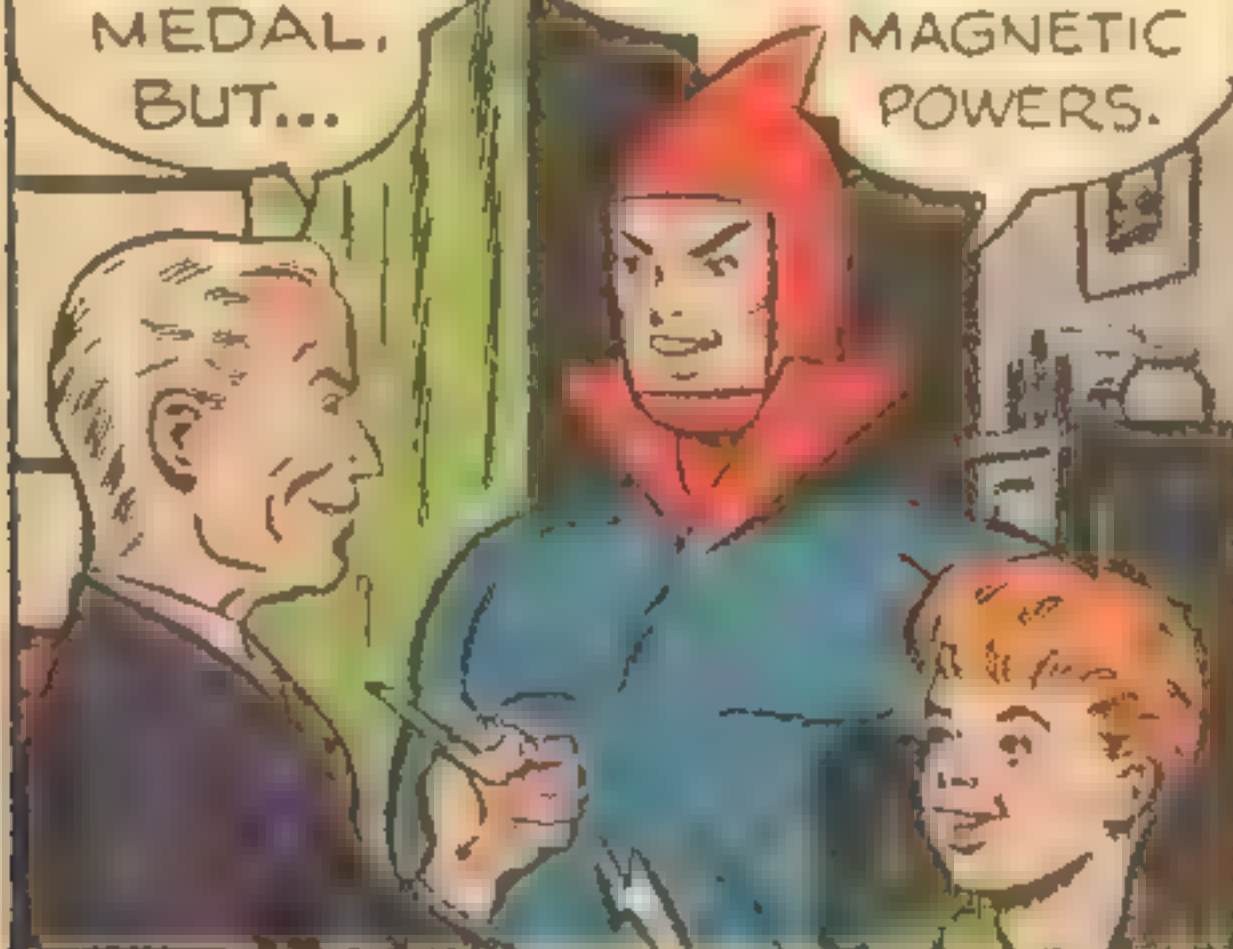


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WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT...

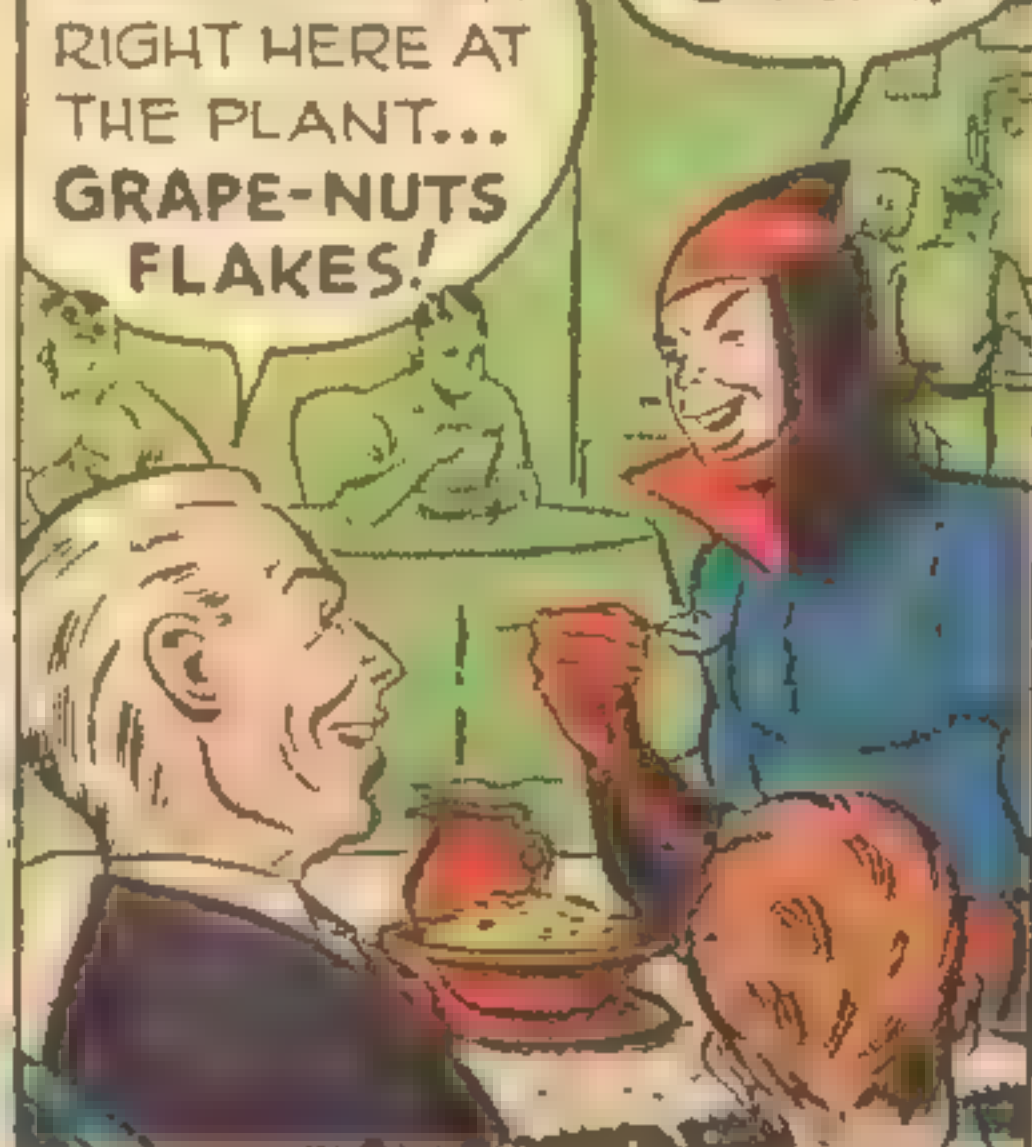
FINE WORK, VOLTO! AND YOU, TOO, JIMMY! I CAN'T GIVE YOU A MEDAL, BUT...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL INSTEAD, SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETIC POWERS.



THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!



NOT JUST ON EARTH, VOLTO- **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** IS THE SWELLEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!





AND WHEN THE WAVE OF HERO-WORSHIPERS HAS PASSED...

THE BUZZARD GOT AWAY. BUT I'M AFRAID HE ISN'T THROUGH YET. I BET HE'LL BE BACK TO MAKE SURE HOTTRA DOESN'T SING.

IN THAT CASE YOU'D BETTER STICK AROUND, BOYS.

HOT AYRES!

IN THE FLESH, BOYS. I WAS ON THE BAND-STAND WHEN YOU TANGLED WITH THE BUZZARD, AND I SAW WHAT HAPPENED. YOU'RE GOOD... I WANT TO HIRE YOU AS HOTTRA'S BODYGUARDS.

YOU'VE GOT US, PAL... FOR A REASONABLE FEE. SHALL WE SAY A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK?

DON'T WORRY, CHUMS... HIS REPUTATION IS SAFE.

SURE, ANYTHING LESS WOULD RUIN HOTTRA'S REPUTATION.

I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY... AND TELL THE PAPERS I'M PAYING YOU A THOUSAND.

CONTROL THE TEMPER, SHORTY... HE HAS TO FEED US, AND WE'LL EAT ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR IT.

WHY, YOU CHEAP SKATE!

AND SO, SHORTLY...

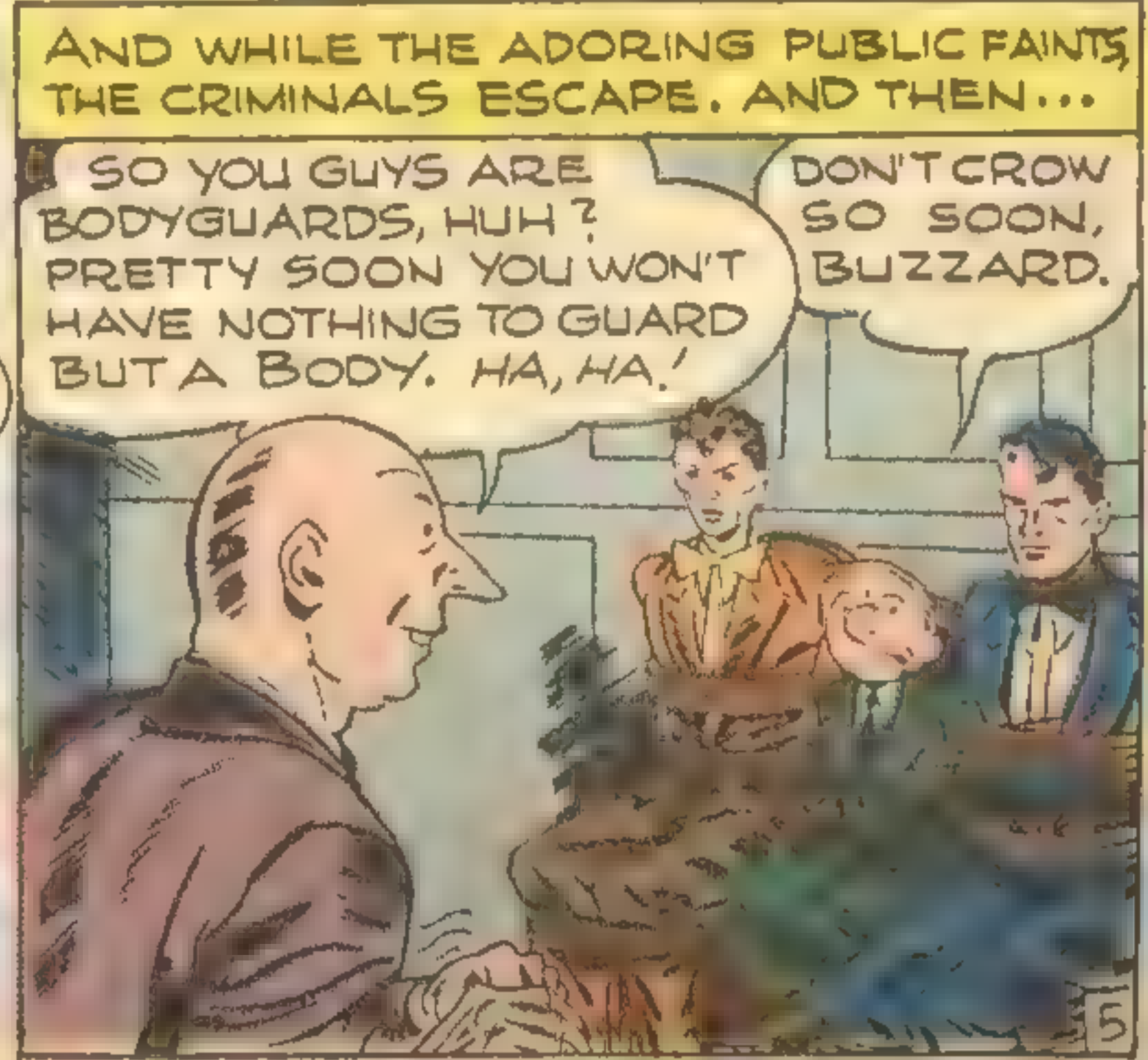
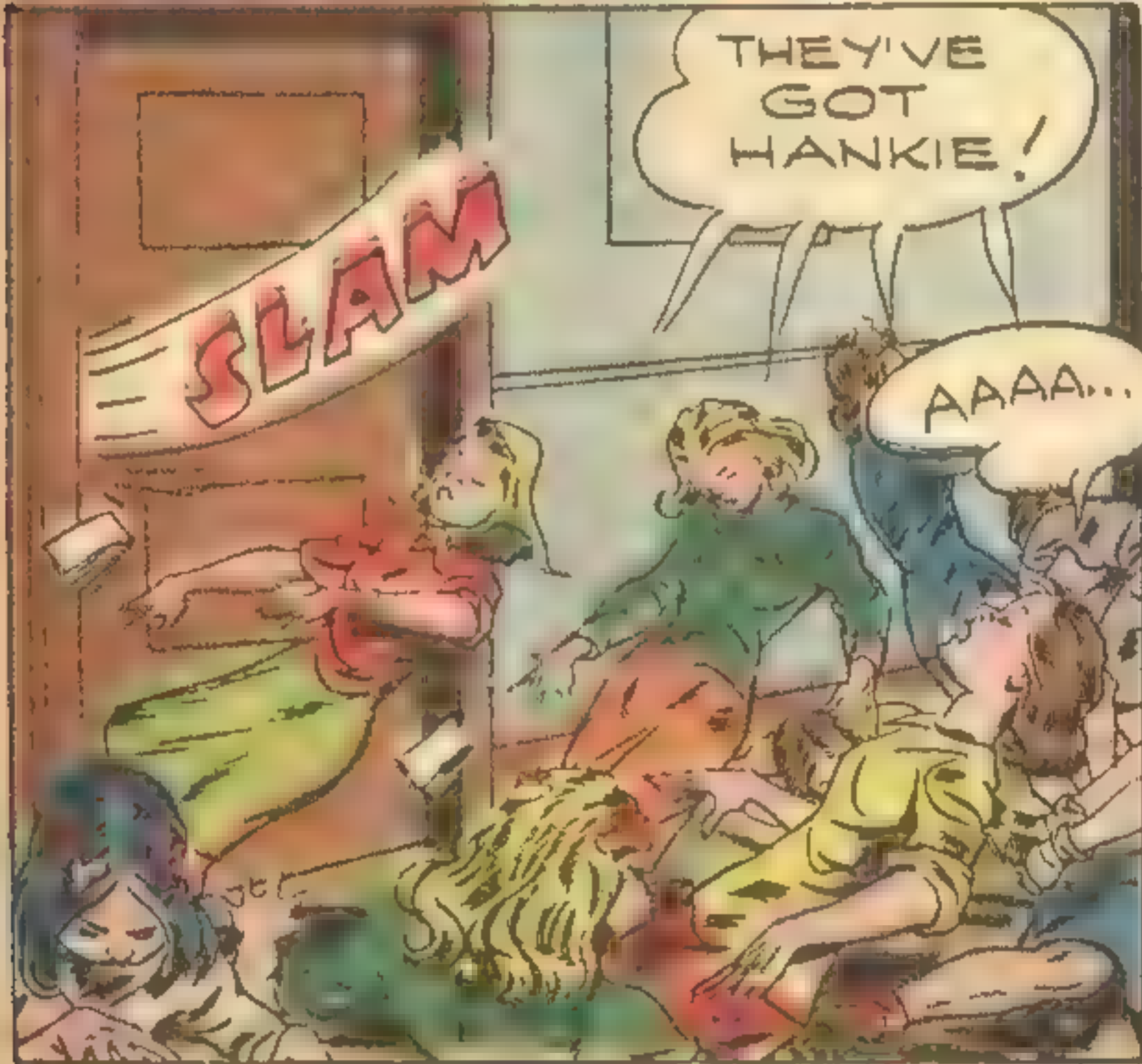
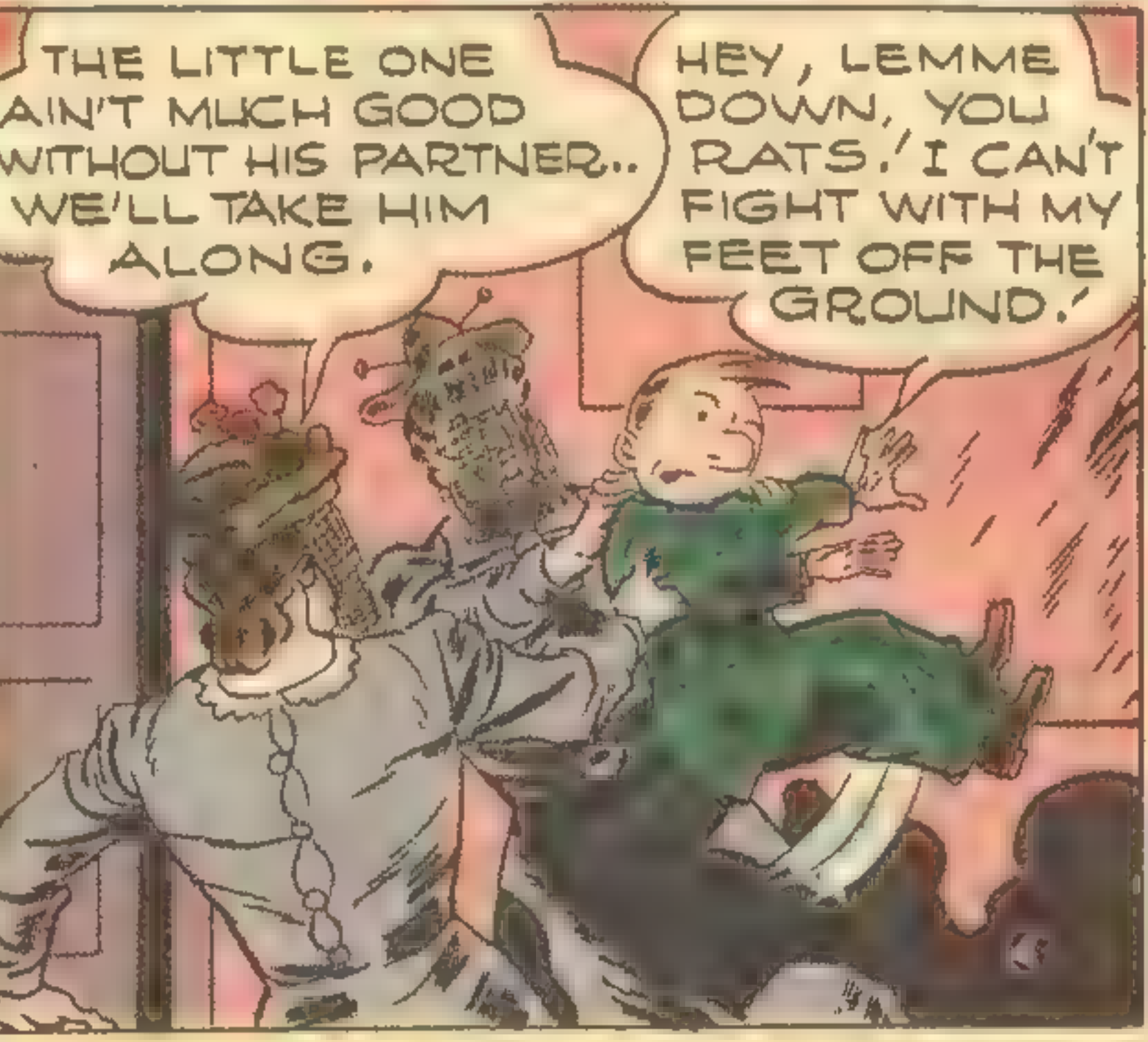
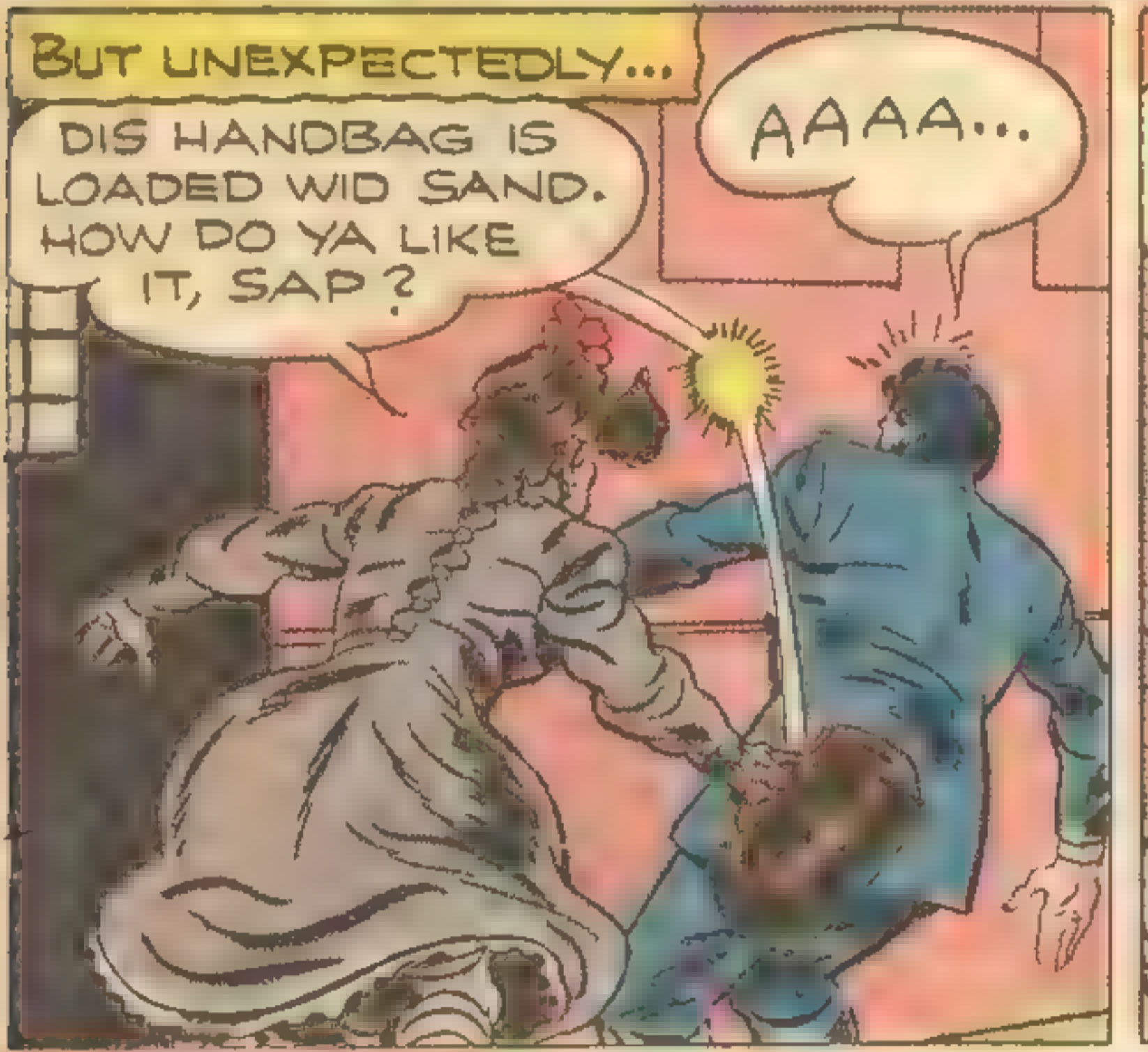
GOSH, IMAGINE SPENDING AN HOUR A DAY SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS.

SUDDENLY...

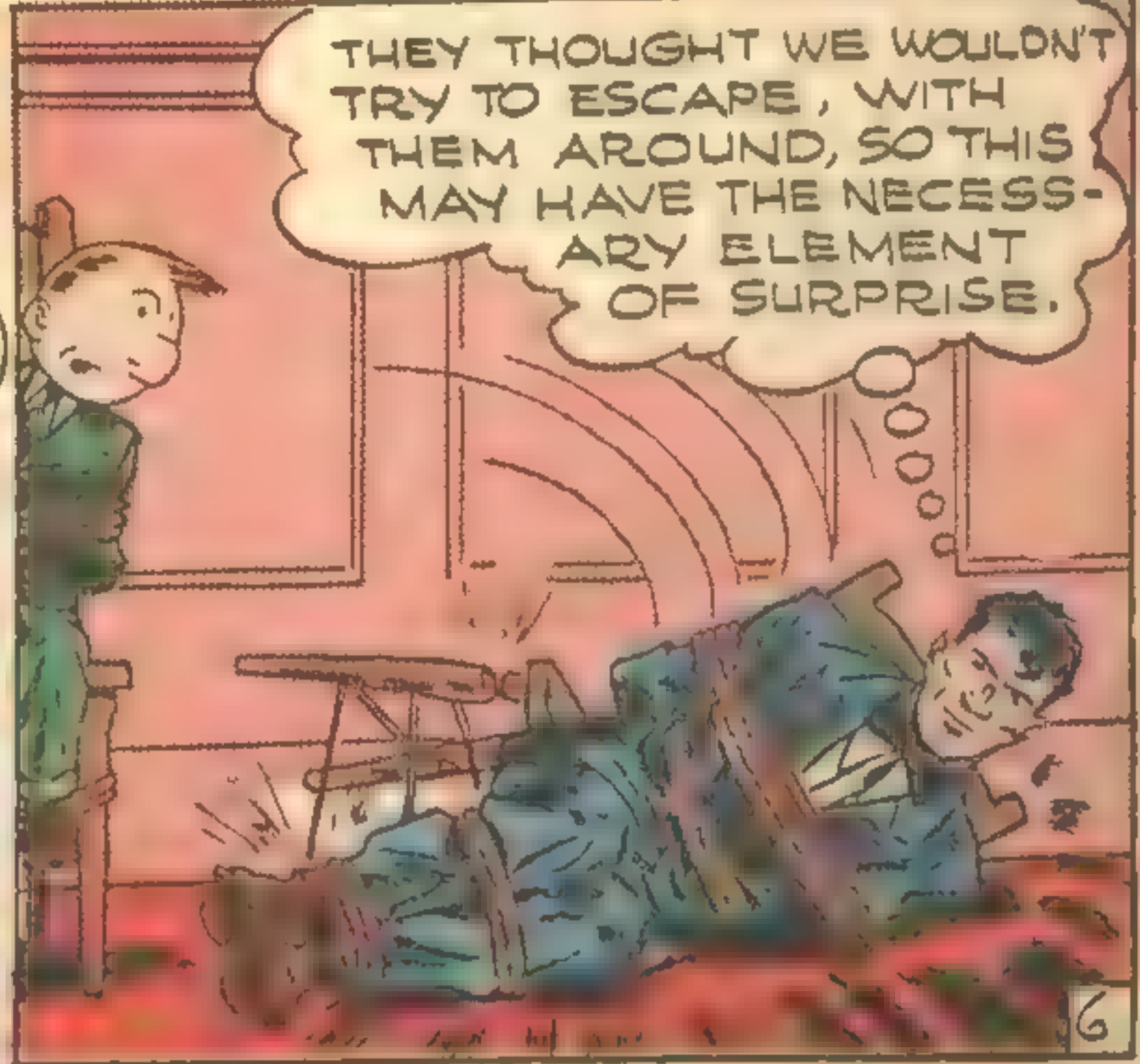
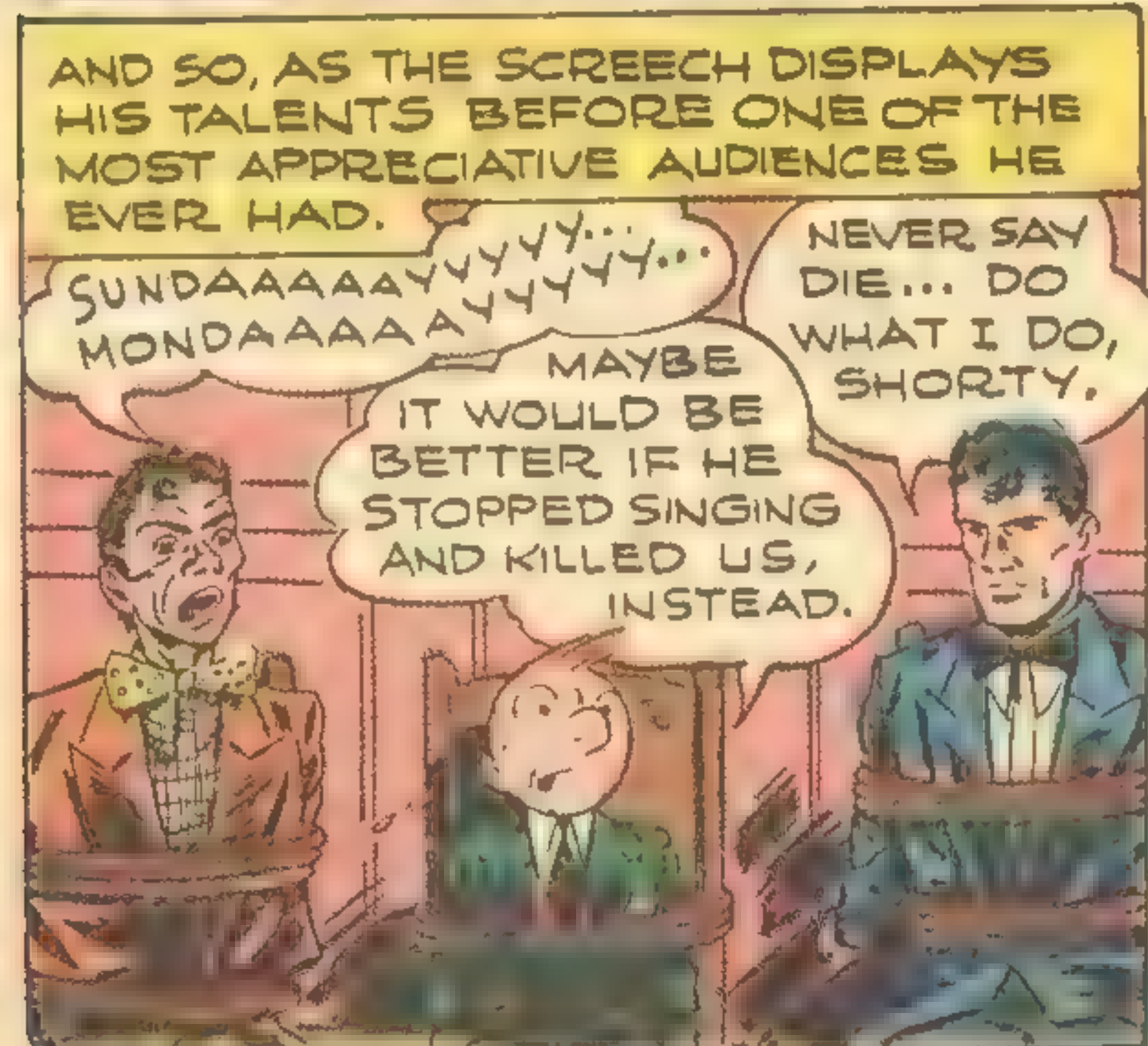
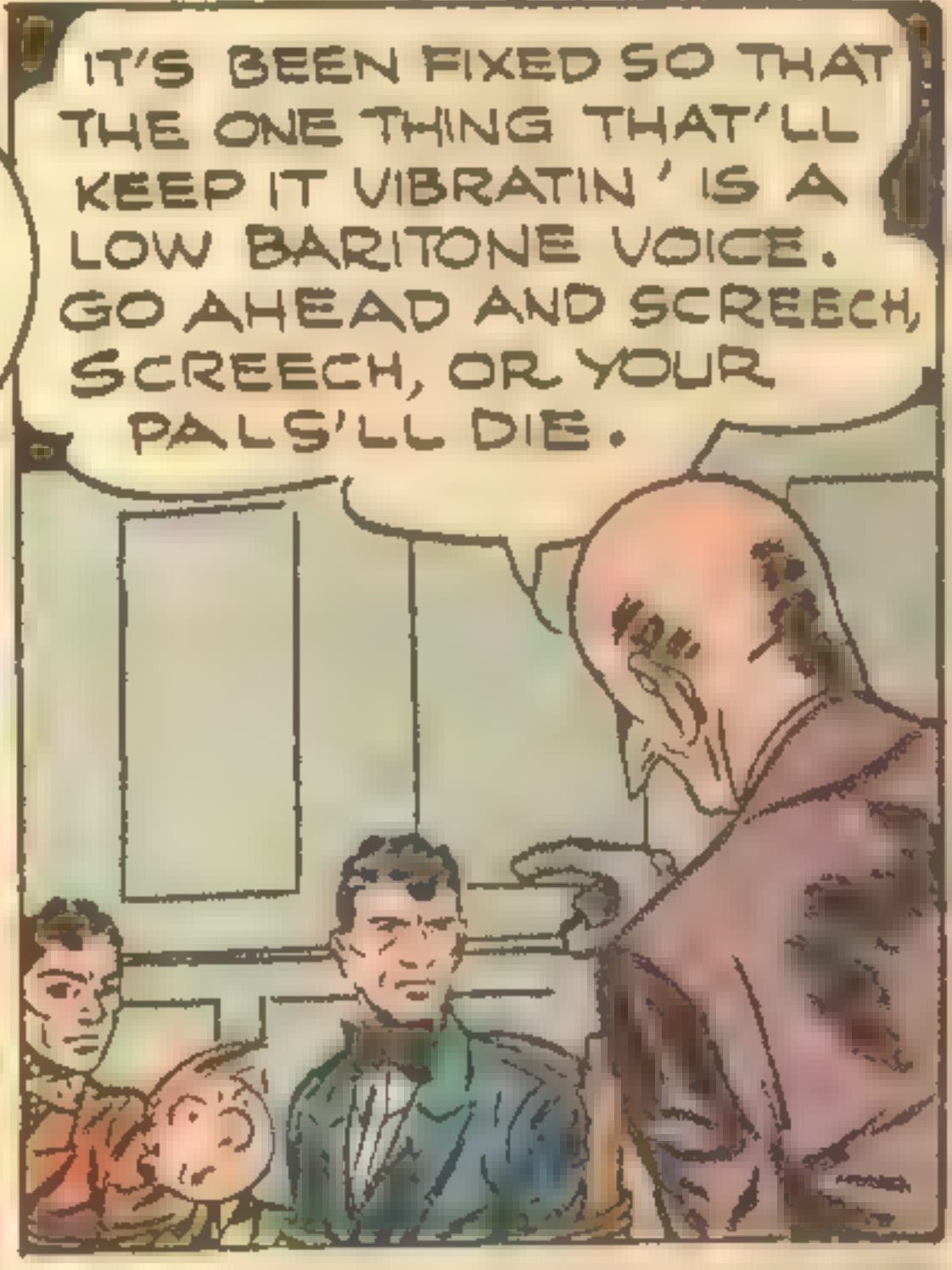
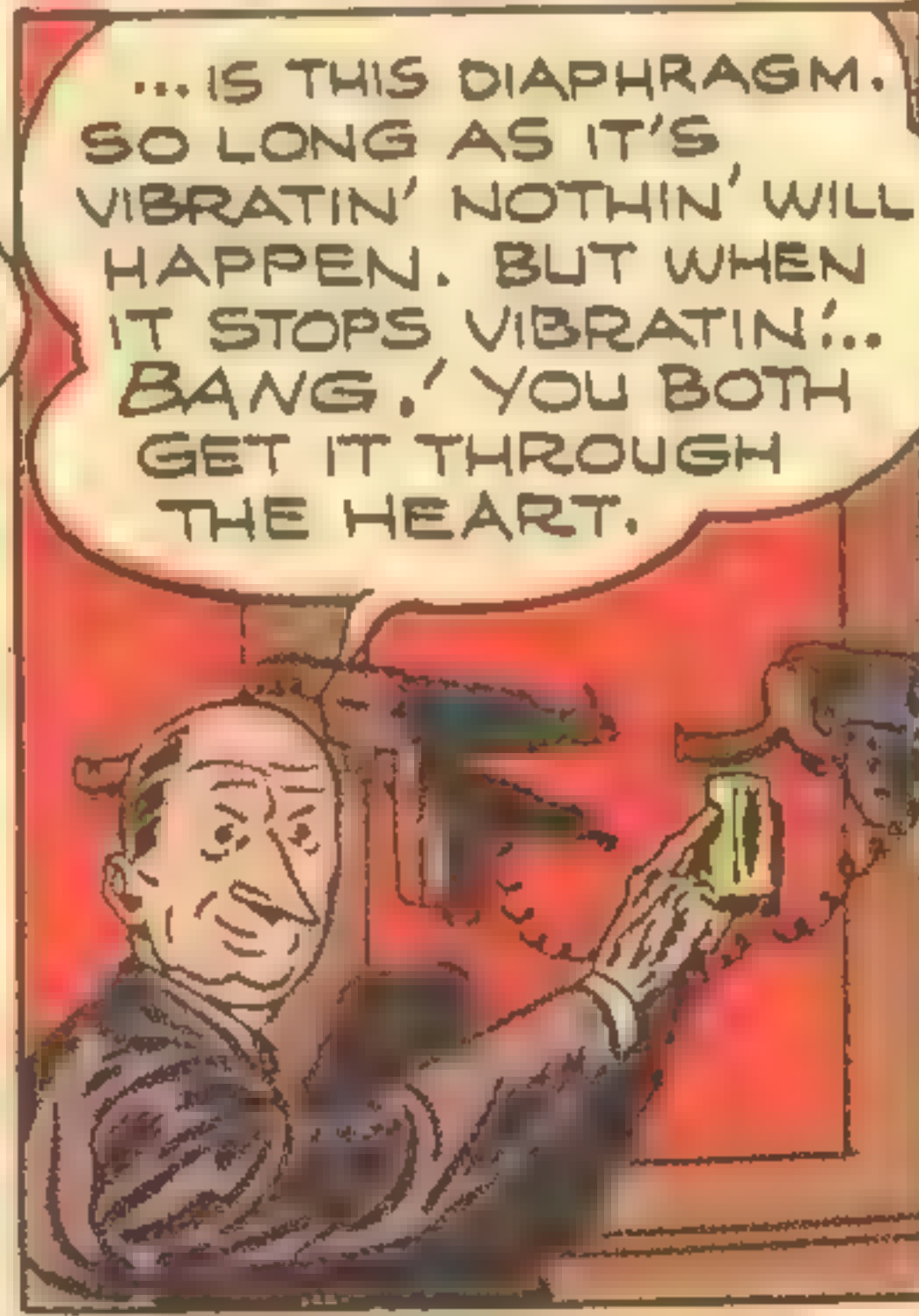
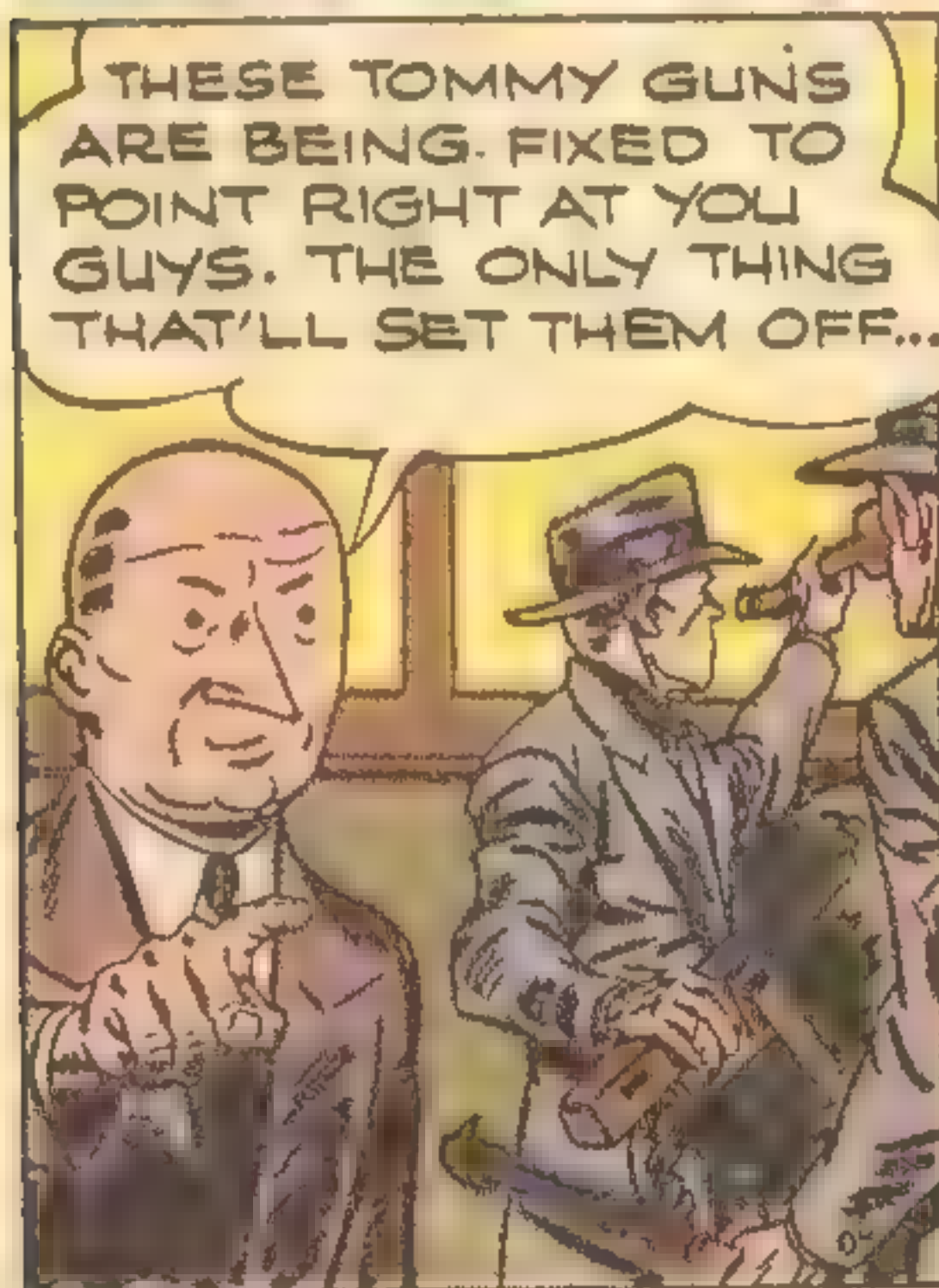
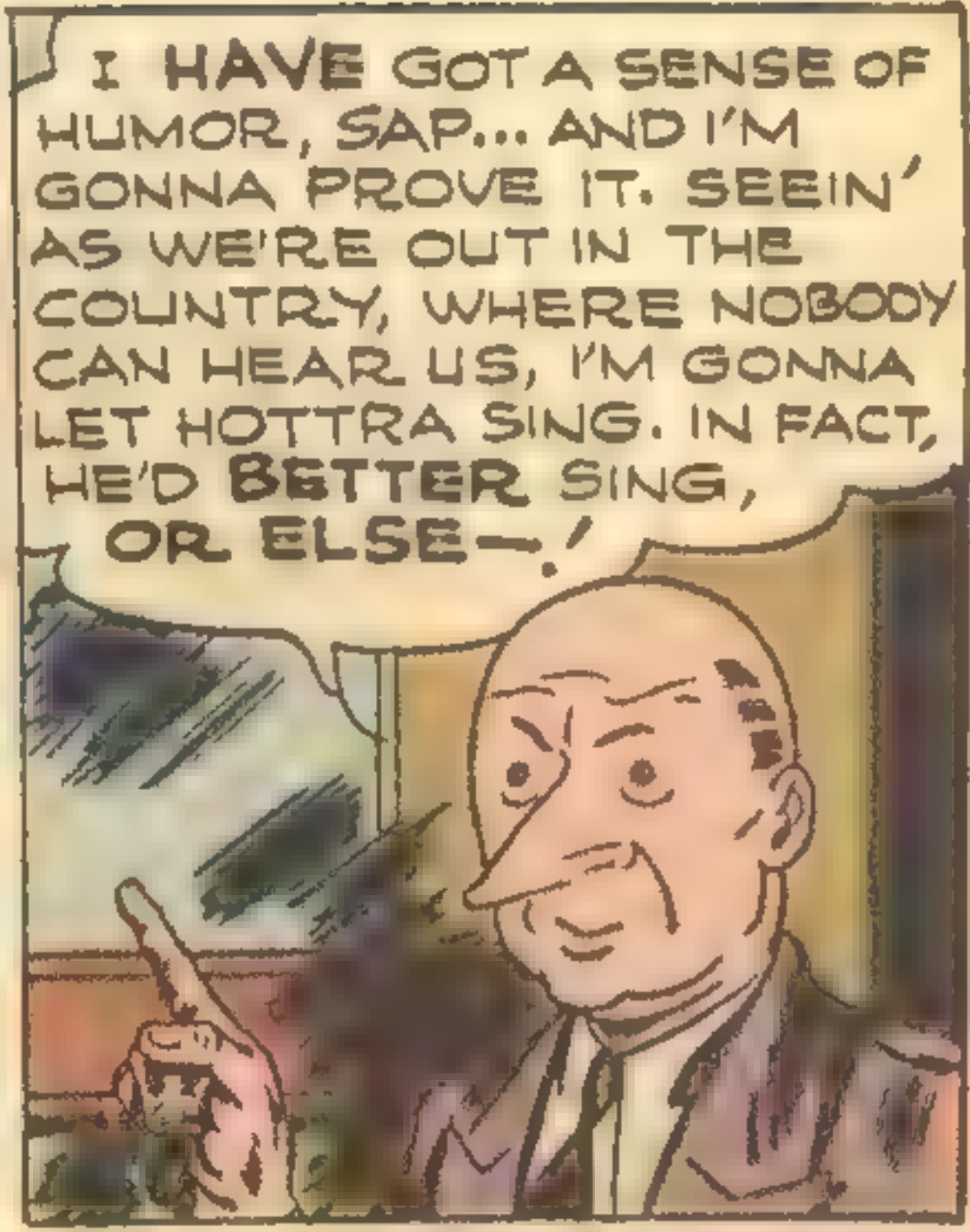
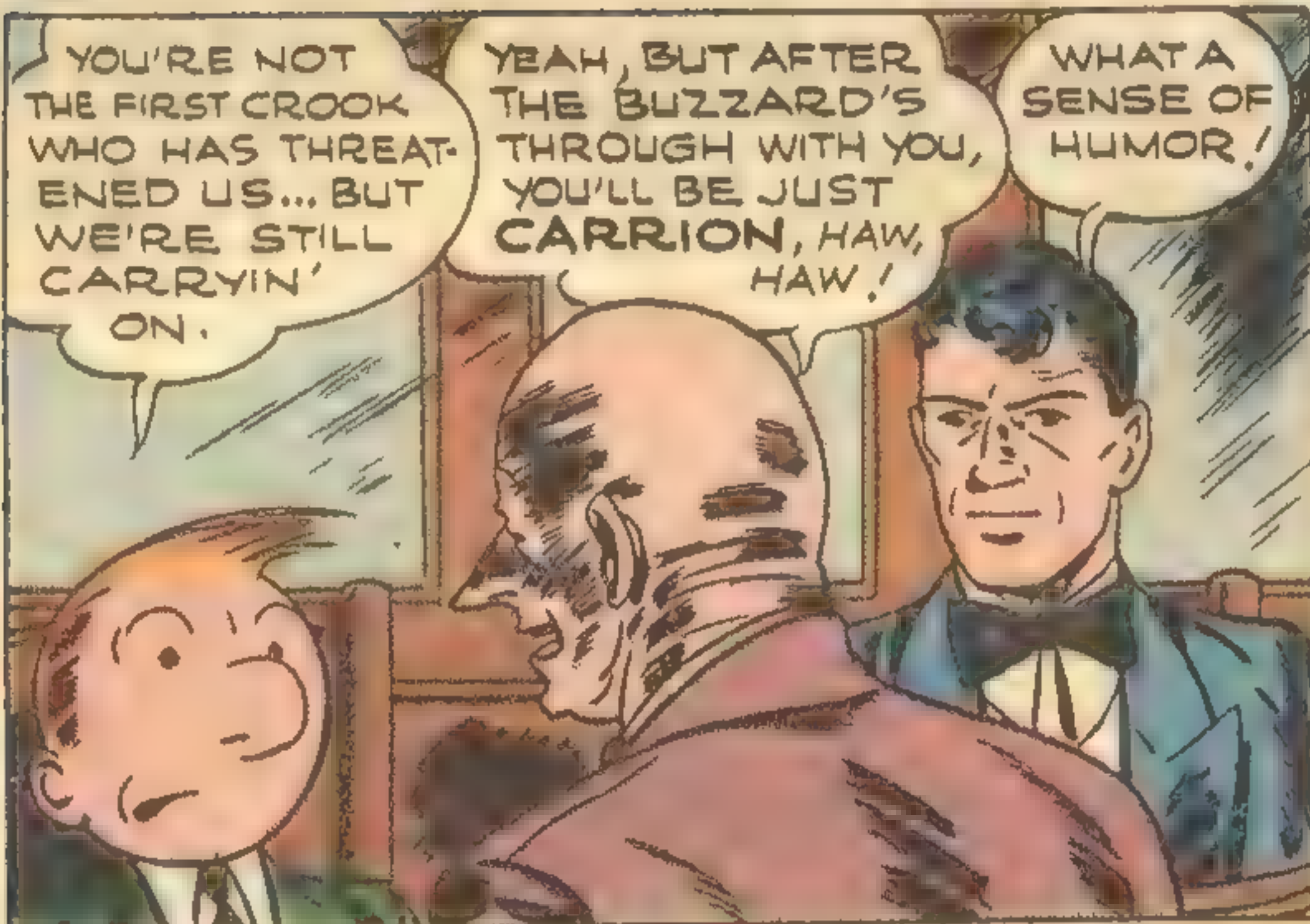
COME ON, HANKIE... WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'RE PROTECTIN' YA.

HUH...? WHO ARE THOSE WOMEN?









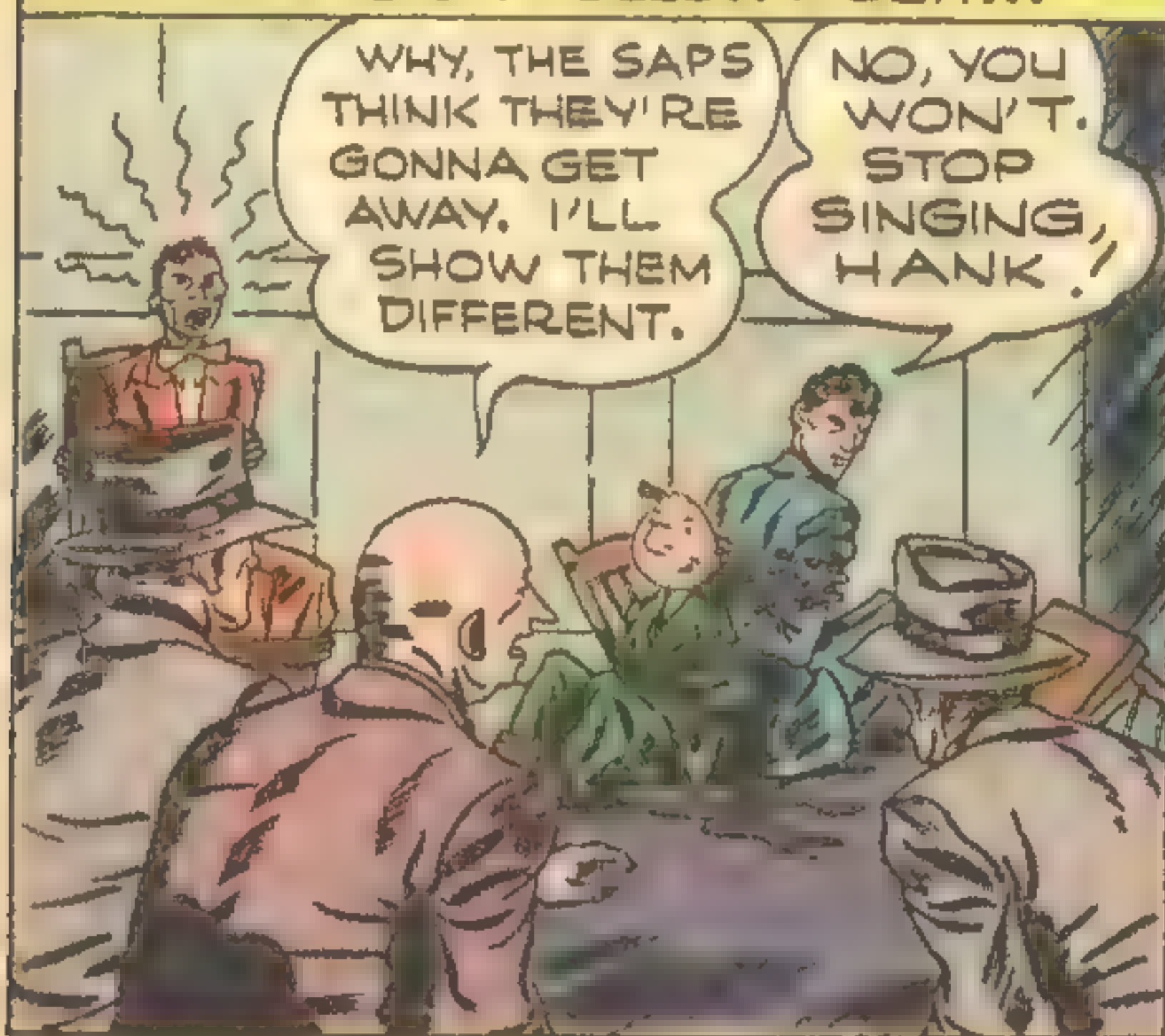




AND AS SHORTY FOLLOWS SUIT...

WHY, THE SAPS  
THINK THEY'RE  
GONNA GET  
AWAY. I'LL  
SHOW THEM  
DIFFERENT.

NO, YOU  
WON'T.  
STOP  
SINGING,  
HANK!



THOSE GUNS  
STOP US FROM  
GETTING TO THEM.  
I OUTSMARTED  
MYSELF.

RAT-TAT-TAT  
RAT-TAT-TAT



AND AS THE SHOOTING  
CEASES...

GEE, TO THINK  
WE'RE GETTING  
PAID FOR  
THIS!



LATER, AFTER THE CRIMIN-  
ALS HAVE BEEN HANDED  
OVER TO THE POLICE...

YOU WERE TERRIFIC.  
FOR WHAT YOU DID,  
HANK IS GOING TO  
THANK YOU IN  
PERSON.

SHUCKS,  
NO NEED  
TO BE SO  
FORMAL.  
HANK'S OUR  
PAL NOW.



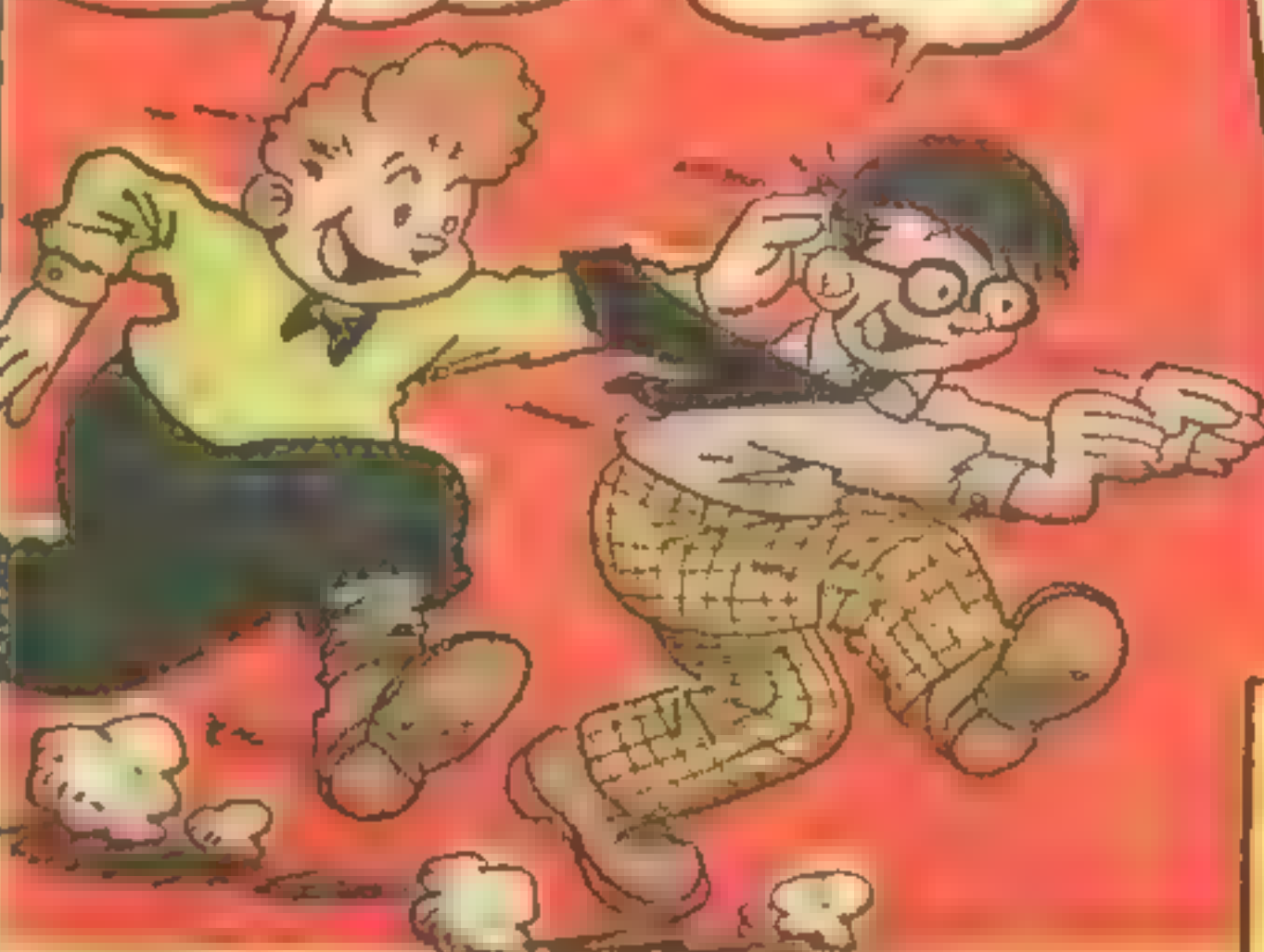
I MEAN  
THE REAL  
HANK...THE  
OTHER GUY IS  
A DOUBLE...WE  
USE HIM BECAUSE  
HANK IS TOO  
WEAK TO STAND  
AROUND SIGNING  
AUTOGRAPHS  
ALL DAY.

OWWW!  
WHAT  
WE WENT  
THROUGH  
TO SAVE  
YOU!



COME ON! LET'S  
HURRY AND GET  
SOME OF THOSE  
BIG HINGEES  
ENVELOPES!

YOU BET!  
HINGEES  
BRING THE  
COMICS TO  
LIFE!



HINGEES  
BRING

**BLONDIE**

AND HER FAMILY TO *Life*

PLAY  
WITH DAGWOOD  
BLONDIE ALEXANDER  
COOK & DAISY  
LOOK - THEY STAND!  
THEY SIT! THEY HOLD!  
THEY'RE ALIVE!

3-DIMENSIONAL ACTION  
COMIC CHARACTERS  
IN FULL COLOR  
THAT REALLY BRING  
THEY TO LIFE

HINGEES  
BRING

**POPEYE**

AND HIS GANG TO *Life*

PLAY  
WITH POPEYE  
& MARY OLIVE OYL  
ROUGH HOUSE, SWEETPEA  
LOOK - THEY STAND!  
THEY SIT! THEY HOLD!  
THEY'RE ALIVE!

3-DIMENSIONAL ACTION  
COMIC CHARACTERS  
IN FULL COLOR  
THAT REALLY BRING  
THEY TO LIFE

THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC!  
GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE **10¢**





WHEN PRECIOUS LOOT SAVES CRIMINALS  
THE TROUBLE OF STEALING IT, BY CALMLY  
DEPARTING ON ITS OWN STEAM, CRIME  
PAYS ONLY TOO WELL! TOO WELL TO  
SUIT *Air Wave*, WIZARD OF WIRELESS,  
WHO WASTES NO TIME IN RETRIEVING  
THE...

'SWAG THAT STOLE ITSELF!'

IN A HIDEOUT, DOC  
FIELDS, BOSS CRIMINAL,  
RECEIVES A GLOOMY  
REPORT!

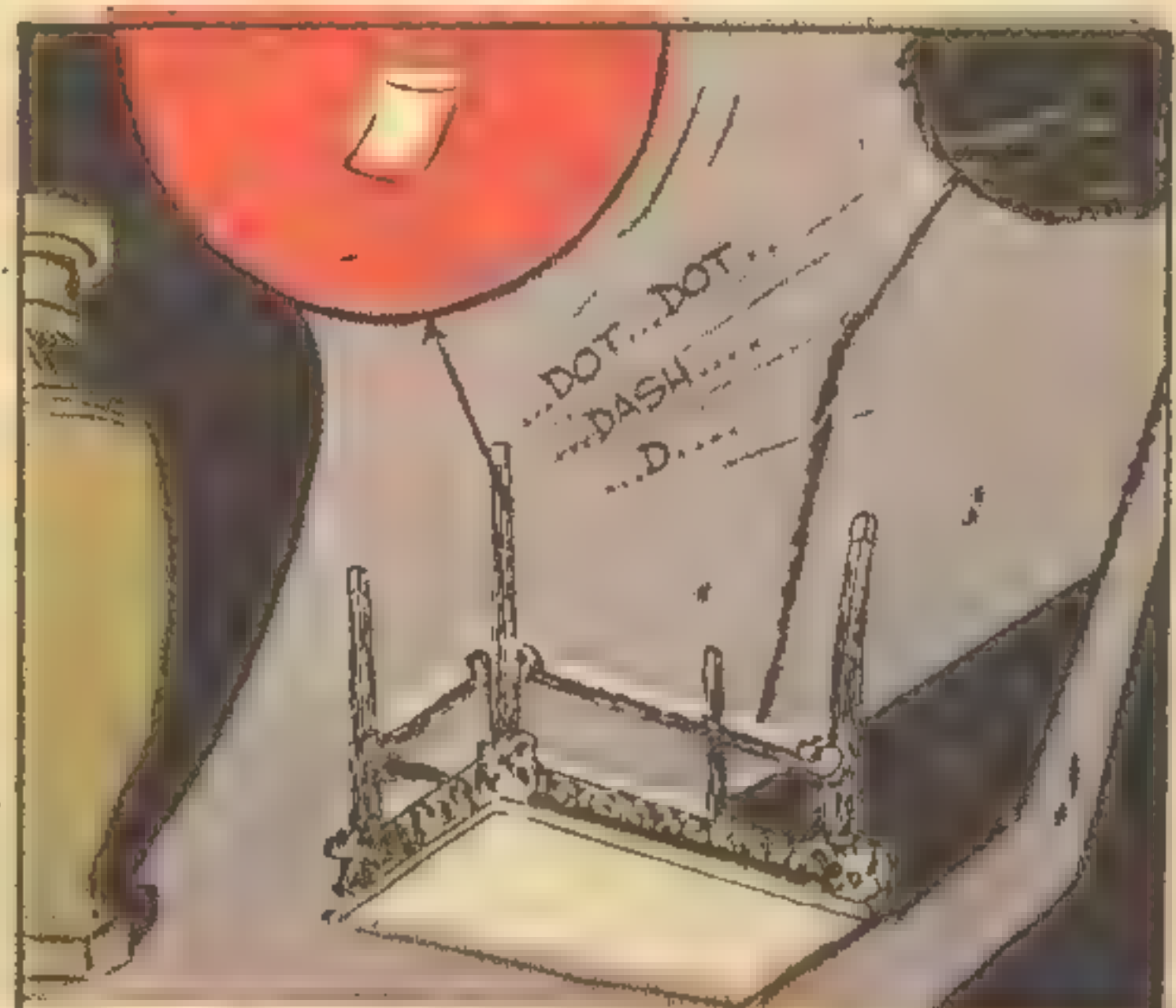
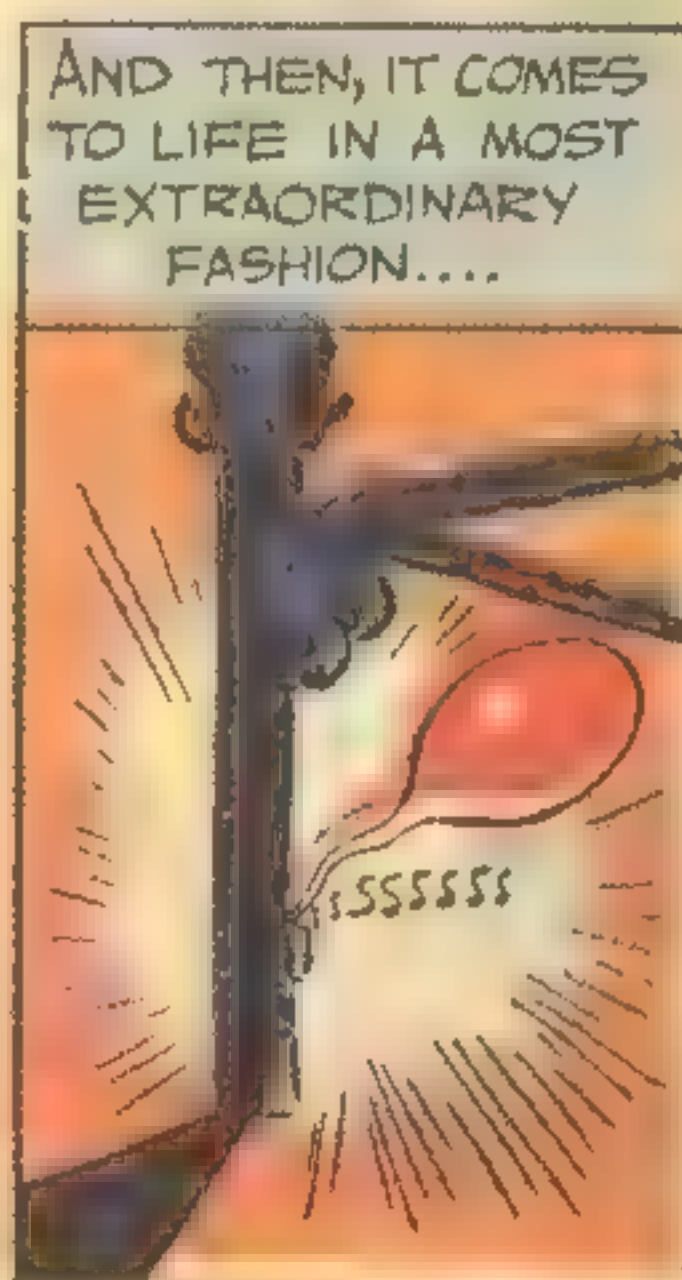
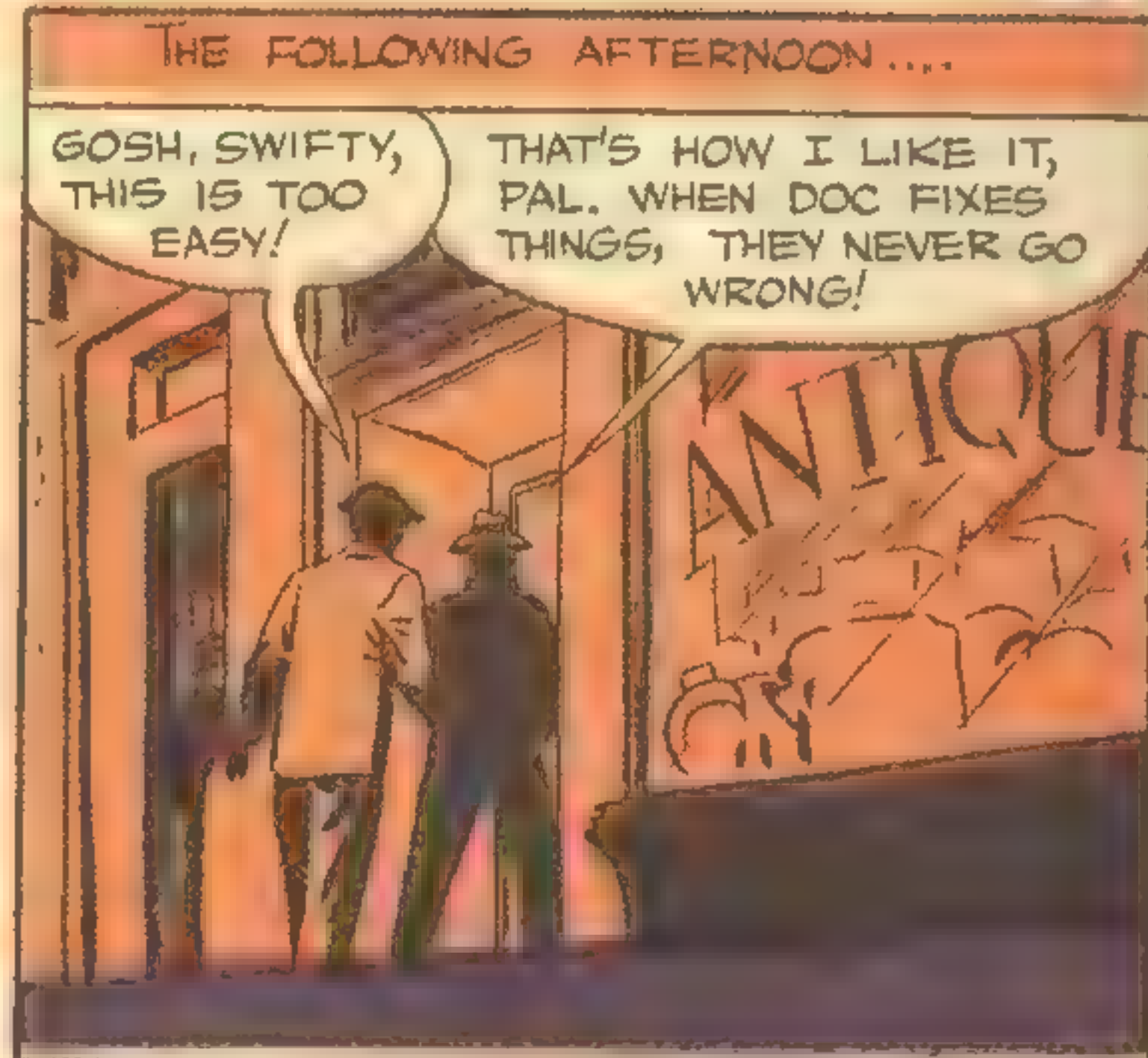
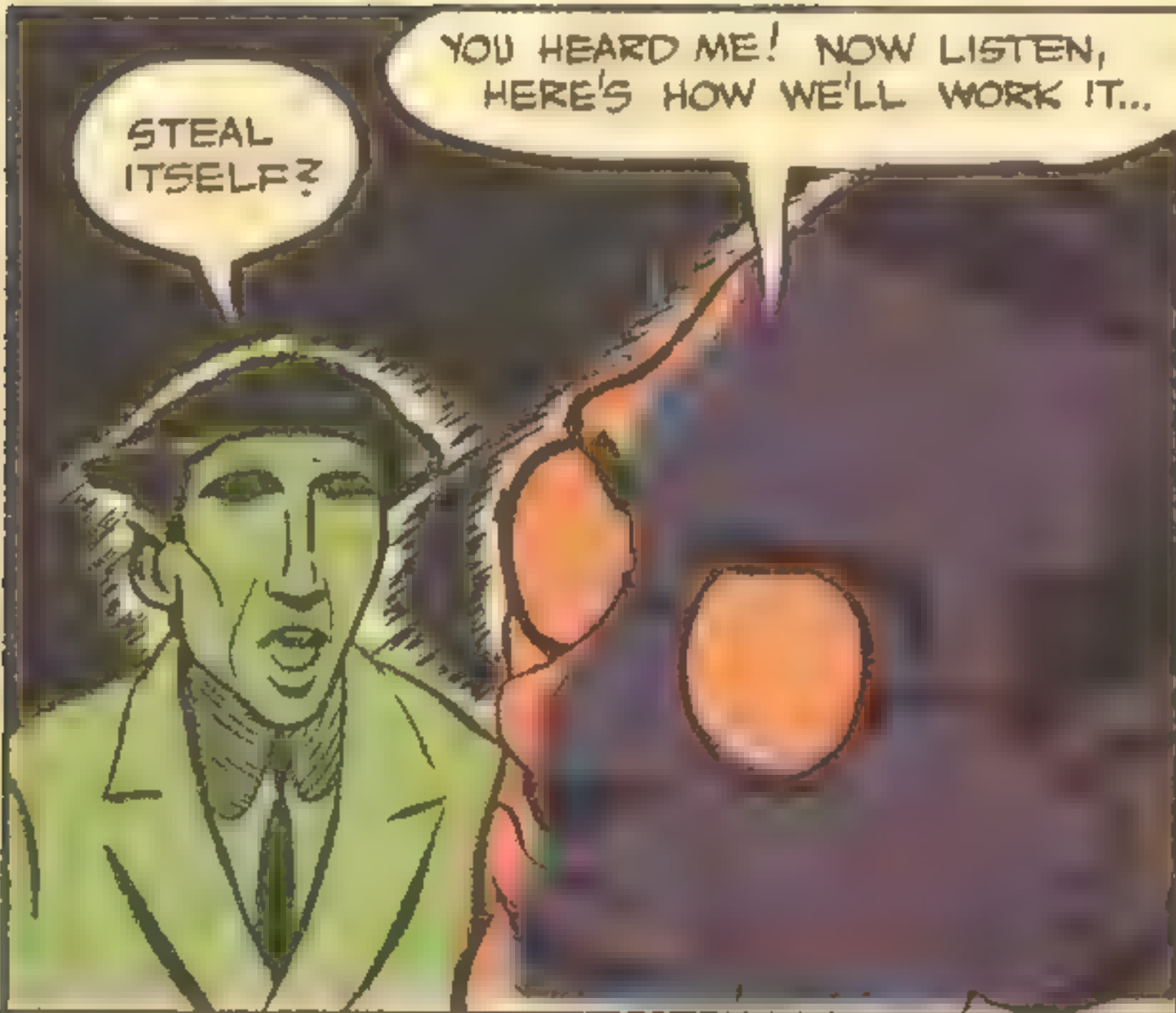
DOC, IT AIN'T NO USE!  
WE CASED THIS JOINT,  
BUT WE'LL NEVER  
GET THE STUFF!

YEAH, DA PLACE IS  
TOO WELL  
GUARDED!

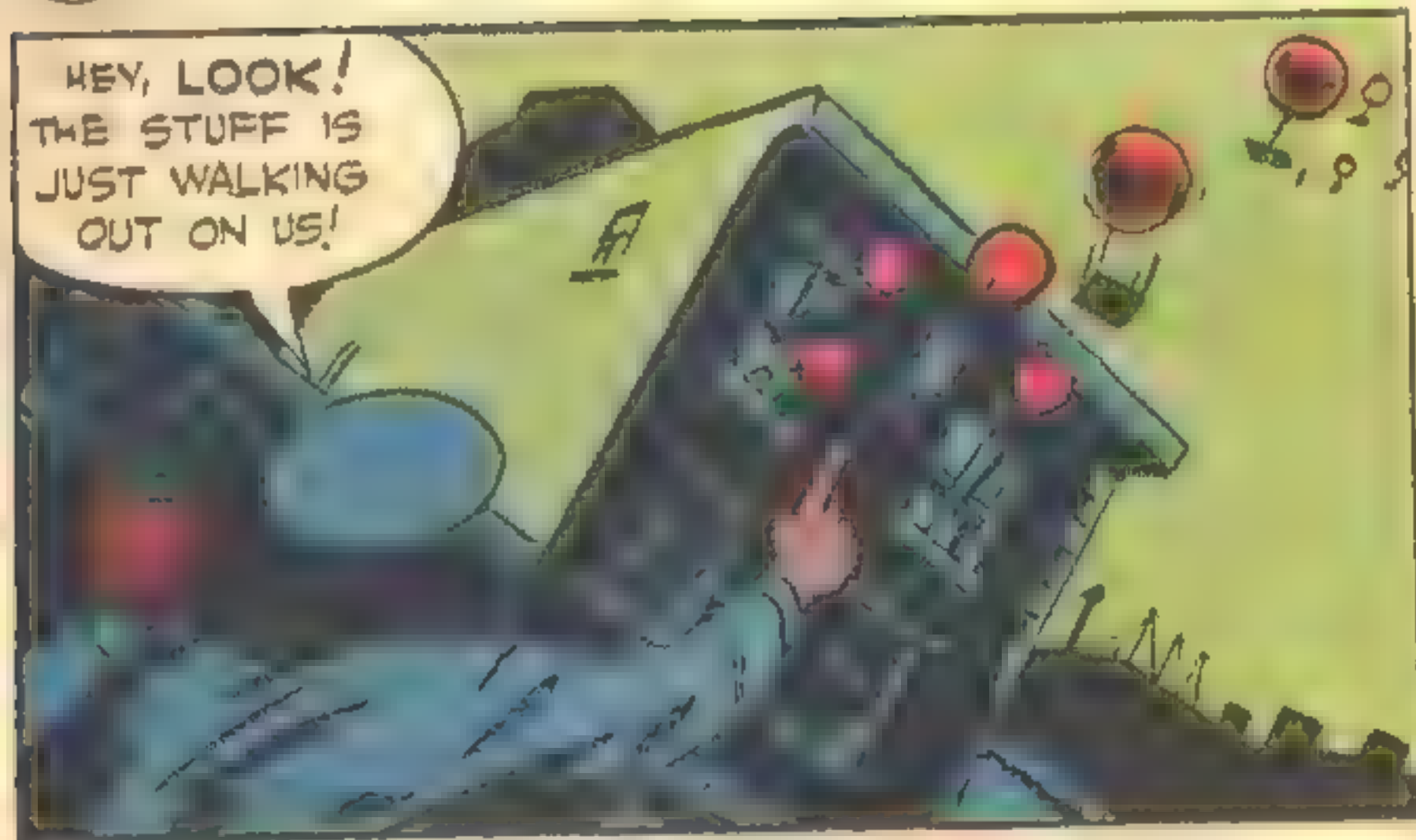
HA! HA! FORGET  
ABOUT THE GUARDS!  
WE WON'T EVEN HAVE  
TO STEAL THE STUFF...  
IT'LL STEAL  
ITSELF!











HEY, LOOK!  
THE STUFF IS  
JUST WALKING  
OUT ON US!

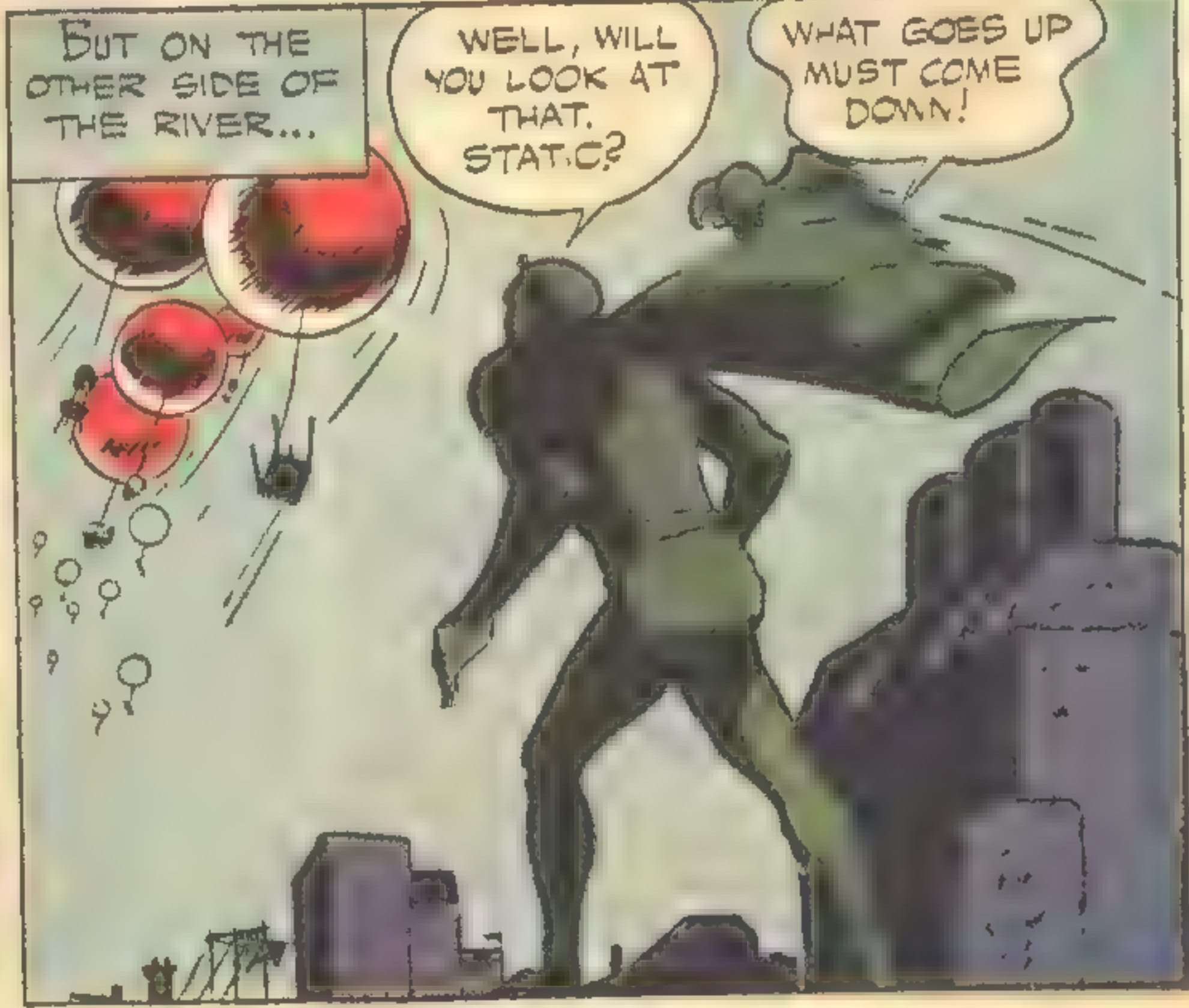


JULIUS, WE GOTTA DO  
SOMETHING! WE'RE  
GUARDS...WE GOTTA  
SAVE THIS STUFF!

ALL WE GOT IS TWO  
LEGS...AND THEY  
AIN'T TOO GOOD!



THEY'RE GOING OVER THE RIVER.  
NOW WE'LL LOSE TRACK OF THEM  
FOR SURE!



BUT ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
THE RIVER...

WELL, WILL  
YOU LOOK AT  
THAT.  
STATIC?

WHAT GOES UP  
MUST COME  
DOWN!



RIGHT YOU ARE --  
AND I'M CURIOUS  
TO SEE WHERE!



GEE, DOC,  
IT WORKED!

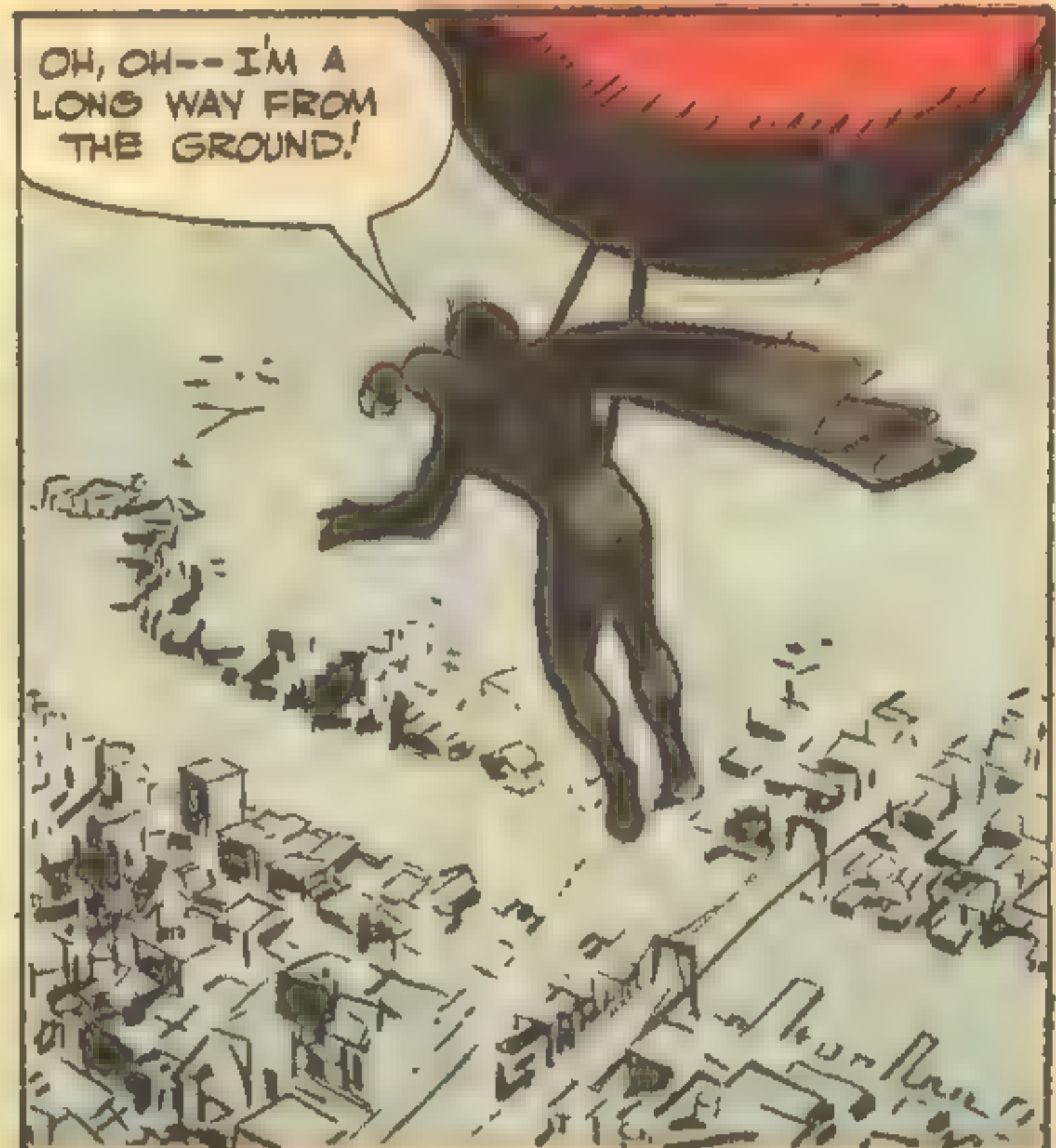
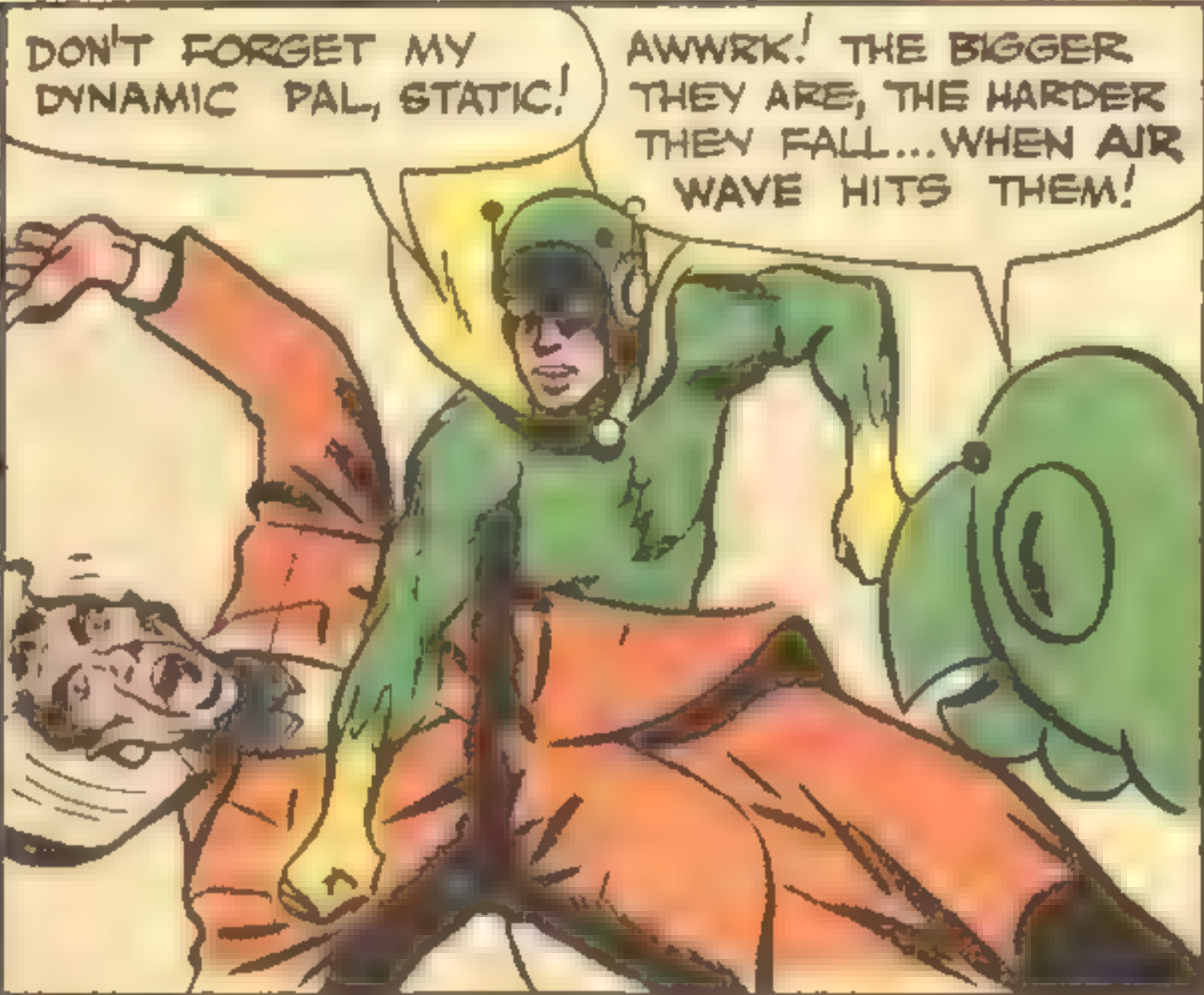
WELL, WHAT DID  
YOU EXPECT?



TOO BAD YOU  
DIDN'T COUNT  
ON ME,  
CHJM!

AIR  
WAVE!









I'M FALLING! I'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!

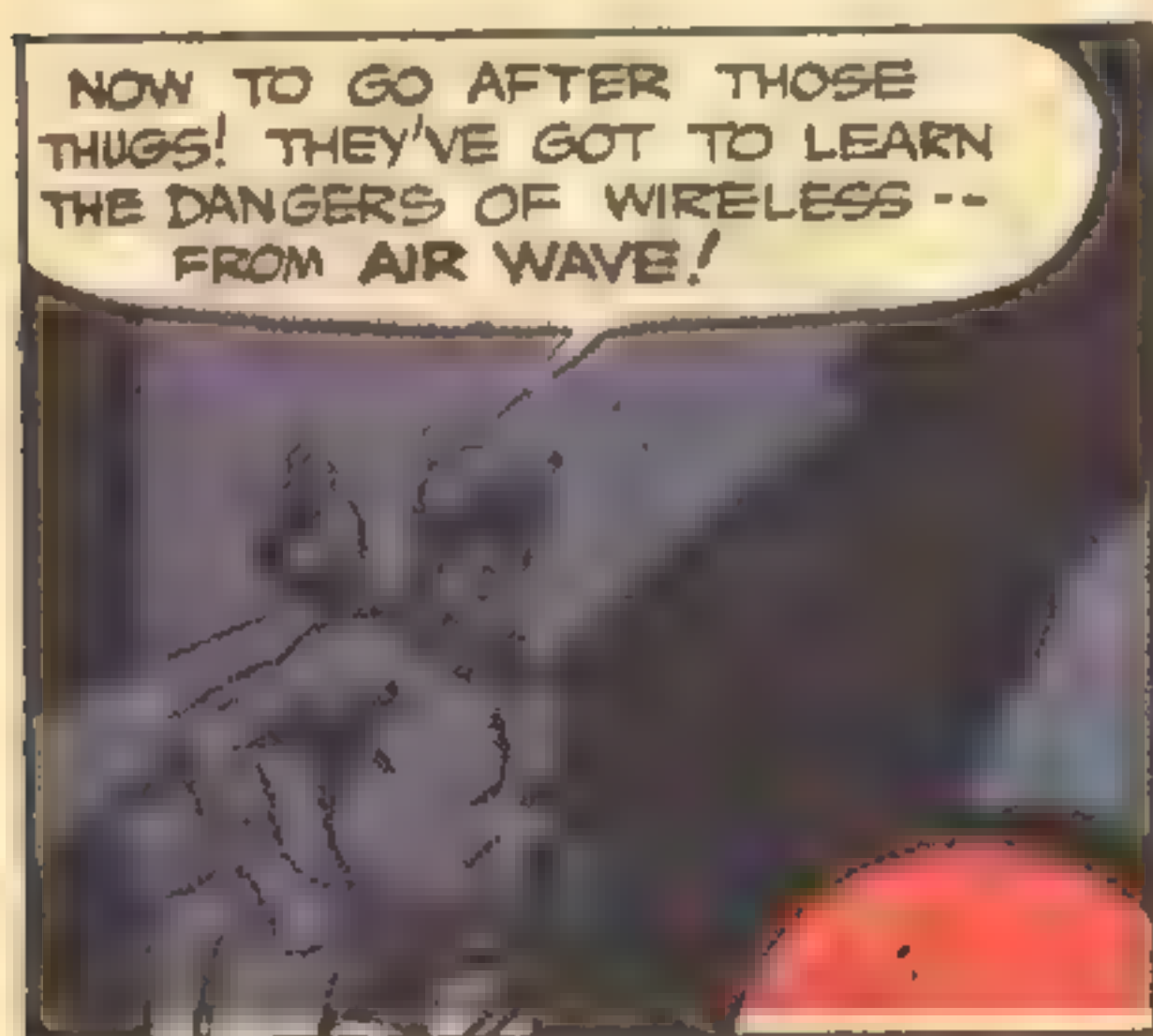


UNLESS THIS BALLOON IS RADIO CONTROLLED, I'LL USE MY OWN SET TO JAM THE SIGNALS!

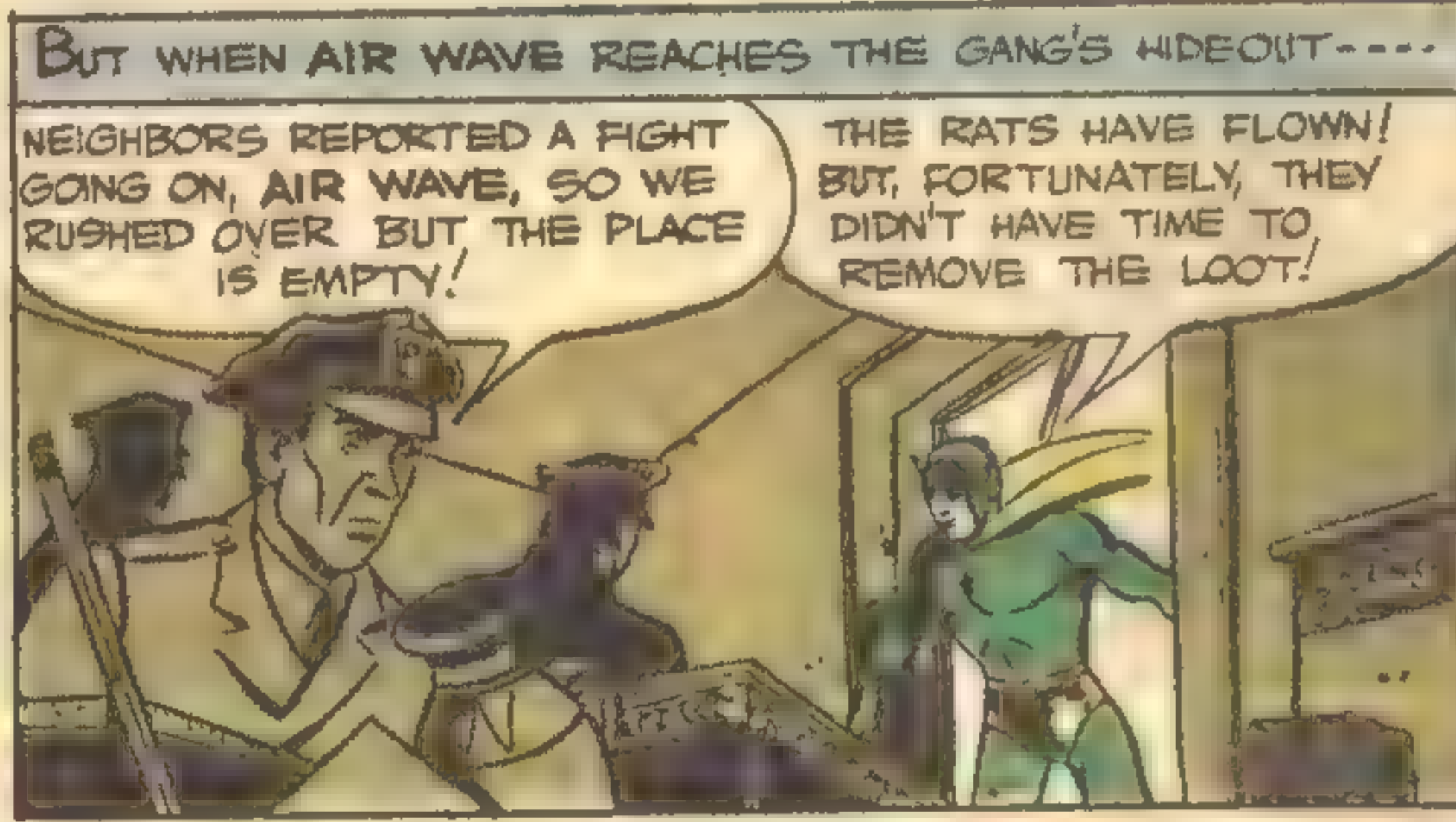
THERE! THAT'S LETTING MYSELF DOWN GENTLY!



AIR WAVE WORKS FEVERISHLY, AND THEN....



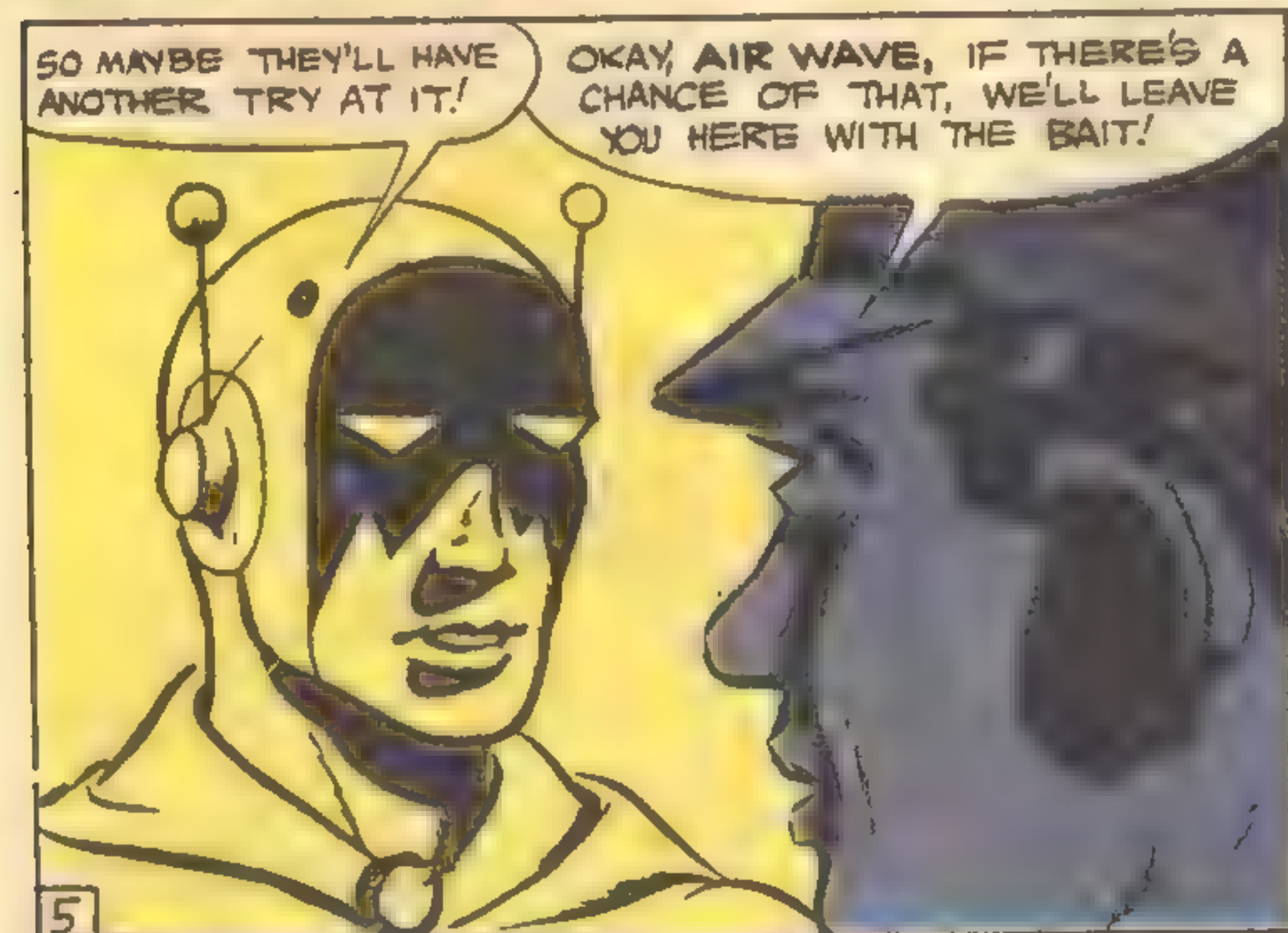
NOW TO GO AFTER THOSE THUGS! THEY'VE GOT TO LEARN THE DANGERS OF WIRELESS -- FROM AIR WAVE!



BUT WHEN AIR WAVE REACHES THE GANG'S HIDEOUT----

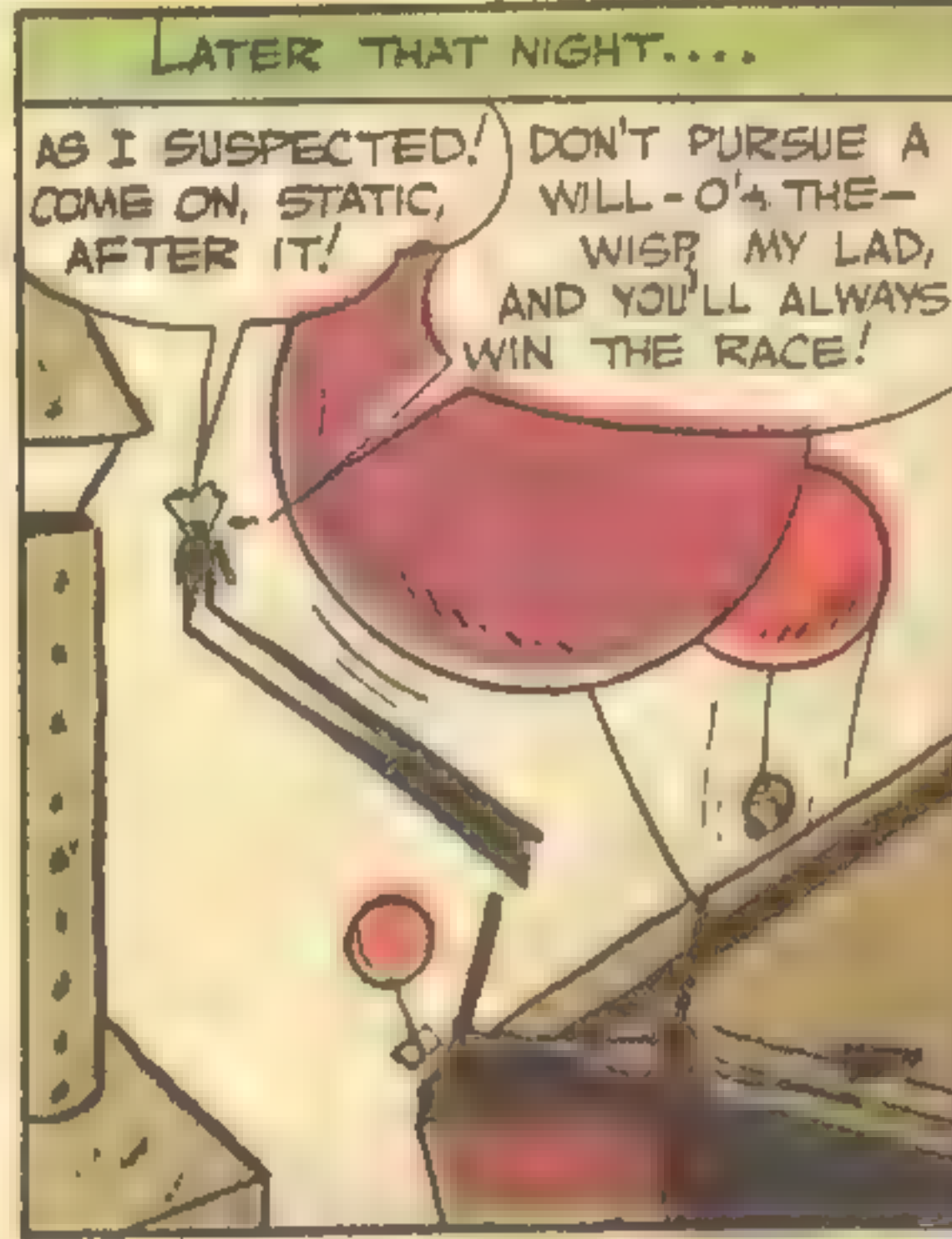
NEIGHBORS REPORTED A FIGHT GOING ON, AIR WAVE, SO WE RUSHED OVER BUT THE PLACE IS EMPTY!

THE RATS HAVE FLOWN! BUT, FORTUNATELY, THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REMOVE THE LOOT!



SO MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE ANOTHER TRY AT IT!

OKAY, AIR WAVE, IF THERE'S A CHANCE OF THAT, WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE WITH THE BAIT!

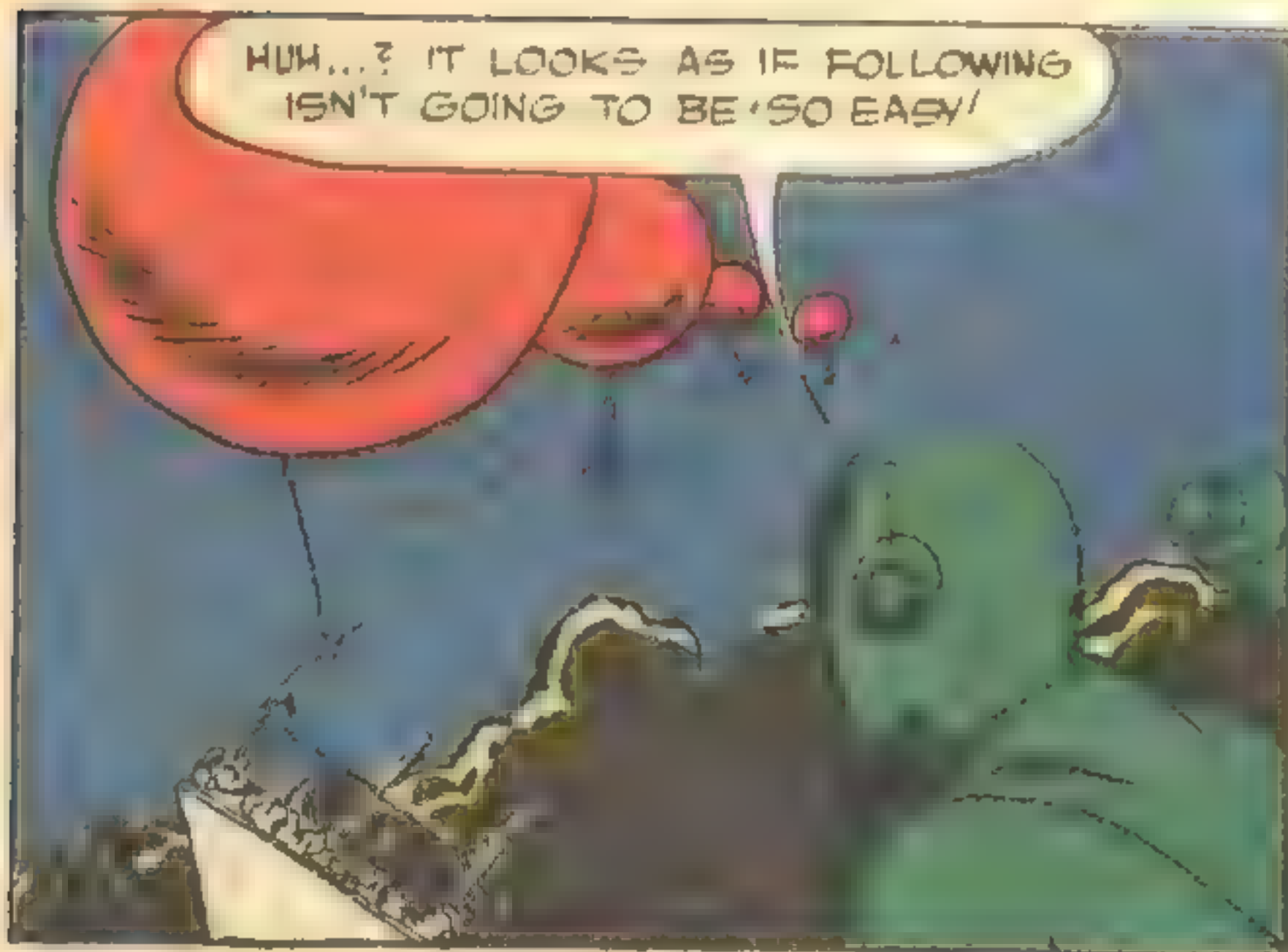


LATER THAT NIGHT....

AS I SUSPECTED! COME ON, STATIC, AFTER IT!

DON'T PURSUE A WILL-O'-THE-WISP, MY LAD, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS WIN THE RACE!





HUH...? IT LOOKS AS IF FOLLOWING  
ISN'T GOING TO BE 'SO EASY!



THERE'S ONE THING TO DO! I'LL LET  
THE LOOT GET CLOSE ENOUGH FOR  
THEM TO CATCH SIGHT OF IT... THEN  
GIVE OUT WITH SOME RADIO SIGNALS  
OF MY OWN!

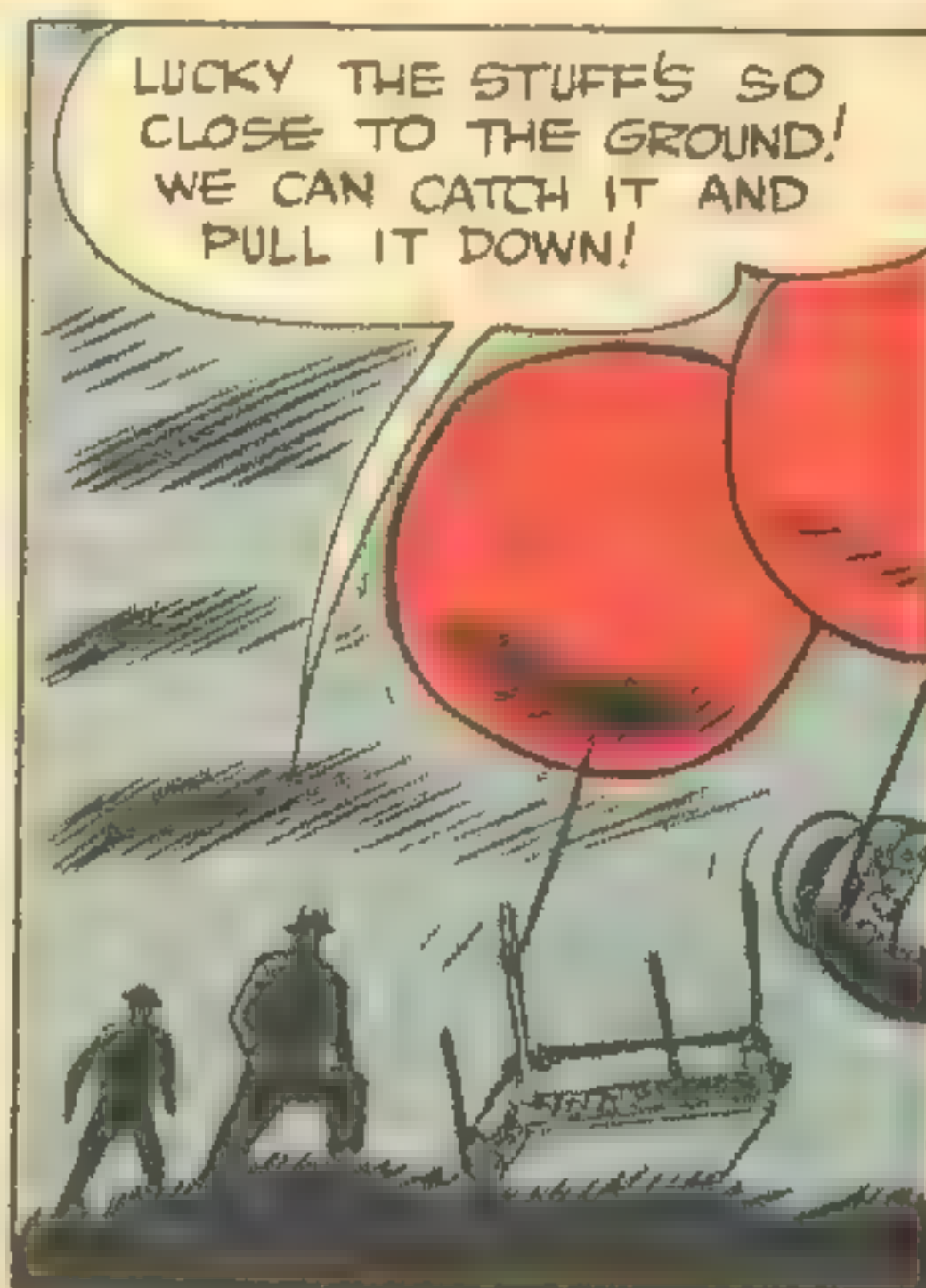


AND SO, A MOMENT LATER...

HEY,  
BOSS,  
THE  
STUFF  
STOPPED  
COMIN'  
TO US!

IT'S  
GOIN'  
THE  
WRONG  
WAY!

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG  
WITH THE  
CONTROL  
INSTRUMENT!



LUCKY THE STUFF'S SO  
CLOSE TO THE GROUND!  
WE CAN CATCH IT AND  
PULL IT DOWN!



GREETINGS,  
MY LITTLE  
MEN! I'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR YOU!

YIII-! IT'S  
HIM! HE  
AIN'T  
DEAD!



NO, BUT I'LL BET  
YOU WISH YOU  
WERE.

EEEEH!



AND SOON...

TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T  
TAKE YOUR ADVICE,  
STATIC! THEY FOLLOWED  
THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP  
OF CRIME... AND LOOK  
WHERE THEY  
ARE NOW!

AWWRK...  
AND ALL'S  
WELL THAT  
ENDS IN  
JAIL!

THE END-



# CLEAR SAILING

by Alton Black

**F**OR three days now, Hans Klauber managed to elude the dragnet that had been thrown out for him. Klauber was quite proud of himself, although he knew he had a long way to go before he could rendezvous at the spot he believed the U-boat would be.

He hadn't read the papers, or he wouldn't have been so sure about the U-boat. They just weren't coming over any more. Unless as flotsam and jetsam.

But such things did not, at the moment, disrupt the orderly mind of Klauber, a mind that had been disciplined to such an extent that it followed a pattern, much as any soft substance poured into a mold. In his head at the moment was the day-to-day chart of escape.

It had been taught him many months ago. Yet he remembered every tiny detail. At Stettin, in Saboteur School, he had been a prize pupil. Eagerly, had he quaffed the knowledge imparted there—wisdom so far reaching it included plans for escape, even if a saboteur was caught in England and sent to faraway Canada and a concentration camp.

Moving almost effortlessly through the night, Hans Klauber picked his way by the stars. He sniffed contemptuously as he thought of how cleverly he had effected his escape, just as his instructors back in Germany had said he might.

"The Americans and their Allies do not think coldly and clearly," the instructor had said. "And because they do not study every possible facet of a situation, we are their masters."

"And indeed it is so," Hans Klauber breathed gratefully to himself. "The precise mind will always triumph over the slip-

shod thinkers." And to Hans Klauber, all his enemies were slip-shod thinkers, including Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley Clancy, whom he had not yet met.

Klauber was not to meet Patrolman Clancy until a week later. Therefore, we can pass by Denis with one "n" for a short space, and return to Hans Klauber who now lurked on the outskirts of a reasonably big town, and was ready to put into execution Lesson 119.

The subjects of this lesson, a young man named Charles Parish and a girl named Helene Mooney had just spent a quiet evening in the movies. And now, on their way home, they had decided to stop a few minutes, as young people will, to look at the moon.

Parish swung the car into the grove. A smile played in his eyes as he noticed that on this clear, cold night, the grove was devoid of the usual collection of cars. But Helene Mooney did not object to this loneliness.

"Charlie," she giggled, "we are all alone. We shouldn't be here really, you know." She breathed deeply of the crisp, fall air. "It's heavenly, and so still."

In that she was wrong. Had she been listening intently, she might have heard the slight noise as a perturbed Hans Klauber, stifling a curse, stepped on a twig. But Miss Mooney didn't want to hear any such rustic interruptions. She wanted to hear only the voice of Charles Parish.

When she heard it, the voice was only a groan. Skillfully, just as he had been taught to do, Hans Klauber struck the back of Charles Parish's head with a rock. And Charlie only

groaned as he slid into unconsciousness.

Helene Mooney did not scream. She couldn't. Not with Hans Klauber's strong hand over her mouth.

She fainted, thus making it easy for Hans Klauber to bind and gag her. Unhurriedly, secure in the knowledge an approaching car would be his warning to flee, Hans Klauber methodically went through his male victim's pocket's. He took only Parish's wallet, his watch, and a knife. He didn't take the victim's recently purchased suit. Hans Klauber was, for the present, satisfied with the shoddy clothes he had picked from a scarecrow. All he wanted now was money, a draft card, and a watch.

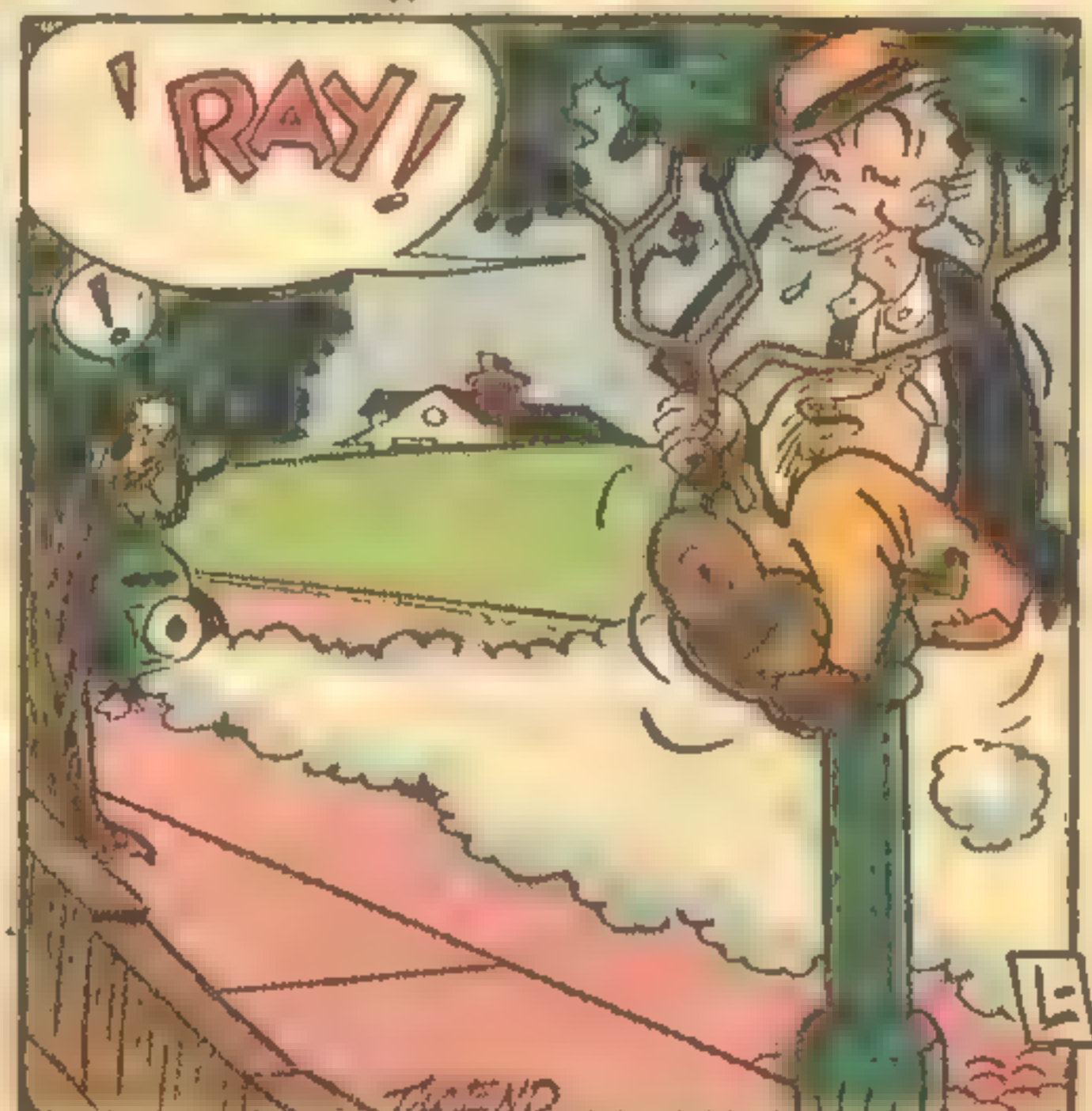
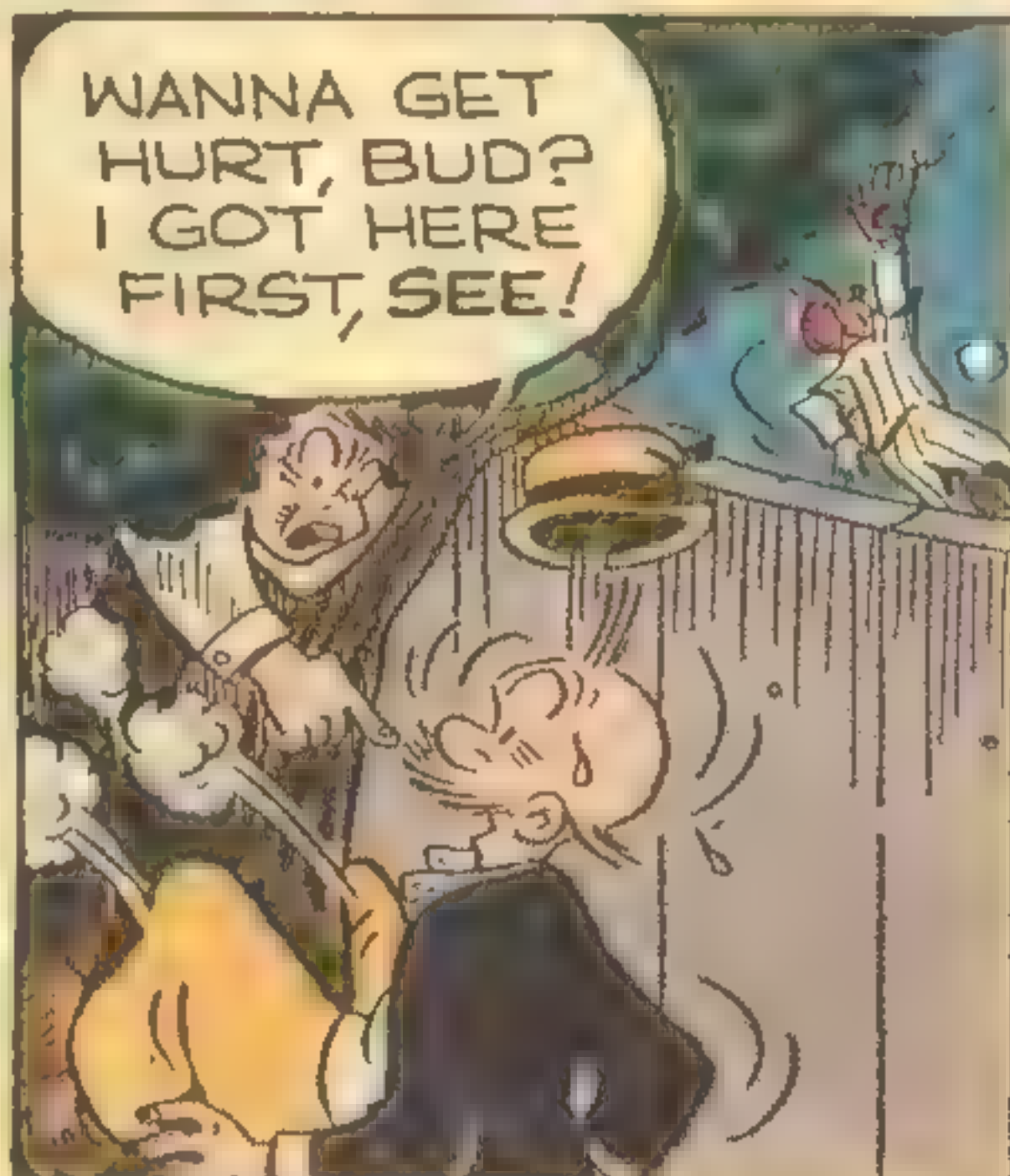
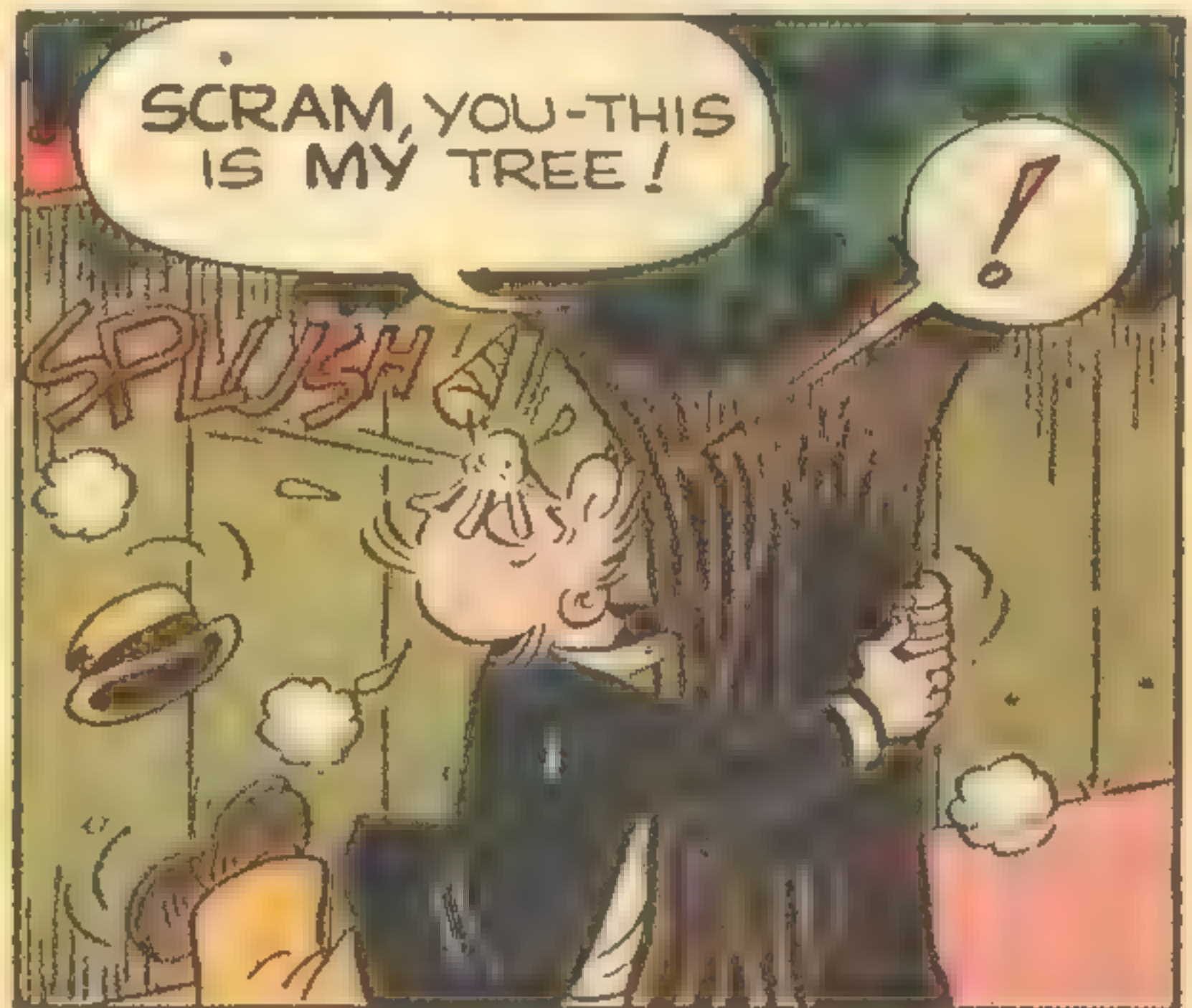
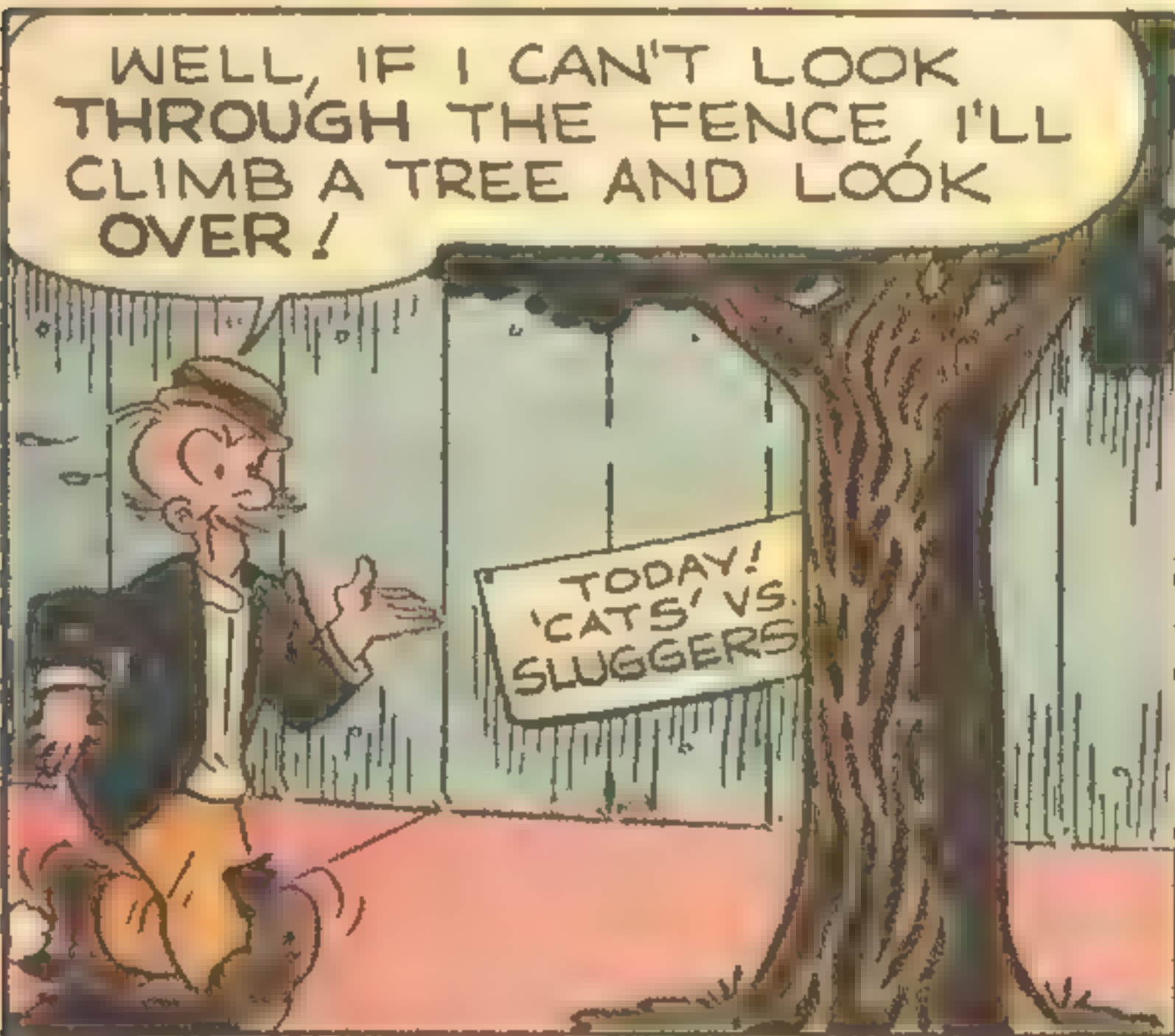
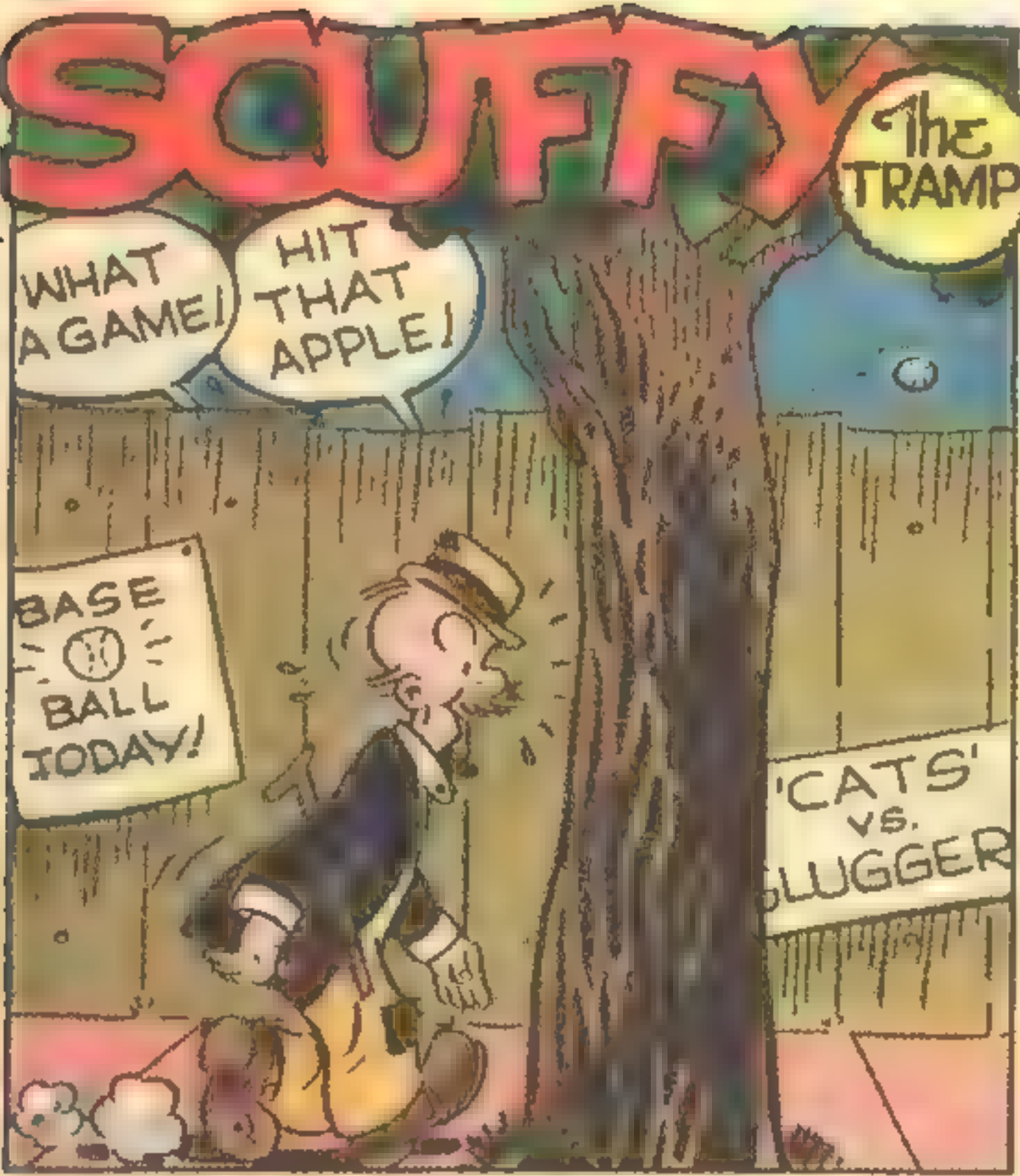
He got them. There wasn't much money, true. But it was enough to keep him moving forward. He still had thousands of miles to go before reaching Key West. This would pay part of the travel by bus during the day. He'd travel by day now, just as his instructors had said he must. "The chances of anyone checking the busses during the day are remote," Professor Schmidt had said. "They would not expect an escaped prisoner to travel by day." Hans Klauber remembered vividly how Professor Schmidt had shrugged, and added: "They think us so stupid over there. It is they who are stupid."

And as six days rolled by, Hans Klauber, now carrying a box of mechanic's tools to bolster his story that he was going to work at some distant point, concurred. He felt no fear; indeed, he was very much at ease as he chatted with a soldier sharing the double seat on the bus.

As he had been taught, Hans Klauber betrayed no anxiety,

*(Continued on inside back cover)*







YOUR COACH:

Bernie Bierman

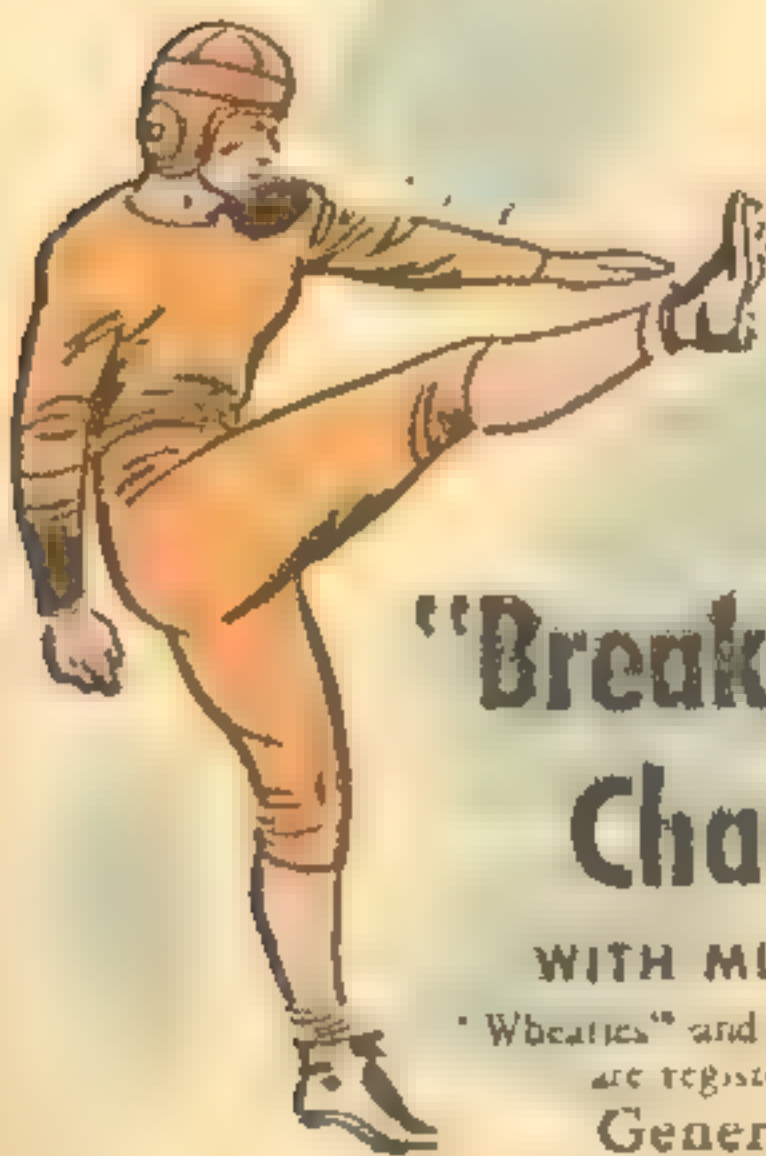


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The

## BOY COMMANDOS

in

## "THE CROOKED GHOST!"



## ORDER OF THE DAY:

Food saved for hungry kids has appeared on the Black Market and we're going after the blackguards who stole it!

.....Rip Carter.....  
CAPTAIN

**W**HEN BROOKLYN FINDS A SWEET TOOTH EASY TO FILL—WHO WILL HAVE TO FOOT THE BILL? IN THIS CASE, IT'S THE STARVED KIDS OF NAZI-RAVAGED EUROPE! BUT WAIT! YOU KNOW THE DASHING **BOY COMMANDOS** ARE NOT THE KIND TO STEAL FROM BABIES! WHO, THEN, IS THE MEANEST THIEF IN THE WORLD? TO KNOW THAT—FOLLOW CAPTAIN RIP CARTER AND HIS BOY COMMANDOS INTO DANGER AND DOUBLE-TALK, WITH LOTS MORE THAN JUST A STOLEN SACK OF CARAMELS AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.





HERE'S THE SWEETEST THING LONDON'S OFFERED BROOKLYN SINCE HIS LEAVE BEGAN...

HI SYE, YANK. PSST... WANT TER BUY SOME CHOCOLATES?

HUH..?

DID YA SAY CHOCOLATES? BRUDDER, LEAD ME TO 'EM.

COME ALONG TO ME SHACK, YANK. I GOT ALL YER WANT.

YOUSE GUYS CERTAINLY ARE CHARGIN' ME PLENTY.

THERE'S A WAR ON, YANK. THESE DAYS EVERYTHING COSTS A PRETTY SHILLING.

DIS IS ONE TIME ME SWEET TOOTH IS GONNA GET FILLED-AND GOOD. GEE, I WONDER HOW DOSE GUYS GOT ALL DAT STUFF...

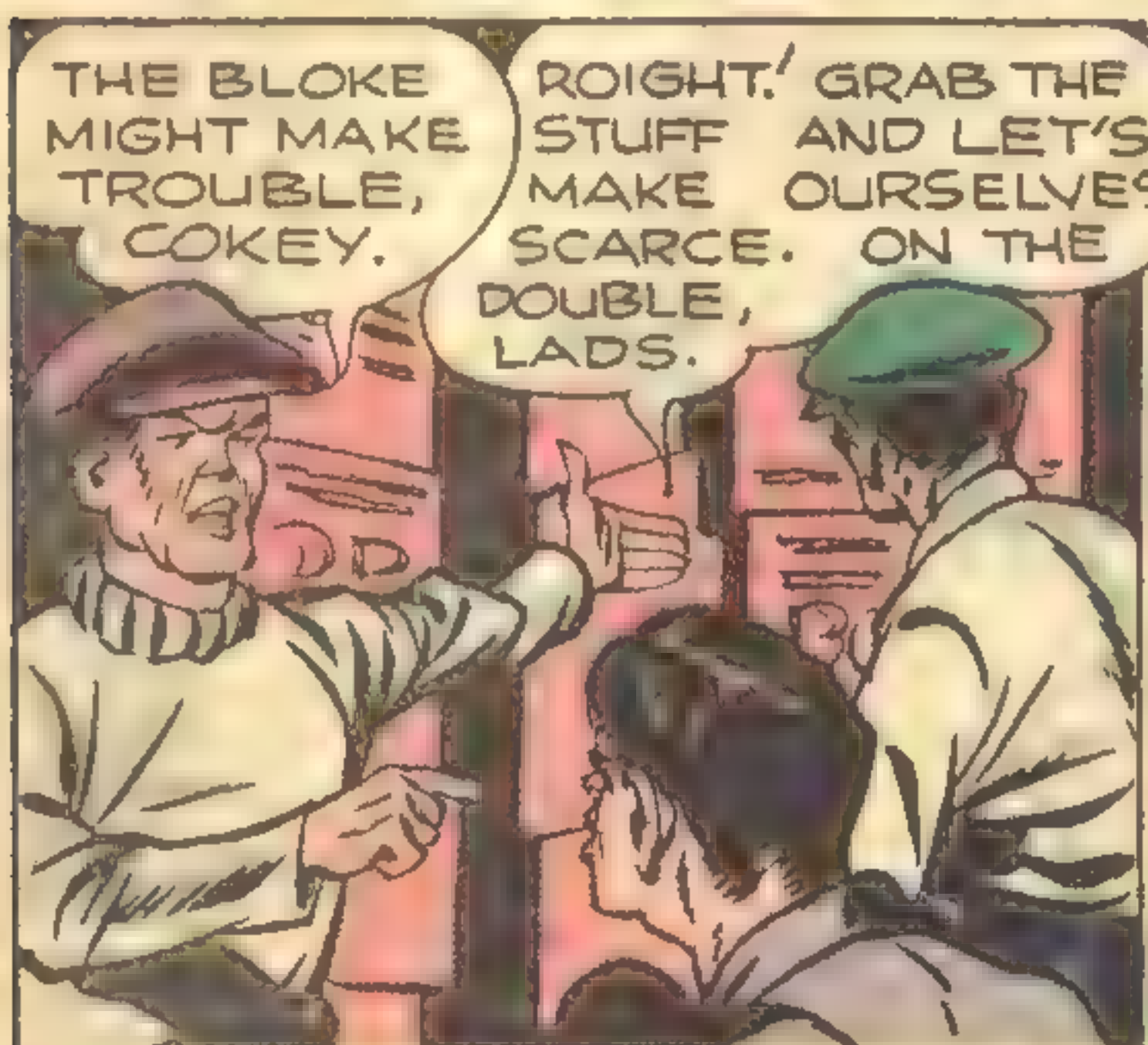
GULP... DA BLACK MARKET! WHY, DA DOITY BLUMS!

BACK TO GET MORE - ALREADY, YANK?

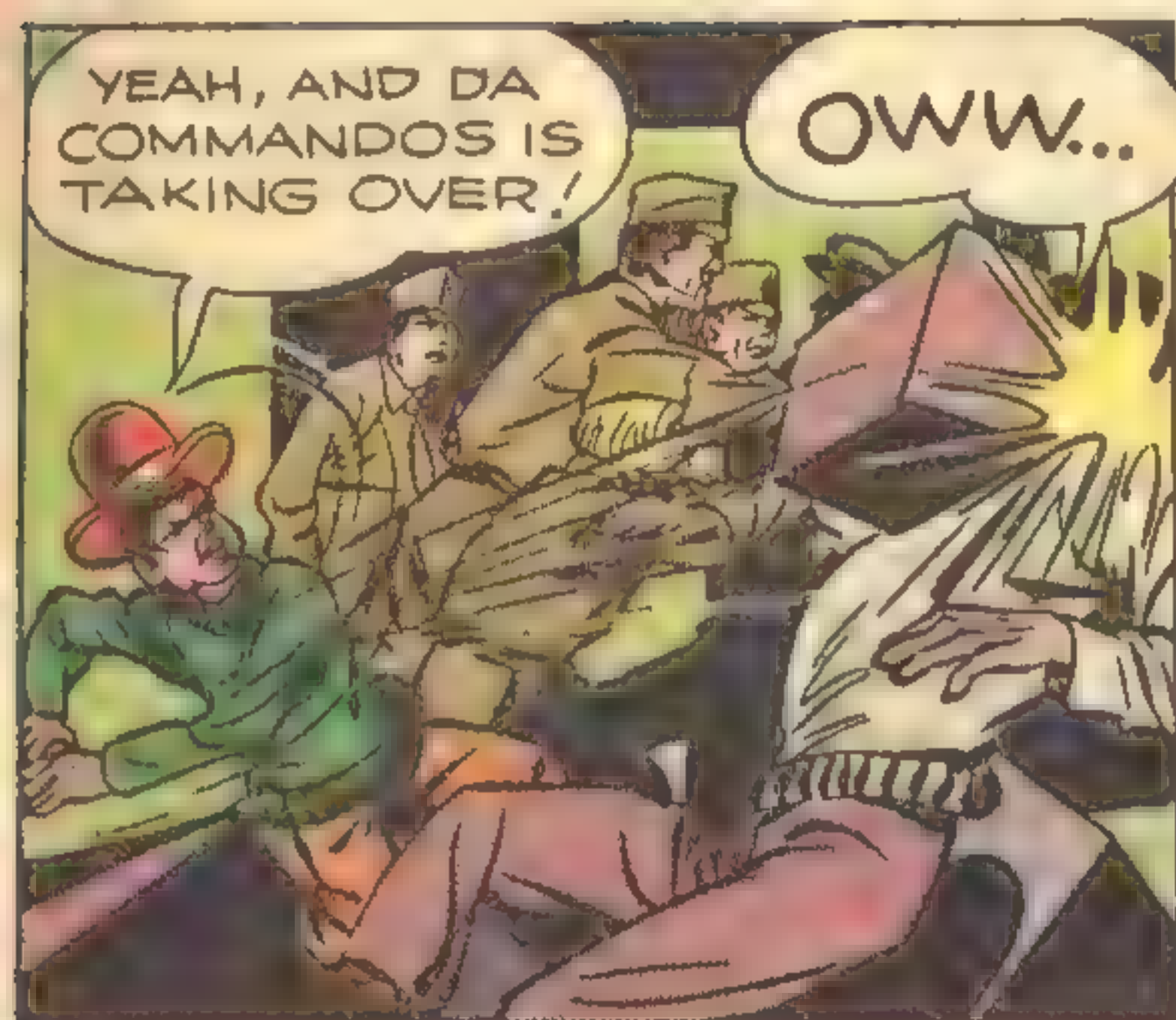
NOT DIS TIME, CHUM. I COME TA DISH IT OUT.

GLURP!



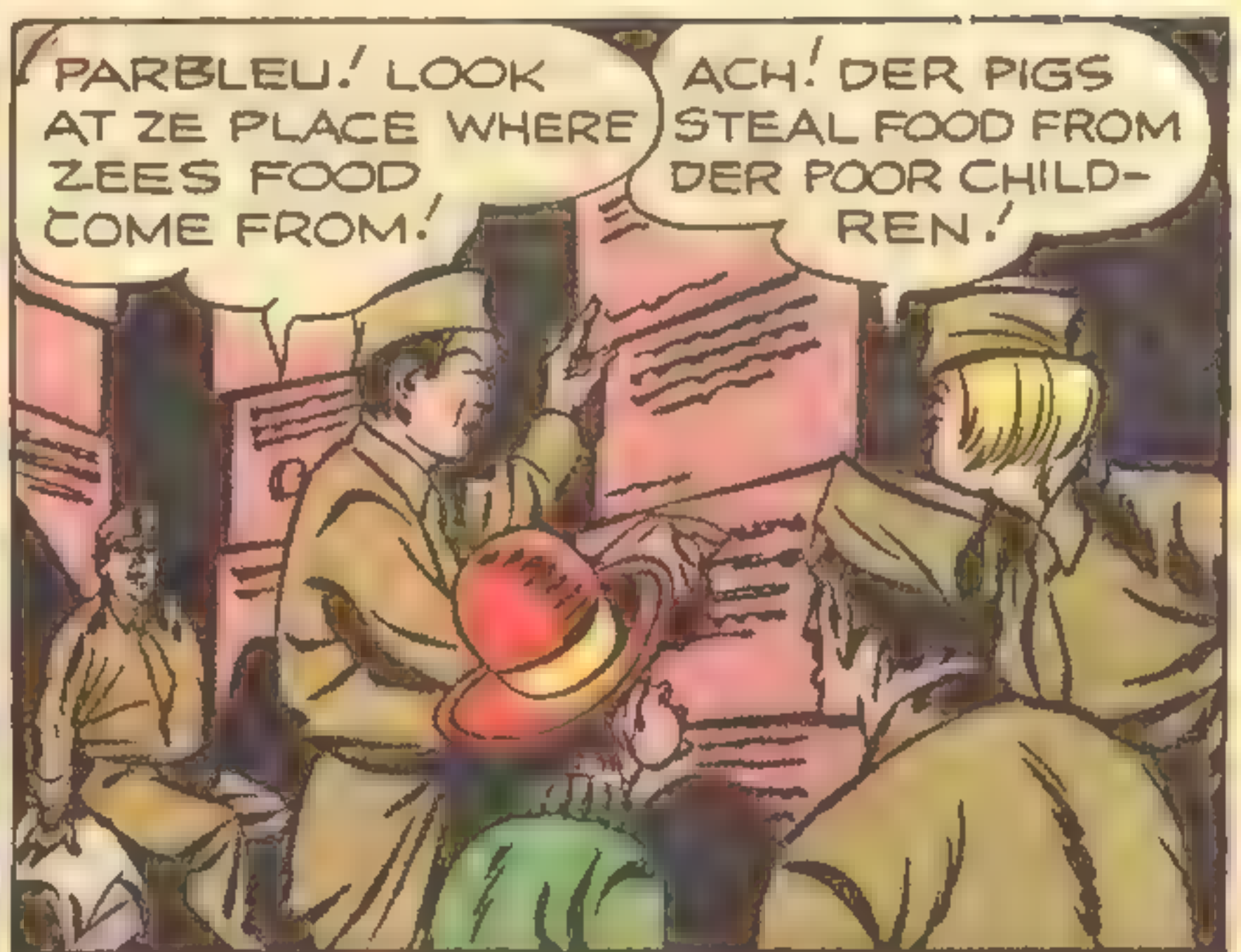






YEAH, AND DA COMMANDOS IS TAKING OVER!

OWW...



PARBLEU! LOOK AT ZE PLACE WHERE ZEES FOOD COME FROM!

ACH! DER PIGS STEAL FOOD FROM DER POOR CHILDREN!



WHY, DA DOITY BLUMS! DEY'RE WOISE DEN I TOUGHT DEY WAS.

YES...THEY STOLE THIS FOOD FROM THE WAREHOUSE.

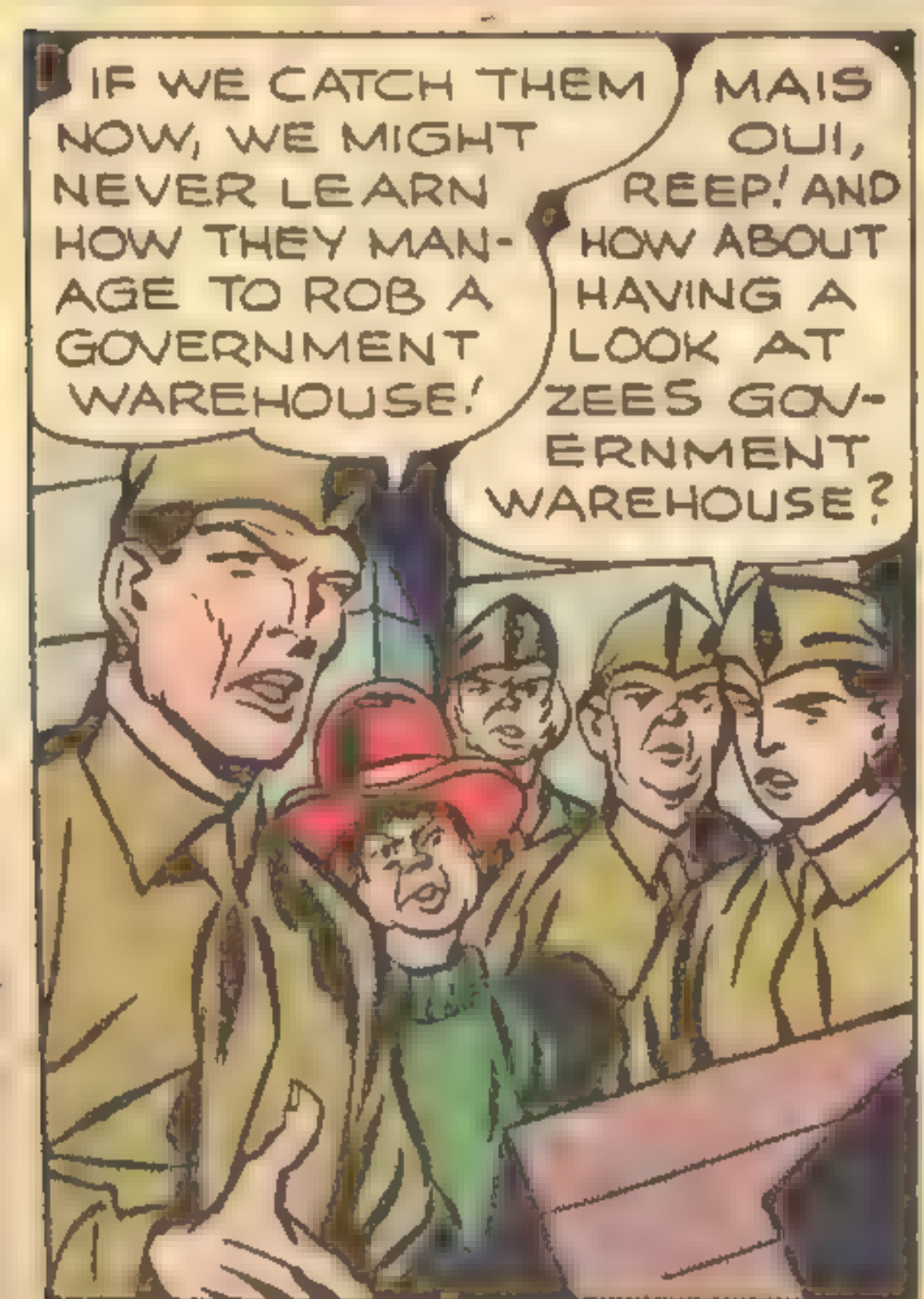
LOOK, RIP-THE BLIGHTERS ARE GETTING AWAY!



NO, THEY AIN'T! I'M GONNA PULVERIZE DEM GORILLAS.

HOLD IT, BROOKLYN! I WANT THEM TO GET AWAY!

BUT, REEP-YOU ARE JOKING, NON?



IF WE CATCH THEM NOW, WE MIGHT NEVER LEARN HOW THEY MANAGE TO ROB A GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE!

MAIS OUI, REEP! AND HOW ABOUT HAVING A LOOK AT ZEES GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE?



SHORTLY, AT WAREHOUSE #3...

COME IN, COME IN, GENTLEMEN. WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT?

MR. WORTHINGTON—WE HAVE PROOF THAT FOOD STORED IN THIS WAREHOUSE IS BEING STOLEN AND SOLD ON THE BLACK MARKET!



YES...YES, I KNOW THINGS ARE DISAPPEARING FROM HERE! BUT THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! NOTHING—BECAUSE SOME EVIL SPIRIT, A GHOST, IS RESPONSIBLE!





WATCHA MEAN, GHOSTS? DERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMALS!

DEAR ME. BUT I SAW IT MYSELF ONE NIGHT... I NOTICED BOXES OF CHOCOLATES MISSING FROM THE WAREHOUSE...

"SO I STAYED IN THE WAREHOUSE AFTER CLOSING HOURS..."

I WILL CATCH THE CULPRIT MYSELF ... THE IDEA-STEALING CANDY FROM CHILDREN!

"ABOUT MIDNIGHT, JUST AS BIG BEN WAS STRIKING THE HOUR..."

BONG! BONG! BONG!

MIDNIGHT! BUT PERHAPS I WAS WRONG-- ULP!

YOU ARE INTRUDING, MR. WORTHINGTON! LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE!

YEEE!

HO-HO-HO! RUN! RUN, YOU LITTLE RABBIT!

I-I GOT THE FRIGHT OF MY LIFE, CAPTAIN CARTER! I HAVEN'T DARED TELL ANYONE. IF I DID, THEY'D LAUGH AT ME!

NERTS! I AIN'T SCARED OF DEM GHOSTS. IT'S IN ME BLOOD TO BE BRAVE! WHY, ME UNCLE AMBROSE ONCE STEPPED INTO DA RING WIT JOE LOUIS AND PUNCHED HIM RIGHT IN DA NOSE!

PARBLEU! I WOULD BE PROUD TO SHAKE ZE HAND OF ZEES UNCLE AMBROSE.

NIX! YA CAN'T DO THAT! WE AIN'T GONNA DIG HIM UP FUR NOBUDDY!





ALL RIGHT, KIDS! TONIGHT WE SET A LITTLE TRAP. AND SINCE WE KNOW THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS, BE PREPARED FOR TROUBLE!

ROIGHT!

YA SAID IT, RIP!

THAT NIGHT...

SO LONG, MUGGS! ME AND ALFIE IS GONNA TIE A KNOT IN DA GHOST'S TAIL!

YOU TWO BE CAREFUL! REMEMBER, WE'LL BE PATROLLING THE GROUNDS OUTSIDE, AND IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, CALL US AT ONCE!

BONG! BONG! BONG!

WOT WAS THAT, BROOKLYN?

NUTTIN! IT'S ONLY DAT BIG CLOCK STRIKING MIDNIGHT!

NOW LISTEN, PAL! I GOT AN IDEAR! IF ANYTHING PHONEY STARTS, GO AFTER RIP AND DA BOYS! I'M GONNA STICK AROUND AN' SEE WHAT'S COOKIN'!

ROIGHT!

AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CHILL OF THE DRAUGHTY OLD WAREHOUSE...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

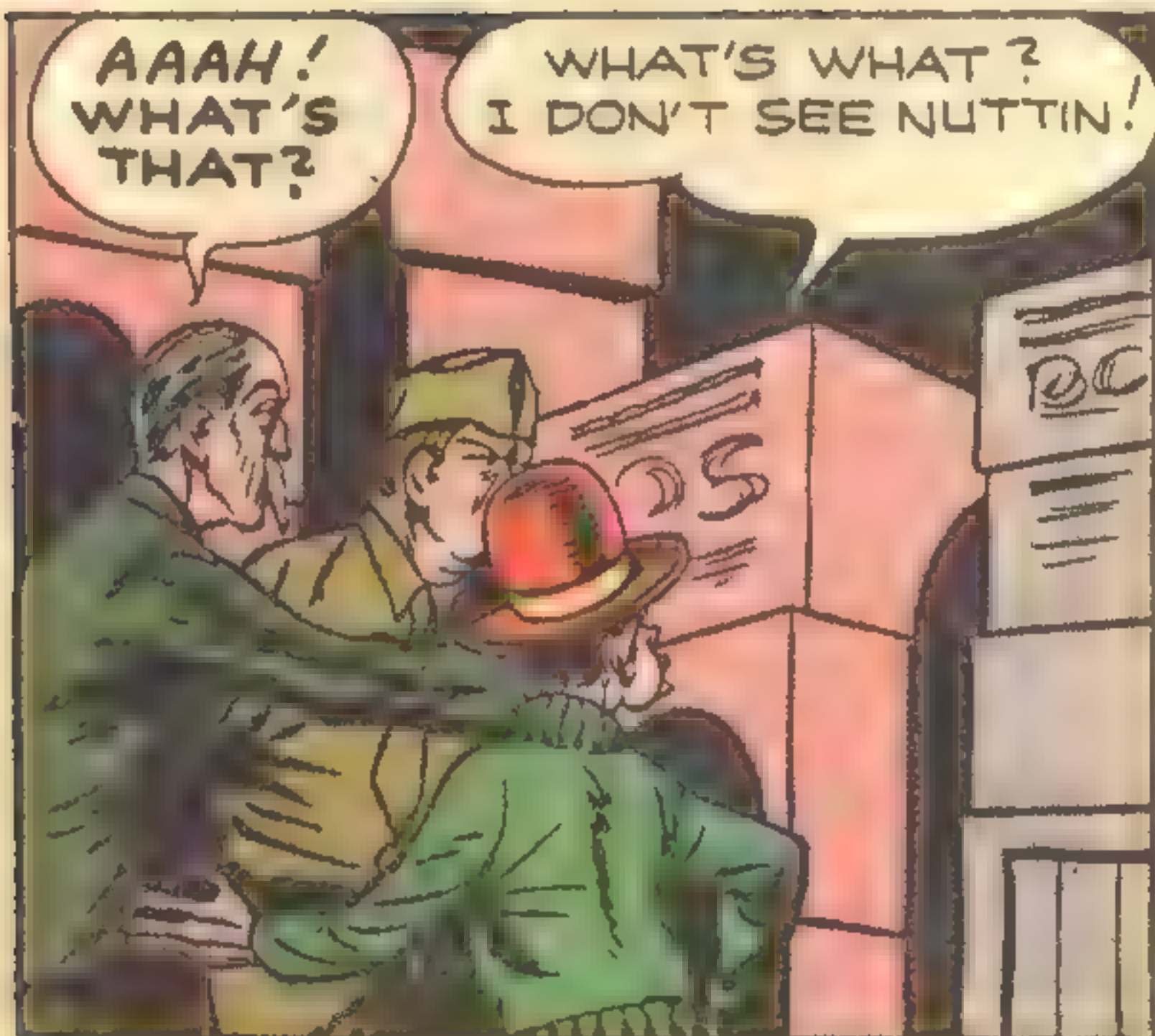
I THINK I'EAR A KNOCKING!

M-MAYBE SOMEBUDDY'S AT DA DOOR...

HEY! WOT'S DA IDEAR OF SCARING US?

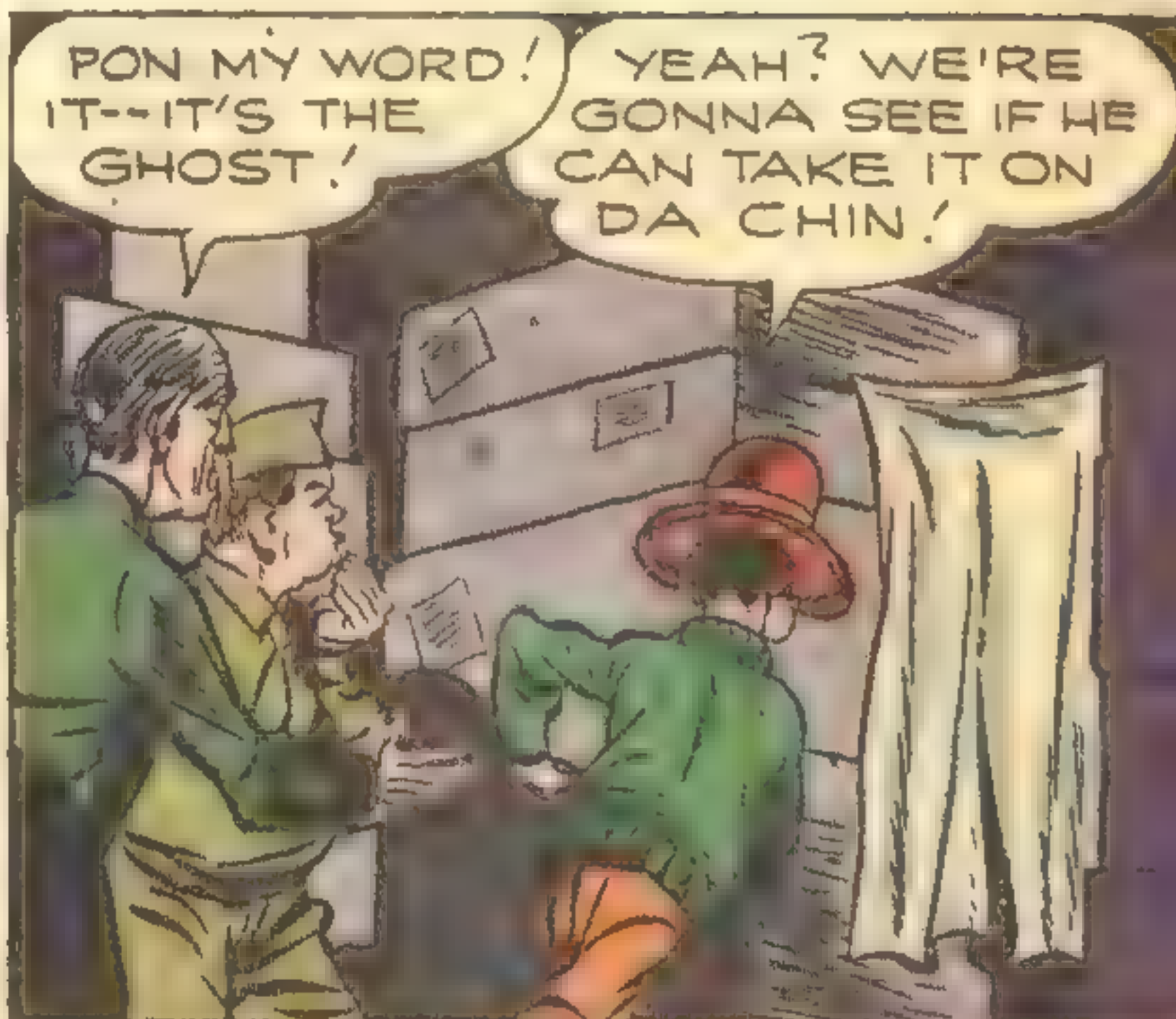
GOOD EVENING, MY LADS! I DROPPED IN TO SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ON.





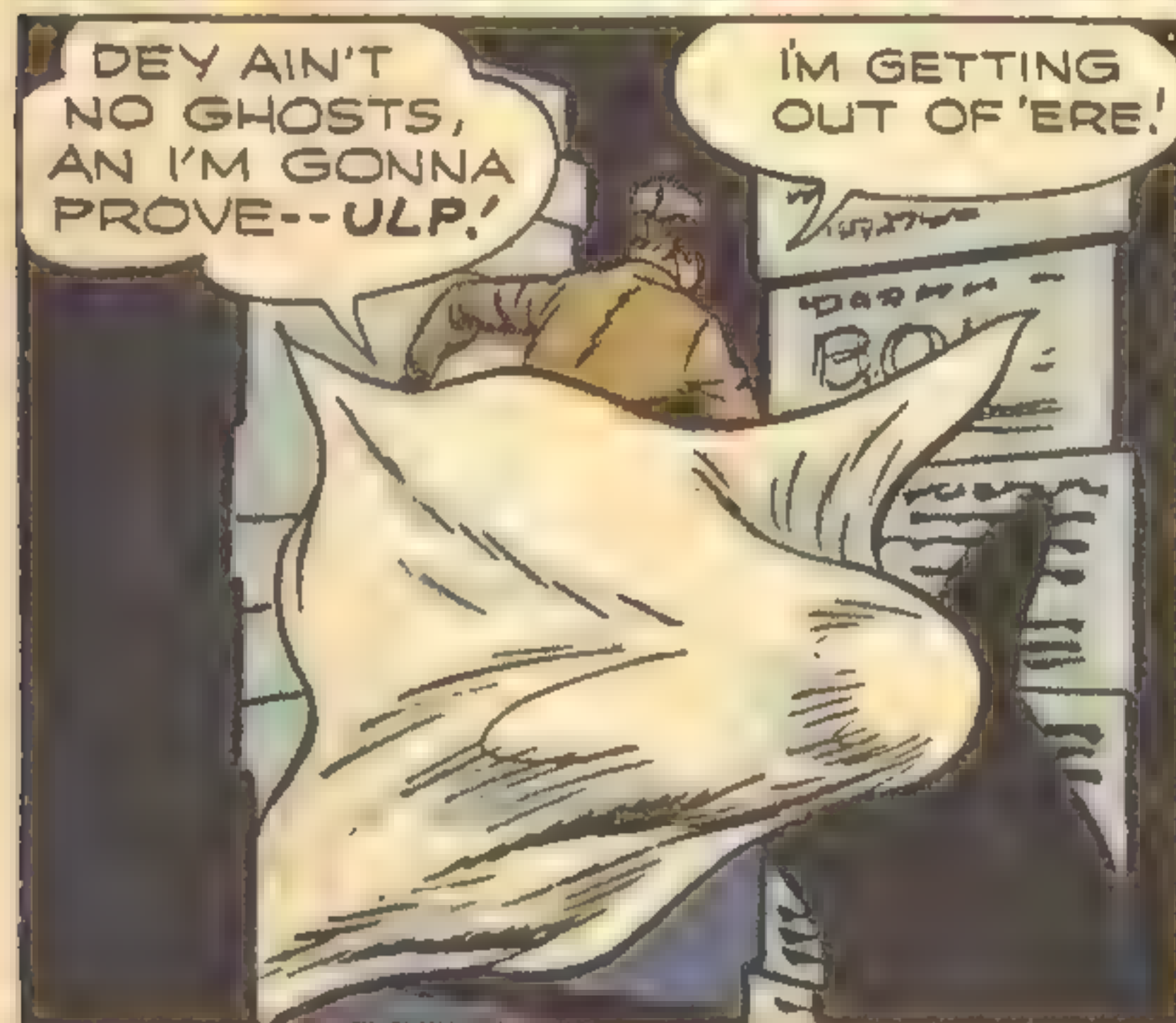
AAAH!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

WHAT'S WHAT?  
I DON'T SEE NUTTIN!



PON MY WORD!  
IT--IT'S THE  
GHOST!

YEAH? WE'RE  
GONNA SEE IF HE  
CAN TAKE IT ON  
DA CHIN!



DEY AIN'T  
NO GHOSTS,  
AN I'M GONNA  
PROVE--ULP!

I'M GETTING  
OUT OF 'ERE!



DERE'S  
NUTTIN' IN DA  
SHEET! I TINK  
SOMEBODY'S  
RIBBIN' ME...

LOOK!

I AM THE  
VOICE OF THE  
GHOST!  
BEWARE!  
BEWARE!



DAT'S ALL I WANNA  
KNOW! I'M SCRAMMIN'-  
BUT FAST!



**N**OTHING! NOTHING AT ALL...

NOW DA STAGE IS SET!  
I'M REALLY GONNA  
SEE WHAT'S COOKIN'!

SHADES OF UNCLE AMBROSE!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BROOKLYN'S  
VAUNTED COURAGE?





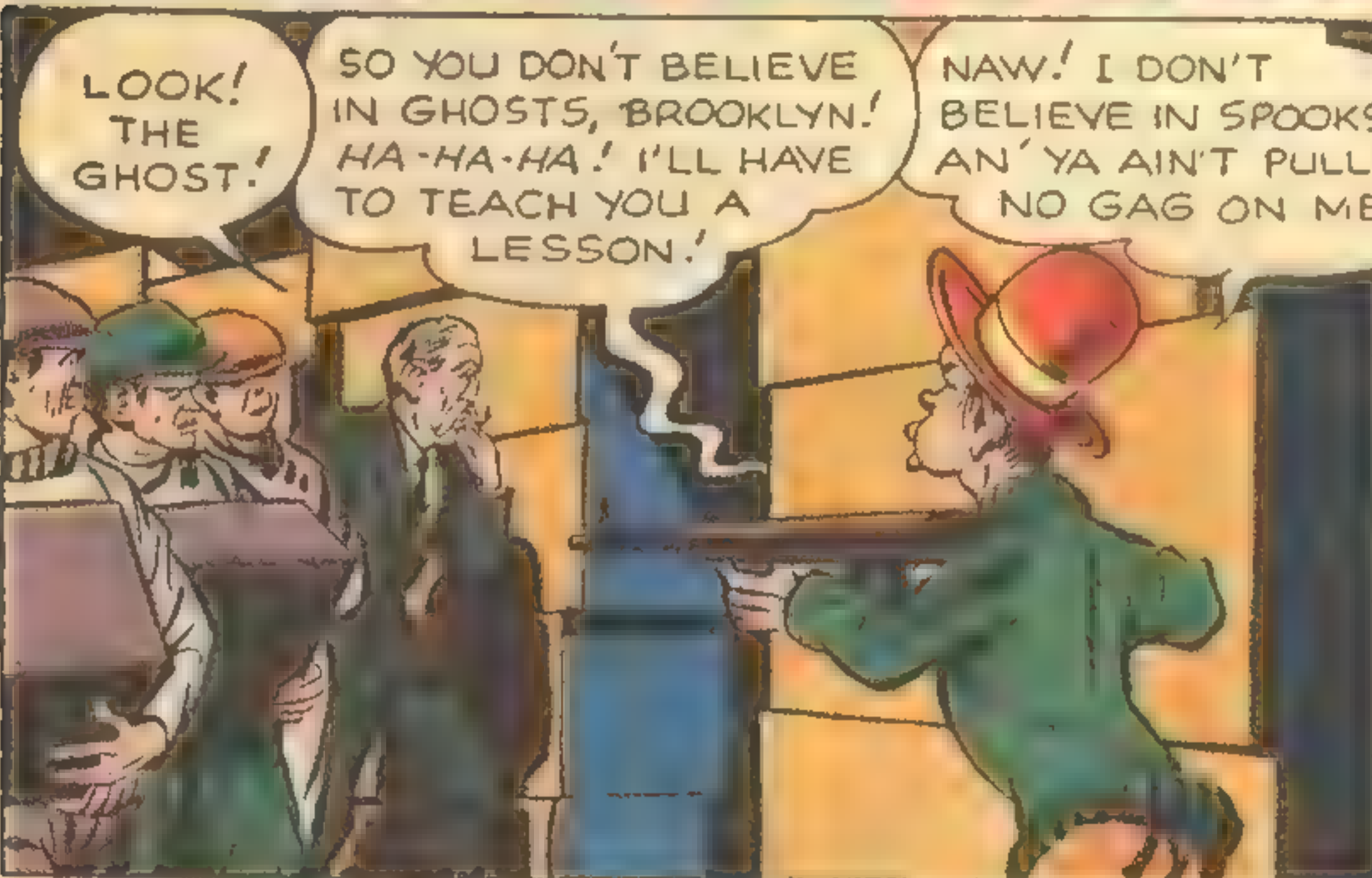
HURRY, MEN! THOSE BOY COMMANDOS ARE LIABLE TO BE BACK ANY MOMENT!

ROIGHT, GUVNER! OUR BOAT'S ALMOST FULL ALREADY!



WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT! GET GOING -

REACH, YA BUMS! SO YOUSE TINK A WHITE SHEET IS GONNA SCARE DA COMMANDOS, EH? WELL, YA BETTER START TINKIN' ALL OVER AGAIN!



LOOK! THE GHOST!

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BROOKLYN! HA-HA-HA! I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

NAW! I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOOKS- AN' YA AIN'T PULLING NO GAG ON ME -



WOT!



THE SPLIT SECOND BROOKLYN DROPS HIS GUARD PROVES FATAL!

GOOD WORK, GUVNER! WE GOT THE NOSEY YANK!

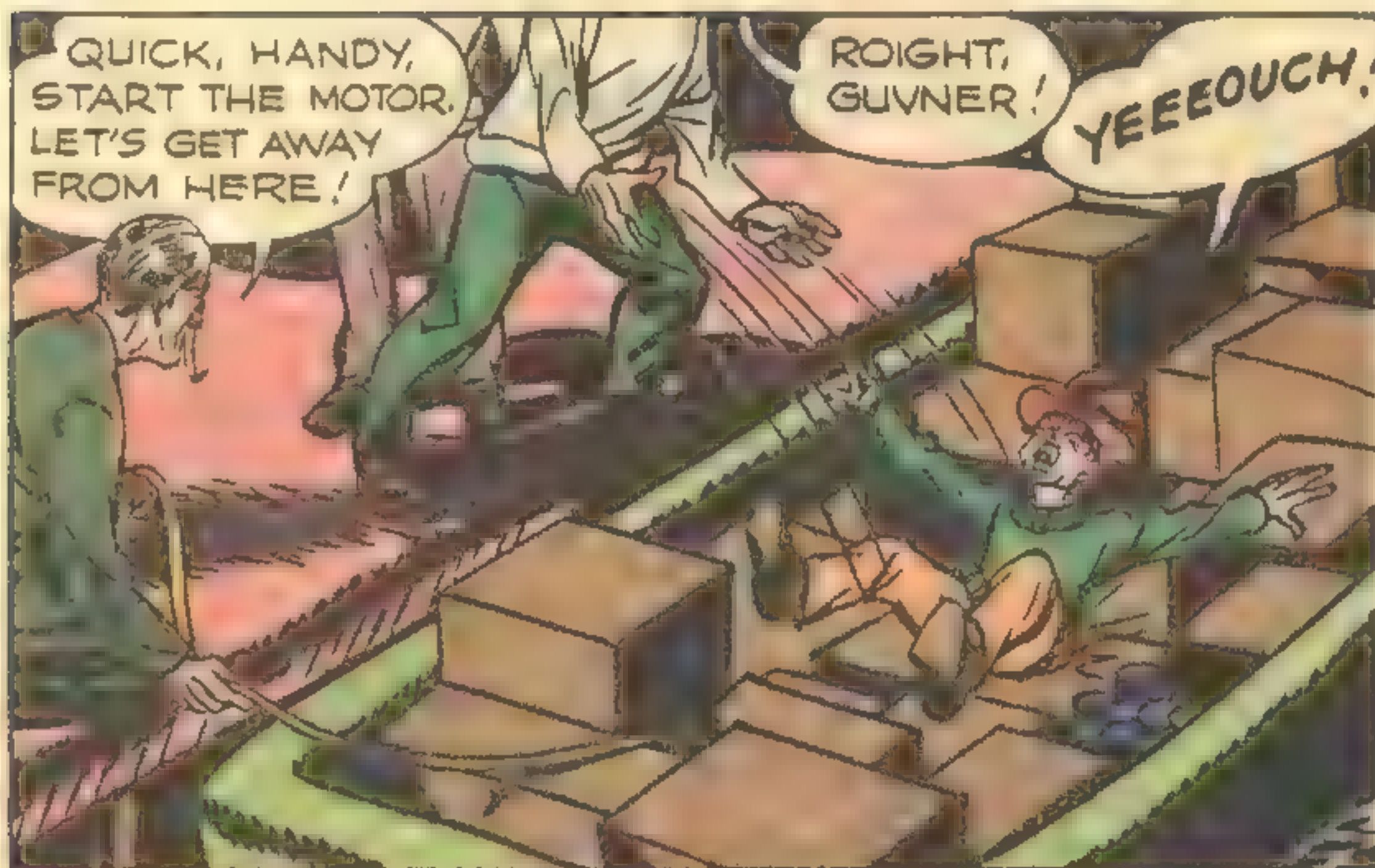
UGGH!



PUT HIM IN THE BOAT! WE'RE TAKING HIM TO OUR WAREHOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT OUR GAME!

YA AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WIT' DIS, WORTHINGTON! DA BOYS'LL BE HERE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUSE TRAITORS!

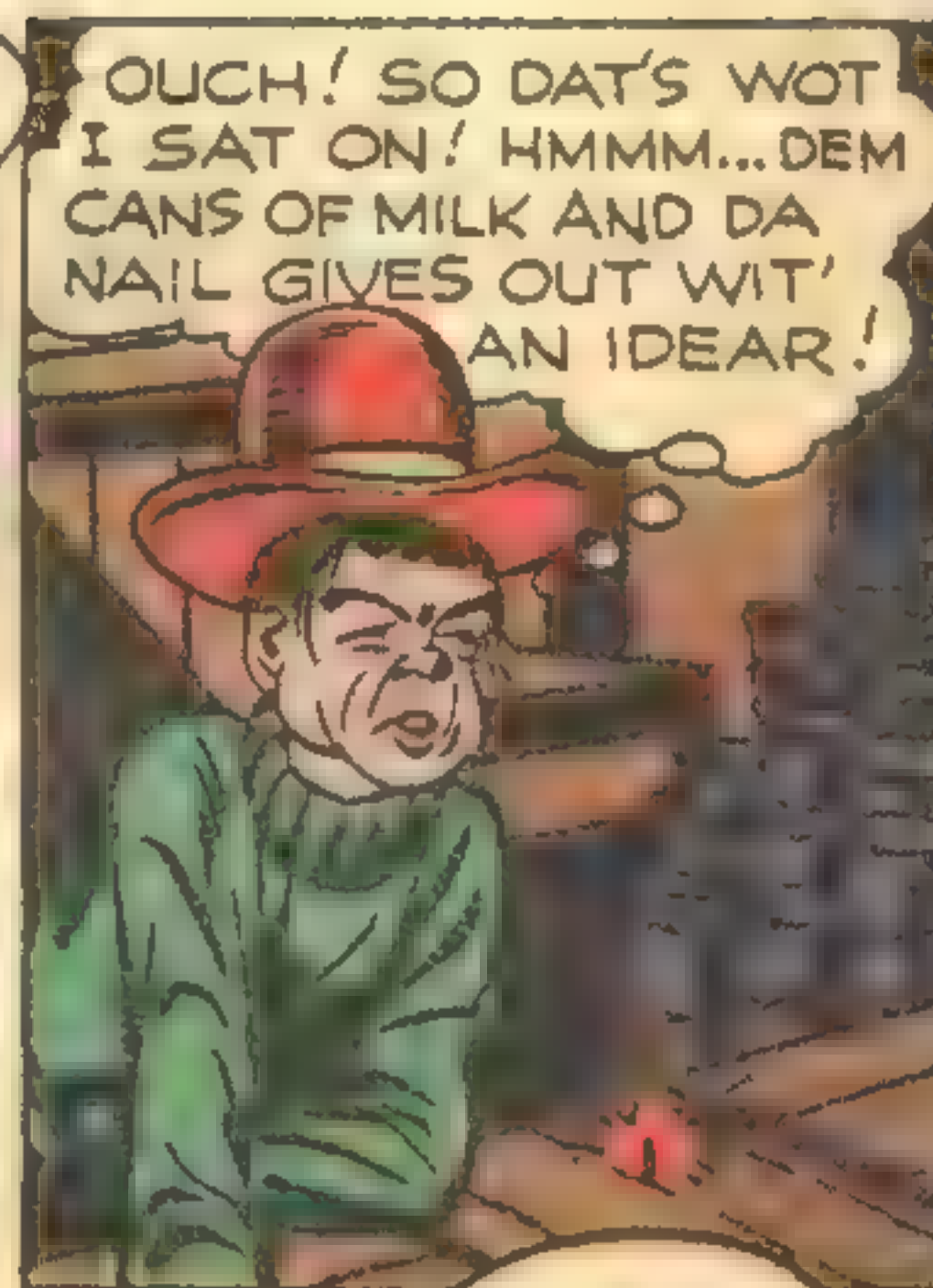




QUICK, HANDY,  
START THE MOTOR.  
LET'S GET AWAY  
FROM HERE!

ROIGHT,  
GUVNER!

YEEEOUCH!



OUCH! SO DAT'S WOT  
I SAT ON! HMMM...DEM  
CANS OF MILK AND DA  
NAIL GIVES OUT WIT'  
AN IDEAR!



MEANWHILE...

... AND THE GHOST  
CAME ROIGHT THROUGH  
THE WALL, RIP. I SEEN IT  
WITH ME OWN EYES!



AND WHEN THE GHOST  
CAME THROUGH THE  
WALL LIKE THERE  
WAS NO WALL, I  
WENT OUT THROUGH  
THE WINDOW LIKE THERE  
WAS NO WINDOW.

COME ON,  
KIDS! BROOKLYN  
MAY BE IN  
TROUBLE THIS  
TIME-WE'VE GOT  
TO ACT  
FAST!



DERE  
IS NO ONE  
HERE, RIP!

OUI, ZEY  
HAVE TAKEN  
BROOKLYN  
WITH  
ZEM!

WE WERE ON  
GUARD OUTSIDE--  
SO THE ONLY WAY  
THEY COULD HAVE  
GOTTEN OUT IS  
IN BACK BY  
THE THAMES  
RIVER...

EET EES  
VERY BAD,  
REEP! WE  
CANNOT  
FOLLOW  
ZEM ON  
WATER...

YES,  
BUT  
TIN CANS  
DO!

BUT HITS  
IMPOSSIBLE,  
RIP! A BOAT  
DON'T LEAVE  
A TRAIL!



**B**UT IN THE WAREHOUSE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER—THE TIME GROWS SHORT FOR BROOKLYN!

HI SYE, GUVNER, 'E'S STALLING FOR TOIME, 'E IS!

DERE'S JUST ONE TING THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED, WORTHINGTON! WHERE DID DA GHOST'S VOICE COME FROM?

MR. WORTHINGTON IS AN AMATEUR VENTRILOQUIST—AND A GOOD ONE! EH, WOT? AND NOW INTO THE RIVER YOU GO.

YEAH! I'LL SAY YOUSE IS GOOD! BUT I'M GOOD, TOO!

YOUSE BUMS AIN'T GONNA KNOCK ME OFF SO QUICK!

THEN WE'LL SEE IF A BULLET WON'T STOP YOU!

**S**UDDENLY, AN INTERRUPTION...

HIYA, BOYS! DESE BUMS AIN'T SO TOUGH AFTER ALL! GIVE EM DA WOIKS—AND FAST!

ROIGHT, PAL!

BUT--HOW--HOW--!

**S**ECONDS LATER...

BUT, REEP! PARBLEU! OVER WATER AND YOU TAKE US RIGHT TO ZEES SPOT! HOW WAS EET DONE?

THOSE MILK CANS FLOATING IN THE RIVER SET ME ON THE TRAIL. ALL I DID WAS ALLOW FOR THE CURRENT—THE REST WAS SIMPLE...

I KNEW YOU COULD FIGURE DAT ONE OUT, RIP! IN WARTIME, NOBODY TROWS OUT EMPTY CANS—EXCEPT WHEN IT'S TO TRAP A BUNCH A BLACK MARKET CROOKS!

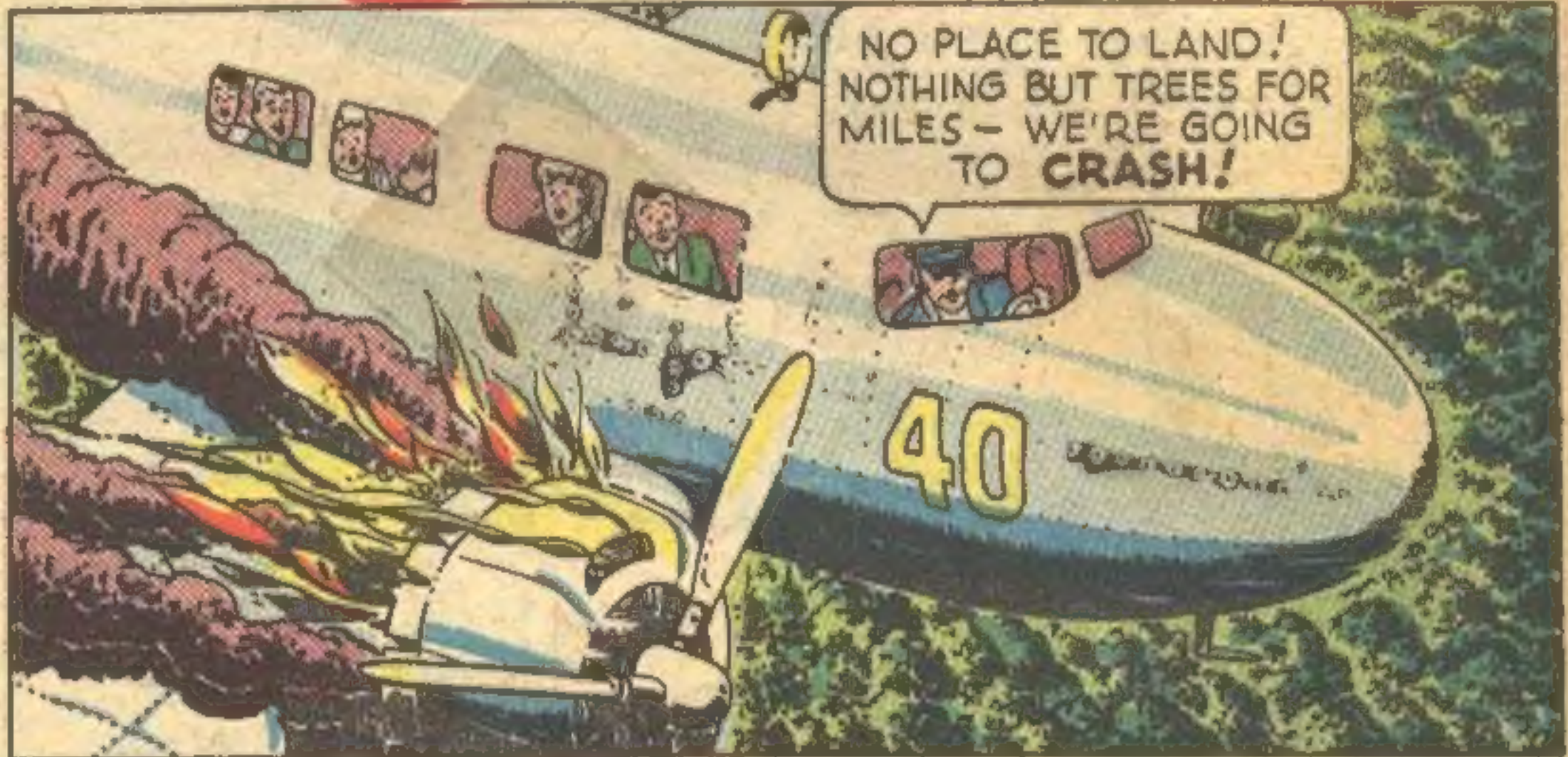
The End



# How THOM McAN SAVED THE FLAMING '40'

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE '40' IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL "H" SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.



NO PLACE TO LAND! NOTHING BUT TREES FOR MILES - WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

GEE, "H," I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS! WAIT, I HAVE IT - PUT THOSE SMOKE-MAKING CAPSULES IN MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!

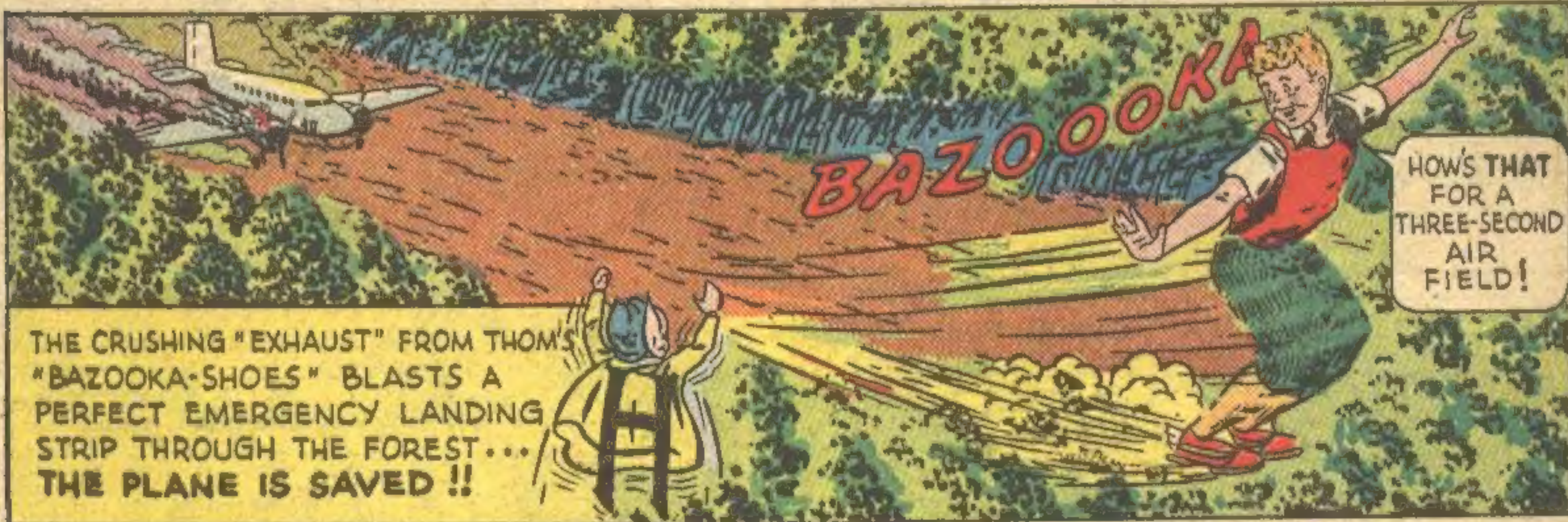


QUICKLY THOM STEPS INTO HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" - AND STREAKS SKYWARD AS "H" WATCHES HIM GO!



Follow me

THE TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SPELLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STARTLED PILOT.



THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A PERFECT EMERGENCY LANDING STRIP THROUGH THE FOREST... THE PLANE IS SAVED !!

HOW'S THAT FOR A THREE-SECOND AIR FIELD!



THOM, YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SAVED OUR LIVES LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM McAN SHOES SAVE OUR FEET!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN" - ALWAYS SILENT. 'C' THE 'H' IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!

- AND THOM McAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!



You can't help being thrilled over the swell features of THOM McANS. Solid comfort from toe to heel! Snappy styling high school and college crowds go for! Yet priced remarkably low! Keen styles for men too. When you buy your next Thom McAns - take Dad along!



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for Men - Style 3680 - Sizes  
6 to 11.

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asked no needless questions, nor pointed ones. He was not interested in obtaining military information verbally. To his sharp eyes, things spoke of themselves as he followed his instructions to the letter. There was only one trifling thing that annoyed Hans Klauber, his money was running out. He would have to effect another hold-up if he were to continue his journey.

Hans Klauber's mind churned furiously, but his face had the look of a day-dreamer as he listened half-heartedly to the soldier's talk. Grudgingly, he admitted that the Americans certainly kept their military organizations in neat appearance, and his trained eyes gave unvoiced approval to the knife-like crease in the soldier's trousers, the glistening brown shoes, and the neat, orderly tunic. It was then the soldier, who was on his way home, said something that caused Hans Klauber's mind to swing into focus. "One thing about the transportation for servicemen," the soldier said, "is the swell break they give us. Here's me with only a few bucks, but it's enough to get me home and back." He grinned. "If I was one of you civilians, I'd have to pay full freight. So I don't envy you, brother."

Hans Klauber smiled back. "It's little enough to pay for the great job you men in uniform are doing," he said, making a mental note. Inwardly, he told himself, "I can make this money do." And he thought of Professor Schmidt, who had always said, "Don't take unnecessary chances."

Well, Hans Klauber thought, doing a second robbery might be construed as an unnecessary chance. So why take it, when it would be so simple to procure, in a second hand clothes shop, a military uniform. That, he resolved, he would do in the next city.

And why a city? Simply this: by purchasing in different Army and Navy stores different parts of the uniform, no suspicion would be aroused.

Piece by piece he would obtain a garment. He chose the Navy's uniform when he arrived in the city, because he saw many sailors. He would be lost in a crowd of them. Before he started his search for the different pieces of attire, however, he visited the railroad station. He was smiling as he turned away. Once again Professor Schmidt's judgement had been vindicated. Many sailors, and few soldiers, were purchasing tickets. One spurious sailor would not be noticed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Hans Klauber suddenly, as a voice cried, "Ouch, me foot."

It was the voice of Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley Clancy, on duty at the station. He wiggled the member Hans Klauber had accidentally set foot on. Being good-natured, he just said, "Shure, and it's all right. It was an accident," as Hans Klauber apologized.

Then, Patrolman Denis (with one "n") promptly forgot about Hans Klauber, who just as promptly forgot about the officer. For Hans Klauber had a lot of work to do if he was to leave on the train as scheduled the next day.

It was nine in the evening when, his assorted purchases under his arm, Hans Klauber found the furnished rooming house in which he'd sleep. He was doubly pleased when he discovered the landlady had an iron, and wasn't averse to lending it to a defense worker on his way to a southern shipyard.

In the safety of his room, while the iron heated, Hans Klauber examined his purchases. He certainly wasn't going to make a mistake of being possibly stopped by any military authorities for wearing shabby or unpressed clothes.

He worked two hours over his uniform, using iron and needle and thread. At last he was satisfied. His jumper and trousers were neatly pressed, his second-hand black shoes glistened. Satisfied, Hans Klau-

ber removed the garments. He looked every bit as neat as the soldier with whom he had spoken on the train. Every wrinkle in his clothes had been neatly pressed out. No one, either, could complain about the knife-like crease in his trousers. Like the soldier's, it was sharp enough to cut with.

Hans Klauber went to bed. Tomorrow, when he boarded the train, at the special military rate, he would be on the last stage of his journey. He chuckled as he slid off to sleep, and the smile he wore at bedtime was still there next morning—although not quite as apparent, when he confidentially purchased his cut-rate ticket.

So confident was he, so pleased with himself, that Hans Klauber failed to notice the disapproving glance Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley Clancy bestowed upon him. It was an odd glance for Patrolman Denis (with one "n") to use on a sailor. He loved them. He had two sons in the Pacific.

And that's why he sidled up to Hans Klauber and said: "You're shure one foine imitation of a sailor, you are, mate."

Two Shore Patrolmen, who had been looking the other way, turned round on hearing what Clancy said. They came over quickly.

"We're taking a look at this guy's leave papers and identification card," one of them said, cold and business-like.

"Look at the way he's got his pants pressed," said the other—and with an indignant finger, he traced the outlines of the knife-like crease in the trousers. "The Army presses them that way, in the front. But us guys in the Navy press them on the side!"

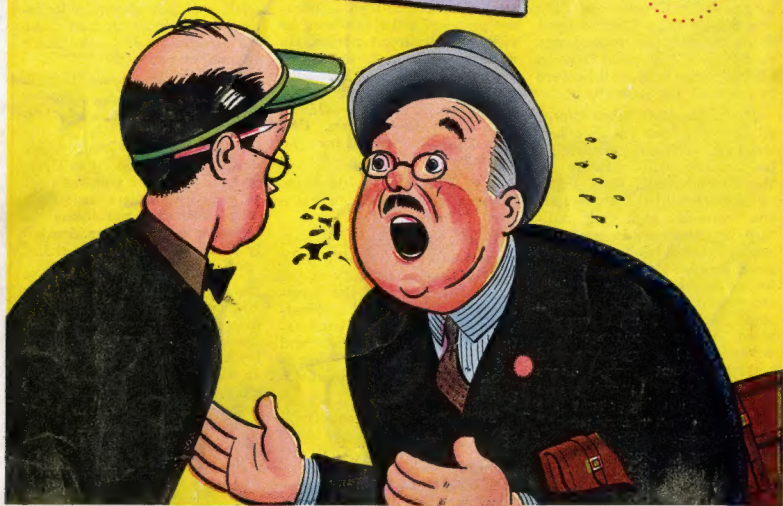
"I tried to tell you they were pressed wrong," Patrolman Denis (with one "n") O'Malley said, hurt. "My kids never made that mistake."

It was the last mistake Hans Klauber would make, too. For a long, long time.



LOST AND FOUND

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AND STAMPS



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